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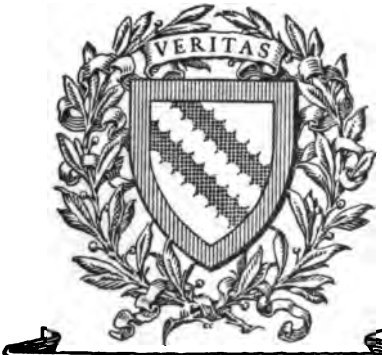

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LUTHER AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR GARDEN.

CELEBRATED WOMEN;

OR,

BIOGRAPHIES

OF

GOOD WIVES.

BY L. MARIA CHILD,

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM NEW YORK," "PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS," "HISTORY OF WOMEN," ETC., ETC.

Yes, it 's a *heart*some thing to be a wife.
Allan Ramsay.

When a good woman
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good soe'er before. *Knowles.*

BOSTON:
HIGGINS, BRADLEY & DAYTON,
20 WASHINGTON STREET.
1858.

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TO

MY HUSBAND,

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO, THROUGH EVERY VICISSITUDE,

HAS FOUND

IN HIS KINDNESS AND WORTH,

HER PUREST HAPPINESS,

AND

MOST CONSTANT INCENTIVES TO DUTY.

PREFACE.

It was my original intention to have entitled this volume, The Wives of Distinguished Men. But great men have sometimes had bad wives; and it seemed undesirable to perpetuate the memory of such. This decision was not influenced by any wish to make women appear better than they really are; but by the simple conviction that such examples could produce no salutary effect.

Even the most ordinary writer has some influence on mankind, and is responsible to his God for the use he makes of that influence. I may sin against taste—I may be deficient in talent—but it shall ever be my earnest endeavour to write nothing, that can, even in its remotest tendency, check the progress of good feelings and correct principles.

I have been told that I did not moralize enough, or explain my own opinions with sufficient fulness. To this I can only answer, that I am describing the minds of others, not my own. It seems to me

that the beauty of biography consists in simplicity, clearness, and brevity. I wish to give faithful portraits of individuals, and leave my readers in freedom to analyze their expression.

It will doubtless be observed that there is not a large proportion of American wives in this volume. I can recollect many of my countrywomen, who have discharged the duties of this important relation in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The wife of Doctor Ramsay was intelligent and highly cultivated. She educated her children, fitted her sons for college, and copied for her husband several of his voluminous works. The companion of the patriot Josiah Quincy, was an excellent and noble-spirited woman, deservedly beloved by her husband. "She entered with ardour into his political course, submitted cheerfully to the privations it induced, and encouraged him with all her influence to risk the perils, to which his open, undisguised zeal in the cause of his country, was thought to expose him and his family." Mrs. John Adams was a woman of dignified manners, kind feelings, and powerful character; her influence over her husband was so great, that he is said to have been guided by her counsels, when he would listen to no one else. But such cases as these furnish no details for the biographer, or any one strong point, on which to found a striking anecdote. I know that good wives and excellent husbands abound in

every part of the Union; but it must be remembered that I could only give a sketch of those whose virtues were in print; and though there exists among us elements of female character, which, in time of need, would become sublime virtues, our national career has hitherto been too peaceful and prosperous to call them into action in a manner likely to secure a place in history. Then it must be allowed that we inherit a large share of English reserve, added to that strong fear of ridicule, which is the inevitable result of republican institutions; we are, therefore, rather shy of publicly expressing our attachments in glowing terms; in our distrust of French exaggeration, we approach the opposite extreme.

But since domestic love and virtue really have an abode with us, it matters little whether the world be informed of their full extent; it is our business to cherish, not to display them.

The subject I have chosen, and the scenes on which I have dwelt, with such obvious heartiness, will lay me open to the charge of sentiment and romance. It is true that I have something of what the world calls by these names; and I shall probably retain it as long as I live. I am more afraid of believing too little, than of believing too much, and have no inclination to sacrifice happiness to

philosophy. In a word, I like superstition better than scepticism, and romance better than policy.

If this book convince one doubting individual that there really is such a thing as constant, disinterested love, which misfortune cannot intimidate, or time diminish;—if it teach one mistaken votary of ambition that marriage formed from conscientious motives makes human life like a serene sky, "where as fast as one constellation sets, another rises;"—if it reveal to one thoughtless wife some portion of the celestial beauty there is in a perfect union of duty and inclination;—if it prevent one young heart from becoming selfish and world-worn;—if it make one of the frivolous, or the profligate, believe in a holy affection, that purifies those who indulge it, blesses them on earth, and fits them to be angels in heaven—then it has not been written in vain.

For the sake of national prosperity, as well as individual happiness, we shall do well not to forget these lessons.

There is one point of view, in which the prevalence of worldly ambition may affect our national character most powerfully. If women estimate merit entirely by wealth, men will obtain money, even at the risk of their souls: hence, dishonourable competition, and fraudulent cunning, and the

vile scramble for office, by which true freedom has already become well nigh suffocated. Popular institutions, above all others, afford ample scope for disinterested virtue; but we must remember that they likewise open the widest field for busy, intriguing selfishness; the amount of evil is always in exact proportion to the degree of good which we pervert.

The actions and motives of each individual do, more or less, affect the character and destinies of his country. If, for the sake of temporary indulgence, we yield to what we know is wrong, we are not only closing the avenues by which heaven communicates with our own souls, but we are hastening those mighty results, on which depend the fate of governments.

Men may smile at these auguries—but just as surely as effects follow causes, the preponderance of selfish policy will destroy the republic; for in this manner, ever since the beginning of time, has glory passed away from the nations. Neither the strength nor the subtilty of man can prevail against the justice of God.

Our mothers were help-mates indeed; and so are many of their daughters; but it is well to be on our guard, lest the household virtues become neglected and obsolete.

I shall be asked, with a smile, what I hope to do to alter the current of public feeling, and change the hue of national character? Truly, I expect

to do but little. My efforts remind me of a story often repeated by a valued friend: "When I was a small boy," says he, "I often plunged my little hoe into a rushing and tumbling brook, on the borders of my father's farm,—thinking, in the childish simplicity of my heart, that I could stop the course of its impetuous waters."

Gentle reader, I have put *my* little garden-hoe into a mighty stream—and perchance the current will sweep it to oblivion.

GOOD WIVES.

MADAME LAVATER,

WIFE OF JOHN GASPER LAVATER.

The celebrated John G. Lavater was pastor of St. Peter's Church, in Zurich, Switzerland. He published several volumes on religious subjects, and a great many sermons. He had a remarkable facility in writing poetry; his verses were harmonious, unaffected, and often vigorous. But his chief claim to distinction was his famous essay on Physiognomy, which has been translated into almost all languages. Lavater was a most amiable and pleasing enthusiast. He combined uncommon penetration with a simplicity of character, that amounted almost to childlike credulity; and the overflowing kindness of his disposition made him universally beloved. He was born in 1741, and died in 1801, in consequence of a wound from a French soldier, at the taking of Zurich. His private journal will best describe his domestic happiness:

"*January 2d.* My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day. I answered, Henceforth, my dear, we will pray and read together in the morning, and choose a common sentiment for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day is: 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' 'Pray how is this to be understood?' said she. I replied, 'Literally.' 'That is very strange indeed!' answered she. I

said, with some warmth, 'We at least must take it so, my dear; as we would do, if we had heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce the words, "Give to him that asketh of thee," says he, whose property all my possessions are. I am the steward and not the proprietor of my fortune.' My wife merely replied, that she would take it into consideration.

"I was just risen from dinner, when a widow desired to speak with me; I ordered her to be shown into my study. 'My dear sir, I entreat you to excuse me,' said she; 'I must pay my house-rent, and I am six dollars too short. I have been ill a whole month, and could hardly keep my poor children from starving. I must have the six dollars to-day or to-morrow. Pray hear me, dear sir.' Here she took a small parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said, 'There is a book enchased with silver; my husband gave it to me when I was betrothed. It is all I can spare; yet it will not be sufficient. I part with it with reluctance, for I know not how I shall redeem it. My dear sir, can you assist me?' I answered, 'Good woman, I cannot assist you;' so saying, I put my hand, accidentally or from habit, into my pocket; I had about two dollars and a half. 'That will not be sufficient,' said I to myself; 'she must have the whole sum; and if it would do, I want it myself.' I asked if she had no patron, or friend, who would assist her. She answered, 'No; not a living soul; and I will rather work whole nights, than go from house to house. I have been told you were a kind gentleman. If you cannot help me, I hope you will excuse me for giving you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never yet forsaken me; and I hope he will not begin to turn away from me in my seventy-sixth year." My wife

entered the room. O thou traiterous heart! I was angry and ashamed. I should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other; because my conscience whispered to me, '*Give to him that asketh of thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.*' My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear. 'She is an honest, pious woman, and has certainly been ill; do assist her, if you can.' Shame, joy, avarice, and the desire of assisting her, struggled together in my heart. I whispered, 'I have but two dollars by me, and she wants six. I will give her something, and send her away.' My wife, pressing my hand with an affectionate smile, repeated aloud what my conscience had been whispering, '*Give to him who asketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.*' I asked her archly, 'whether she would give her ring to enable me to do it?" 'With great pleasure,' she replied, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was too simple to observe, or too modest to take advantage of the action. When she was going, my wife asked her to wait a little in the passage. 'Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?" said I. 'Indeed I was,' she replied: 'Do you think I would sport with charity? Remember what you said to me a quarter of an hour ago. I entreat you not to make an ostentation of the Gospel. You have always been so benevolent. Why are you now so backward to assist this poor woman? Did you not know there are six dollars in your bureau, and it will be quarter day very soon?' I pressed her to my heart, saying, 'You are more righteous than I. Keep your ring. I thank you.' I went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. 'I was seized with horror because I had said, 'I cannot assist you.' The good woman at first thought

it was only a small contribution. When she saw that it was more, she kissed my hand, and could not, at first, utter a word. 'How shall I thank you!' she exclaimed: 'Did you understand me? I have nothing but this book; and it is old.' 'Keep the book and the money,' said I hastily; and thank God, not me. I do not deserve your thanks, because I so long hesitated to help you.' I shut the door after her, and was so much ashamed that I could hardly look at my wife. 'My dear,' said she, 'make yourself easy; you have yielded to my wishes. While I wear a golden ring, (and you know I have several) you need not tell a fellow creature in distress that you cannot assist him.' I folded her to my heart, and wept.

January 23d, 1769. 'My servant asked me after dinner, whether she should sweep my room. I said, 'Yes; but you must not touch my books or papers.' I did not speak with the mild accent of a good heart. A secret uneasiness, and fear that it would occasion me vexation, had taken possession of me. When she had been gone some time, I said to my wife, 'I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs.' In a few moments my wife, with the best intentions, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. 'Is my room not swept yet!' I exclaimed, at the bottom of the stairs. Without waiting for an answer, I ran up into my room; as I entered, the girl overturned an inkstand, which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified; I called out harshly, 'What a stupid beast you are. Have I not positively told you to be careful?' My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table, lamenting and moaning, as if the most

important writings had been spoiled; though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet, and some blotting paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away, and my wife approached me with timid gentleness. 'My *dear* husband!' said she. I stared at her, with vexation in my looks. She embraced me—I wanted to get out of her way. Her face rested on my cheek for a few moments—at last, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear.' I now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep. 'What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of the dominion of that sinful passion.' My wife replied, 'Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away, without your being overcome by anger. Let us pray together.' I knelt down beside her; and she prayed so naturally, so fervently, and so much to the purpose, that I thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

November, 1772. "My dear wife is still very ill; she is however a lamb in patience and goodness; full of tranquillity of mind, and without self-will, reposing in the lap of heavenly love."

January, 1773. "I awoke a little before seven o'clock, and addressed myself to the paternal goodness of God. I heard the voice of my dear wife, went to her, and we blessed each other with the tenderest, sweetest, and most innocent affection, discoursing on the fate which, almost to certainty, will befall us the present year."

January 6th. "A bottle was overturned and broken to pieces. A tranquil, gentle, smiling look from my wife, restrained my rising anger."

January 12th. "No one can be more averse to the ap

plication of the rod than I am myself. I have never chastised my son *myself;* fearing I should do it with too much passion, I have always left his punishment to my more gentle wife. My child has the best of hearts, yet he sometimes needs the rod. The advice to leave children to the bad consequences of their actions looks very specious on paper; but whoever has the care of children will know that, among a thousand cases, this is scarcely possible in one instance. For instance, it is impossible always to remove scissors and penknives from the table; and if it were possible, I would not do it. External circumstances shall not accommodate themselves to my children; on the contrary my children must learn to accommodate themselves to circumstances. They shall not learn not to touch a penknife where there is none; but they must learn not to touch one where there are ten. If my child disobey me, I give him a slap on the hand; which, however hard it may be, is, after all, less than the least hurt he might receive by handling the penknife. I would gladly leave him to the *consequences* of his disobedience, but what if he should put out an eye, or disable a hand! I lately found a razor full of notches, and was going to put myself in a passion; but I pacified myself instantly. I asked, in a serious tone, 'My son, have you had this razor?' 'Yes, papa.'—I have nothing more at heart than that my child should never tell lies; I therefore said, 'I shall not punish you this time, because you have readily told me the truth.' Children will certainly never tell lies except from fear of punishment."

January 12th. "I spoke with my wife of our children. I said 'I have a presentiment that they will not grow old, though they are in general very healthy.' It gave me great satisfaction to hear her reply, with much resigna-

tion, 'The will of the Lord be done. Thank God! they have not been created in vain. They are our children, and the children of their Heavenly Father, whether they live or die."

January 18*th.* "When I was called to breakfast, the beautiful group, which had assembled almost moved me to tears. My dear wife was in the bed; little Henry at her left hand, and Nannette on her foot-stool upon two chairs before the bed. She was giving them their soup. I took a pencil, and sketched that family scene on paper. My wife said, smiling, 'You forget one person that belongs to the group, and is sharing our pleasure.' My joy was complete. God bless you, darlings of my heart, God bless you! I tried to imprint this scene indelibly on my mind. Such things are so extremely sweet in recollection."

January 30*th.* "My dear wife was not well. Only a god-like patience could bear what she endures. My little Nannette shouted when I entered the room. The little, innocent, lovely child! I was obliged to struggle against my wish to take her, lest I should lose time. I wrote a little while, but could resist no longer. I took her up and carried her to her mother and brother. Some trifles vexed me. My wife observed it, and silently gave me her hand. 'I *will* be good,' said I, with a filial voice; and my serenity returned."

June 3*d.* "My wife waked me, saying, 'It is seven years to-day since we were married.' I told her it should be celebrated by a little festival for the children.

"Some things that detained me in the morning, tempted me to grow impatient, because I wanted to have a little pleasure with my family. At length, I was at liberty to do so. We went to the apartment where my wife and

I had first knelt together in prayer; we recalled to memory all the particulars of our wedding day, running over the seven years which, notwithstanding all our trials, we had spent so happily. We related to our boy how we had been united, and he listened with much interest which filled our hearts with pleasure. We gathered all the flowers we could find, strewing some of them on the lap of Nannette, whom I pushed forward in her little carriage, while Henry, whose hair I adorned with the rest, was drawing the vehicle. Their precious mother looked on with pleasure. I ordered Henry to be dressed in his Sunday garments, and read to him a little song, which, notwithstanding I had composed it in a great hurry, drew a pearly tear of joy from his mother's eyes. I left the happy circle with reluctance."

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON,

WIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON.

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, during the reign of Charles the First. In the memoir of her husband she praises highly the integrity, benevolence, and mutual affection of her parents. Among many instances of their kindness, she tells us, "When Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin were prisoners in the Tower, my mother suffered them to make rare experiments in chemistry at her cost; partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines, to help such poor people as were not able to procure physicians. By these means she acquired a great deal of skill, which was profitable to many all her life. To all the prisoners that came into the Tower, she was as a mother. If any were sick, she visited and took care of them, and made them broths and restoratives with her own hands."

Her father had a very decided dislike for those gay young gentlemen, who merely know how to court the ladies, and study the fashion of their dress; he considered usefulness and learning as the true tests of respectability. From these intelligent, judicious, and thoroughly well-bred parents, Lucy Apsley probably derived the sedate, and somewhat matronly character, by which she was early distinguished. As her mother had several

sons, and earnestly desired to have a daughter, her birth was an event of great joy; and the natural fondness inspired by the helpless little innocent was increased by the superstitious nurse, who pronounced her to be too delicate and beautiful to live. Something of additional importance was likewise ascribed to her, because previous to her birth her mother dreamed that a star descended from the heavens and rested in her hand. She was indeed lovely and remarkably intelligent, and her parents spared no pains in cultivating the intellectual faculties, with which she was endowed. As her nurse was a Frenchwoman, she learned to speak French and English at the same time. At four years old, she read perfectly well; and her memory was so great, that she could repeat almost exactly the sermons she heard. At seven years of age, she had eight tutors, in languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but study was the only thing she really loved; and she pursued it with a degree of eagerness, that threatened to be prejudicial to her health. In Latin, she outstripped her brothers, although they were very clever, and exceedingly industrious. For female employments and elegant accomplishments, she had less taste than her mother wished; and she held the usual sports of children in great contempt. She says, 'When I was obliged to entertain such children as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept them in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with older company." From her mother's instructions she derived strong religious feelings and principles, which continued with her through life. When very young, this miniature woman used to employ a portion of every Sabbath in exhorting the domestics

of the family upon serious subjects. It seems, however, that she was not entirely destitute of the feelings and habits usually observable in youth; for she says, "I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of much conversation not scandalously wicked; I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs, amorous poems and twenty other things of that kind; wherein I was so apt, that I became a confidant in all the loves that were managed by my mother's young women." She even alludes to an unequal, but transient attachment, as among the "extravagances of her youth."

Colonel John Hutchinson, whom this young lady afterward married, was the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, and Lady Margaret, daughter of Sir John Biron of Newstead, one of the ancestors of Lord Byron. He is represented as a gentleman of graceful person, highly cultivated mind, and very prepossessing manners; and as he was the eldest surviving son of his father, he was a match alike desirable to mothers and daughters. He passed through the usual routine of education prescribed for gentlemen of that period, and was distinguished for his literary attainments, his skill in active and graceful exercises, and his very correct taste in music. Soon after he left the university, he determined to travel in France; and as some delay occurred in forming the necessary arrangements, he was advised to make a short visit to Richmond, where the prince at that time held his court. Crowds of gay company were, of course, attracted to the place, and a young gentleman of Mr. Hutchinson's pretensions received abundant attentions from the wealthy, the witty, and the beautiful. It chanced that Sir Allen Apsley had a daughter placed at Richmond, for the purpose of acquiring skill in music. This child was born

five years after her serious sister Lucy, and being of an active and playful disposition, was the general favourite of the family. Mr. Hutchinson took particular delight in her sprightly conversation and lively music. The little girl had the keys of her mother's house, which was about half a mile distant, and once or twice, when she had occasion to go there, she asked Mr. Hutchinson to accompany her. One day, while he was there, he found a few Latin books on an old shelf, and when he asked whose they were, he was informed that they belonged to her elder sister, who was about to be married, and had gone into Wiltshire with her mother, in order to complete some necessary arrangements. Mr. Hutchinson had a contempt for frivolous conversation and unmeaning gallantry, and the ladies thought him rather indifferent to their charms. But it so happened that his curiosity was greatly excited concerning Miss Lucy Apsley; and the more questions he asked, the more he regretted that he had never seen her, and that she had gone away on such an errand. The ladies of her acquaintance told him how very studious and reserved she was; adding several anecdotes, which they thought would redound to her disadvantage; but Mr. Hutchinson had a great respect for good sense and information in women, and the stories they told produced a different effect from what they intended. He lost no opportunity of talking about the lady; and began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had heretofore kept so cool, should now be so much interested in a stranger. His wife, speaking of this circumstance in his memoir, says, "Certainly it was of the Lord, who had ordained him, through so many providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction."

One day, when there was a great deal of company at

the house, some one sung a song, which was much admired. A gentleman present observed it was written by a lady in the neighbourhood. Mr. Hutchinson, "fancying something of rationality in the sonnet, beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, said he could scarcely believe it was a woman's." The gentleman asserted that the verses were written by Miss Lucy Apsley; and being a great admirer of the author, he was very enthusiastic in her praises. Upon this, Mr. Hutchinson said, "I cannot rest until this lady returns. I must be acquainted with her." His informant replied, "You must not expect that, sir. She will not be acquainted with gentlemen. However this song may have stolen forth, she is extremely unwilling to have her perfections known. She lives only in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex."

The information of this reserved humour pleased Mr. Hutchinson more than all he had heard; and his thoughts became completely occupied with the hopes of seeing her. At last, news was brought that Mrs. Apsley and her daughter would return in a few days. The messenger had some bride laces in his pocket, and, for the sake of fun, he allowed the company to suppose the young lady was married. Mr. Hutchinson became very pale, and was obliged to leave the room. He began to think there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses. His affectionate biographer says, "But it booted him not to be angry at himself, or to set wisdom in her reproving chair, or reason in her throne of council; the sick heart could not be chid, or advised into health."

The next day it was ascertained that the tidings of her

marriage was a mere hoax; and as soon as she arrived, Mr. Hutchinson, under the pretence of escorting her little sister, went to her father's house, and obtained a sight of the being who had so much occupied his thoughts. Judging from the engraved portrait of Mrs. Hutchinson, she must have been eminently beautiful. At all events, the eager lover was not disappointed in her appearance; and she, at first sight, was "surprised with an unusual liking in her soul for a gentleman, whose countenance and graceful mien promised an extraordinary person."

At their first interview, there was something of melancholy negligence about her; for her parents, displeased that she had refused several advantageous offers, had urged her to a marriage for which her heart had no inclination. From a sense of duty, she tried to bring her feelings to their wishes; but was finally obliged to confess that she could not, without destruction to her happiness. Mr. Hutchinson, being informed of these circumstances, and finding her willing to encourage his acquaintance, believed that the same secret power had given them a mutual inclination for each other. He visited her father's house daily; and she was often his companion in the pleasant walks proposed by the family in the sweet spring season, then advancing.

The ladies were a little piqued at Mr. Hutchinson's preference. With the usual petulance of narrow minds, they ridiculed those high qualities, which they could not comprehend, and magnified such little defects as were nearer on a level with their own habits of thought; her neglect of ornament in her dress, and her love of study were the constant themes of their animadversion. Mr. Hutchinson smiled, and sometimes mixed a little good-natured sarcasm with his answers. He was successful in his love, and was therefore too happy to be angry.

His wife says, "I shall pass by all the little amorous relations, which if I would take pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; but these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy to be mentioned among the greater transactions of his life." It is only to be recorded that never was passion more ardent, and less idolatrous. He loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; and had a most high, obliging esteem for her; yet still considered honour, religion, and virtue, above her; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage, as should blind him to her imperfections: these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye, as did not abate his love and esteem for her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots, which might make her appear less worthy of the respect he paid her; and thus indeed he soon made her more equal to him than he found her.

It was not her face that he loved; her virtues were his mistress; and these, like Pygmalion's statue, were of his own making; for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities. The day that the friends, on both sides, met to conclude the marriage, she fell ill of the small pox; her life was in desperate hazard, and for a long time the disease made her the most deformed person that could be seen; yet he was nothing troubled about it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber; when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by

her entire recovery. One thing is worthy of imitation in him; though he had as strong an affection for her as ever man had, he did not declare it, till he had first acquainted his father; and after that he would make no engagement but what his love and honour bound him in; wherein he was more firm, than all the oaths in the world could have made him, notwithstanding many powerful temptations of wealth and beauty; for his father before he knew his son's inclinations, had concluded another treaty for him, much more advantageous to his family, and worthy of his liking. The parent was as honourably indulgent to his affection, as the son was strict in the observance of his duty; and at length, after about fourteen months' various exercise of his mind in the pursuit of his love, the thing was accomplished, to the full content of all: on the third day of July, he was married to Miss Lucy Apsley, at St. Andrew's Church, in Holborne." He was twenty-three years of age, and she was eighteen.

For two years after this union, Mr. Hutchinson enjoyed the dignified retirement of an English country-gentleman; and as religious controversy at the time interested the whole nation, the study of theology was largely mingled with his literary pursuits.

At first they resided about ten miles from London, to which Mrs. Hutchinson's habits and early associations rendered her extremely attached. But their two oldest sons were twins; and as the family increased rapidly, it was deemed expedient to remove to a cheaper part of the country. They therefore retired to his estate in Owthorpe, Nottinghamshire.

Here they had not long remained before the discord of civil war which had long been heard in the distance

sounded its fearful alarm through the land. The dreadful massacres of Ireland in 1641 aroused Mr. Hutchinson to the state of public affairs. He entered warmly into the disputes existing between the King and Parliament; but while he zealously maintained the pretensions of the latter, he had an earnest desire that bloodshed should be avoided, if possible. Public opinion in England was then strongly, not to say fiercely, directed against popery. Mr. Hutchinson's first manifestation of party spirit was to persuade the clergyman to deface the images, and break the painted windows of the parish church, in obedience to the orders of Parliament. His next step was to prevent ammunition from being carried out of the county for the use of the king; and he conducted this affair with a degree of firmness, moderation, and courtesy, not a little remarkable in an enthusiastic partisan about twenty-five years old.

Such open demonstration of his political opinions, of course, made him an object of suspicion to the Royalists, and various attempts were made to seize his person. When the parliament collected forces under the command of Lord Essex, he joined the army; and having resolved to defend the town and castle of Nottingham against the King's troops, he was chosen governor of that place. His wife followed him, sharing all his counsels and his dangers.

The preservation of Nottingham was of great importance to the Parliament; for if the enemy had possessed themselves of it, all communication between the northern and southern parts of the kingdom would have been cut off. The undertaking was hazardous; for the inhabitants of the town were more than half favourable to the royal cause; the Parliamentry army was too distant to give prompt relief

in case of necessity; and the half ruined castle was badly fortified, and worse provided, for a siege. Mrs. Hutchinson says, "Nothing but an invincible courage, and a passionate zeal for the interests of God and his country, could have engaged my husband in a work of so much difficulty. His superior officer contented himself with the name of authority, and left Mr. Hutchinson to order all things; the glory of which he hoped to assume, if they succeeded, and if they failed, he thought to throw the blame upon him who contrived them. Mr. Hutchinson knew all this; yet he was so well persuaded that God called him to undertake a defence for this place, that he cast by all other considerations, and cheerfully resigned his interests and his life to God's disposal; though in all human probability he was more likely to lose, than to save them."

Besides the unavoidable perils of his situation, Colonel Hutchinson had to contend with the various feuds and petty dissensions constantly arising among the officers; the insolence, cunning, and hatred of the royalists in the town; and the obstinate fanaticism of his own party, who were "so pragmatical, that no act, and scarcely a word, could pass without being strictly arraigned and judged at the bar of every common soldier's discretion, and thereafter censured and exclaimed at."

Though Colonel Hutchinson may seem, to readers of the present day, quite rigid enough in his opinions, he could not go to all the lengths, which some of his austere companions considered necessary for sound doctrine; and there was a noble frankness in his nature, that forbade hypocritical compliance with absurd opinions, or unimportant forms.

"Among other affected habits of the Puritans, few of

them wore hair long enough to cover their ears, and many cut it very close around their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold. From this circumstance, the name of Roundhead was scornfully given to the whole Parliament party. It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who had a fine head of curling hair, and wore it in a becoming manner. The godly of those days would not allow him to be religious, because his hair was not in their cut, or his words in their phrase. Many of them were weak enough to esteem such insignificant circumstances as of more consequence than solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought real aid, and honour to their party. But as Mr. Hutchinson chose not them, but the God they served, and the truth they defended, their weakness, ingratitude, and censures, with which he was abundantly exercised all his life, never tempted him to forsake them in anything wherein they adhered to just and honourable principles."

In addition to the difficulties with which Mrs. Hutchinson was surrounded, it happened, amid the inevitable horrors of civil war, that her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, commanded a troop of horse in the king's service, and was frequently on duty in the same part of the country where her husband was fighting for the Parliament. It is, however, to the honour of the English people, that this civil contest was carried on for years with few instances of personal violence.

The Puritan Colonel lived on very cordial terms with his Cavalier brother-in-law. Protected by mutual passes, they often visited each other, and exchanged various civilities, without any attempt on either side, to persuade the other from the performance of what he considered his duty

During this trying period, when her husband was endangered by treachery within the castle, and warfare without, Mrs. Hutchinson behaved most admirably. Shut up with him in the garrison, she enlivened him by her cheerful fortitude, soothed him with her tenderness, and assisted him by her advice. Her heroism and energy encouraged the troops; and she herself attended upon the sick and dressed the wounds of the sufferers, both captives and conquerors.

Her eldest daughter died in Nottingham Castle; being a weakly child, in consequence of the fatigue and anxiety her mother had undergone.

In the description of this ancient castle there are some particulars, which possess historical interest. "It was built upon a high rock, overlooking the chief streets of the town. Nature had made it capable of very strong fortification, but the buildings were ruinous and uninhabitable. Upon the top of all the rock was a strong tower, which they called the Old Tower. This was the place where Queen Isabel, mother of Edward the Third, was surprised with her paramour Mortimer; who, by secret windings and hollows in the rock, came up into her chamber from the meadows below. At the entrance of this rock was a spring, which is called Mortimer's well, and the cavern, Mortimer's hole.

"Behind the castle, was a place called the Park; but then it had neither deer nor trees, except one, which was almost a prodigy; for from the root to the top there was not one straight twig or branch; some said it was planted by Richard the Third, and resembled him that set it.

"There were many large caverns, in which a great magazine and hundreds of soldiers might have been disposed, and kept secure from any danger of firing the pow-

der by mortar-pieces shot against the castle. In one of these places, it is said that David, a Scotch king, was kept in cruel durance, and with his nails scratched on the walls the history of Christ, and his twelve apostles."

Sir Richard Biron, the relative of Col. Hutchinson, sent a messenger to persuade him to leave Nottingham, on the plea that holding out a castle against his king was rebellion of so high a nature, that no favour could be expected, however earnestly his friends among the royalists might urge it; but that if he would return to obedience, he might not only save his forfeited estates, but have whatever reward he pleased to propose: to which Colonel Hutchinson replied that "he had too much Biron blood in his heart to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken; and that he scorned to sell his faith for base rewards, or the fear of losing his estate, which his wife was quite as willing as himself to part with."

Colonel Hutchinson remained in this garrison until the close of the war; at which time his health and strength were much impaired by the hardships to which he had been exposed. On arriving at his deserted house in Owthorpe, he found it in a most ruinous and desolate situation; the neighbouring garrisons having robbed it of everything that could be carried away; and the debts he had incurred in the service of the public, deprived him of the power of making necessary repairs. This state of things was peculiarly uncomfortable, because he was at that time afflicted with the gout, and often unable to leave his chamber for weeks. His wife says: "Here we had a notable example of the victorious power of his soul over his body. One day, when he was in the saddest torture of his disease, certain soldiers came and insolently demanded money and provisions in the town. He sent for

them and told them he would not suffer such wrong to be done to his tenants. Seeing him in a weak condition, they became saucy, and told him he had no longer a right to command them. Being heartily angry, he felt not that he was sick, but started out of his chair, and beat them from the house and the town; and returned laughing at the wretched fellows and himself, wondering what was become of his pain. But it was not half an hour before the vigour which his spirits had lent his frame, retired to its noble palace the heart; this violent effort made his limbs more weak than before, and his suffering returned with such violence, that we thought he would have died in this fit."

Colonel Hutchinson was returned to parliament for the town, which he had so bravely defended. He was afterwards appointed a member of the High Court of Justice, for the trial of the King; and, after long hesitation, concurred in the sentence of condemnation against the unfortunate Charles the First.

He always disliked the character of Cromwell, and considered his government as an unjust usurpation; yet he had the magnanimity to make known to the Protector's friends a plot, which had been laid for his assassination. Cromwell expressed abundant gratitude for this generosity, and tried every means to tempt the regicide officer into his service. Colonel Hutchinson told him frankly that he did not like any of his measures, and believed they were all tending to the destruction of the country. Cromwell seemed not at all offended with this plainness, but, with tears in his eyes, complained that others had urged him on to rash and violent acts, alike inconsistent with his own wishes, and the liberties of the people. But notwithstanding this appearance of friendship

and candour, Cromwell secretly feared and disliked the man, who had so boldly reproved his tyranny at the very time that he saved his life; and he was making preparations to arrest him, when "death confined his vast ambition to the narrow compass of a grave."

During the administration of the Protector, Colonel Hutchinson lived in almost unbroken retirement at Owthorpe. He spent his time in gardening, superintending the education of his children, administering justice among his neighbours, and in making a choice collection of painting and sculpture; in forming this cabinet, he purchased several articles belonging to the late unfortunate king, who had been a most liberal patron of literature and the arts.

After the death of Cromwell, Colonel Hutchinson was again elected member of parliament. The people, finding a military tyrant no better than an hereditary one, were then becoming zealous for the restoration of the royal family; and of course those who voted for the death of the late king were placed in a condition of some peril. Colonel Hutchinson met the emergency of the times with a more firm and manly spirit than most of his associates. When the subject was debated in the house, he said, "That for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, not the malice of his heart; that he had ever preferred the general advantage of his country to his own; and if the sacrifice of him could conduce to the public peace and settlement, he freely submitted his life and fortunes to their disposal: that the great debts he had incurred in public employments proved that avarice had not urged him on, and gave him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a

troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience."

In order to quiet the anxiety of Mrs. Hutchinson, he assured her that no one would lose or suffer by the expected change of government. But this assurance failed to tranquillize her fears. She said she could not live to see him a prisoner. She persuaded him to leave his own house for a place where he could more readily make his escape. His friends advised him to give himself up, thinking he might by that means save his estates; but she declared herself ready to endure poverty in its worst forms, rather than trust him to the generosity of his political enemies; and she urged this point with such earnest entreaty, that he promised to do nothing without her consent. For the first and only time in her life, she ventured to disobey him; she wrote a letter in his name to the speaker of the house. The letter was favourably received; this encouraged his friends, who were present, and they spoke so kindly and effectually in his favour, that his punishment was limited to a discharge from parliament, and from all offices civil and military forever.

After this decision, he returned to Owthorpe, where he spent nearly a year in the enjoyment of his quiet and tasteful pursuits.

But Charles the Second was not disposed to trust the loyalty of those who had beheaded his father. Colonel Hutchinson was at last seized, upon suspicion of being concerned in a treasonable plot, and was conveyed by an armed guard to London. His wife, with her oldest son and daughter, accompanied him. "Mrs. Hutchinson was exceedingly sad, but he encouraged and kindly chid her out of it, and told her it would blemish his innocence

for her to appear afflicted; that if she had but patience to wait the event, she would see it was all for the best, and bade her be thankful that she was permitted to accompany him; and with diverse excellent exhortations cheered her, who could not be wholly abandoned to sorrow while he was with her."

The prisoner was committed to the Tower, and treated with great harshness. The chamber he occupied is said to have been the same where Edward the Fifth and his little brother were murdered by the command of Richard. The room leading to it was large and dark, without windows, where the portcullis of one of the inward gates was drawn up and let down, and under which a guard was placed every night. There was a tradition that the Duke of Clarence was here drowned in a butt of malmsey. This part of the building was called the Bloody Tower. The door by which these two rooms communicated with each other was not allowed to stand open during the night, although Colonel Hutchinson and his servant were suffering under a very painful disease, occasioned by bad diet, and a comfortless residence.

For several weeks his wife was not permitted to visit him; but she would not rest until her earnest prayers, aided by the powerful intercession of her brother, were granted. It was her wish to take lodgings in the Tower; but this was refused. She was obliged, in the depth of winter, to walk from her residence every day to dinner, and back again at night.

This was a forlorn kind of existence; but the Colonel endured it with perfect content and cheerfulness. "When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shading the shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him; with these he was as much

pleased as with the richest engraved agates and onyxes, wherein he had formerly great delight, when he recreated himself from more serious studies. His fancy showed itself so excellent in arranging and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons that saw them. These were but his trifling diversions; his business and continual study was the Scripture, which the more he conversed in the more it delighted him; insomuch that his wife having brought some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her, and told her that if he should continue in prison as long as he lived, he would read nothing but the Bible. His wife bore all her own toils joyfully for the love of him, but could not be otherwise than very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings. He would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it; and tell her if she were but cheerful, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befel him. He would also bid her rejoice that the Lord supported him; and remind her how much more intolerable it would have been, if the Lord had allowed his spirits to sink, or his patience to fail under this. One day when she was weeping, after he had said many things to comfort her, he gave her reasons why she should be assured that the cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it. She said, "I do not doubt the cause will revive; but notwithstanding your fortitude, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison." He replied, "I think I shall not; but if I do, my blood will be so innocent, that I shall advance the cause more by my death than I could by all the actions of my life."

Although no formal accusation was ever brought against Colonel Hutchinson, and no evidence specified as the ground of his detention, he was imprisoned in the Tower ten months. His energetic and affectionate wife laboured without ceasing for his deliverance: and his oppressors often found themselves embarrassed and confounded by her eloquent arguments. But the most urgent solicitations, aided by all the powerful intercession she could procure, were of no avail.

He was suddenly removed from the Tower to Sandown Castle, in Kent; where he was confined in a very damp unwholesome apartment, with another prisoner of the most vulgar and brutal manners. Even this, he endured with meekness and magnanimity, conversing with his wife and daughter "with as pleasant and contented a spirit as ever in his whole life." When she told him she feared they had placed him on the sea-shore in order to transport him to Tangier, he answered, "and if they should, there is the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe. Prithee, trust me with God; if he carry me away, he will bring me back again."

The damp apartment in which Colonel Hutchinson was confined brought on illness; but the sufferings of the body, as well as the mind, he endured with the same strong humility. His wife watched over him with the most devoted, self-forgetting love. Sir Allen Apsley, at last, obtained permission for him to walk on the beach a certain time every day; but this indulgence came too late to renovate his strength.

Toward the close of the year, Mrs. Hutchinson was obliged to go to Owthorpe, to bring away the children she had left there, and to obtain necessary supplies for her husband. "She left with a very sad heart, dreading

that while he lay so ready on the sea-coast, he might be shipped away to some barbarous place during her absence. He comforted her all he could, and the morning she went away, he said, "Now I myself begin to be loath to part." Yet he encouraged her with his usual cheerfulness, and sent his son along with her. At the time of her departure he seemed very well, and was so confident of seeing Owthorpe again, that he gave her directions concerning planting trees, and many other things belonging to the house and gardens. A few days after, he returned from his walk on the sea-beach with his daughter, and complained of a shivering and pain in his bones. So long as he was able to sit up, he read much in the Bible; and on looking over some notes on the Epistle to the Romans, he said, 'When my wife returns, I will no more observe their cross humours; but when her children are all near, I will have her in the chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms. During the winter evenings she shall collect together the observations I have made on this Epistle since I have been in prison.'"

As he grew worse, the doctor feared delirium, and advised his brother and daughter not to defer anything they wished to say to him. Being informed of his condition, he replied with much composure, "The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then gave directions concerning the disposal of his fortune, and left strict injunctions that his children should be guided in all things by their mother; "And tell her," said he, "that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds."

While he was speaking to them, his pulse grew very

low; yet he said to the physician, "I would fain know your reason for thinking I am dying. My head is well; my heart is well; I have no pain or sickness anywhere." The doctor, much amazed, answered that he should be glad to find himself deceived. Soon after, his mouth became convulsed, and he spoke no more; except when some one in the room mentioned his wife, he said, "Alas, how she will be grieved!" Then, with a sigh, his spirit departed, leaving his countenance as calm and happy as it had looked in the pleasantest moments of his life.

He died on the 11th of September, 1664, in the forty-ninth year of his age; after eleven months of severe imprisonment. The body, according to his request, was buried at Owthorpe. As the funeral procession moved on, the people were much affected, considering him the victim of injustice and oppression. In one town only were any insults offered by the political enemies of the deceased.

Four sons and four daughters survived him; and for their edification Mrs. Hutchinson wrote the memoir of her husband, which has since been published by their descendants. The book might with propriety be called the History of Her Own Times; for it is in fact a very philosophical view of the state of parties in England at that period, and of the causes which produced them. In her brief sketches of public men she evinces singular discrimination and clearness of mind; and considering how dearly her best affections were united with the interests of one party, her candour and impartiality are remarkable; but so large a portion of the work is occupied with details of the petty feuds and factions of the day that, as a whole, it can be interesting to but few, even of English readers.

Her husband is always mentioned with romantic tenderness, and deep sensibility. She evidently loved him with her whole soul; and when he was gone, she was a widow indeed.

An address to her children forms an introduction to the Memoir; in which she thus writes: "I who am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can find out none more just to your dear father, or more consoling to myself, than the preservation of his memory; which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers equally give to the truly and the nominally honourable; an undrest narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory, than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men. To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another. His example was more instructive than the best rules of the moralists; for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the Word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of his spirit. He had a noble method of government, whether in civil, military, or domestic administrations; which forced love and reverence even from unwilling subjects, and greatly endeared him to the souls of those who rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck awe into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love. He was naturally attached to the military employment, for he understood it well, and it suited the activity of his temper. Never was a man more loved or reverenced by those that were under him. He

was very liberal to them, but ever chose just times and occasions to exercise it. I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous, or less proud. He never disdained the meanest person, or flattered the greatest. Wherever he saw wisdom, learning, or other virtues in man, he honoured them highly; but he never blindly gave himself up to the conduct of any master. He had a sweet courtesy toward the poor, and often employed many spare hours with the common soldiers and labourers, but so ordered his familiarity that it never decreased respect. He took pleasure in wit and mirth, but that which was mixed with impurity he never could endure. Of all falsehood he most hated hypocrisy in religion; either to comply with changing governments or persons, without a real persuasion of conscience, or to practise holy things for the sake of interest, or the applause of men. He never professed friendship where he had it not, or disguised aversion, or hatred, which indeed he never had toward any party, or person, but only to their sins. At the same time that he conquered an enemy, he cast away all ill-will, and entertained only thoughts of compassion and love. He that was a rock to all assaults of might and violence, was the gentlest easy soul to kindness, that the least warm spark of that melted him into anything that was not sinful. He was as dutiful a son, as dear a brother, as affectionate a father, as good a master, and as faithful a friend, as the world ever had; yet in all these relations he had no indulgence for vice or folly pertinaciously pursued; but the more dear any person was to him, the more he was offended at anything that might diminish the lustre of their glory.

"His affection for his wife was such, that whoever would form rules of kindness, honour, and religion, to be

practised in that state, need no more, but exactly draw out his example. Man never had a greater passion or a more honourable esteem for woman; yet he was not uxorious, and never remitted that just rule which it was her honour to obey; but he managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such honourable and advantageous subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but in things profitable to herself. He loved her soul better than her countenance; yet even for her person he had a constant affection, exceeding the common temporary passion of fond fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she deserved, he was himself the author of the virtue he doated on; for she was but a faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though dimly, his own glories upon him. The greatest excellence she had was the power of apprehending, and the virtue of loving, his. All she had, was derived from him. A likeness that followed him everywhere, till he was taken to the regions of light, and now she is but at best his pale shade. So liberal was he to her, and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses. His estate was so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended. When she ceased to be young and lovely, he showed her the most tenderness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love any man could have, was bounded by a superior feeling; he regarded her not as his idol, but as his fellow-creature in the Lord, and proved that such an affection far exceeds all the irregular passions in the world.

"The heat of his youth inclined him to anger, and the

goodness of his nature made him prone to love and grief; but his soul ever reigned king upon the internal throne, and was never taken captive by his senses: religion and reason, its two favoured counsellors, took order that all the passions kept within just bounds, there did him good, and furthered the public weal."

The debts Colonel Hutchinson had incurred in the public service, left his excellent widow in very straitened circumstances. The estate at Owthorpe was sold to a younger branch of her husband's family, who happened to be in favour with the triumphant royalists. Mrs. Hutchinson lived to see some of her children married, and survived two of them. The precise period of her death is not mentioned. One of their decendants emigrated to America. I do not know whether any of his posterity now survive in this country. The family of Apsley merged in the noble family of Bathurst, who retain the name of Apsley as their second title.

Mrs. Hutchinson was possessed of talent and learning that would have given her a high reputation in any age, and which were very extraordinary in a lady of that period; yet she performed all the duties of a woman in a most exemplary manner. The Edinburgh Review pays the following tribute to her memory: "Education is certainly far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old, by a purer and more exalted standard; and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is something in the domestic virtue and calm commanding mind of this English matron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises

appear very insignificant. We may safely venture to assert that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."

LADY BIRON,

WIFE OF SIR JOHN BIRON.

THERE is a singular story told concerning the grandparents of Colonel Hutchinson. His maternal grandfather was not the eldest son of Sir John Biron. There was an elder brother who had displeased his father so much by an obscure marriage, that he intended to divide his estate equally between his sons. The younger son married the daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam, who had enjoyed a princely office during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This lady was endowed with rare beauty and great accomplishments; and her husband was exceedingly enamoured of her. But noble-minded and intelligent as she was, she had one great weakness—she could not endure that a woman very inferior to herself should be the wife of the elder son, while she was wedded to the younger. This source of discontent was removed by a sad accident. One day the brothers went out to hunt with their father; and the elder, being of a merry disposition, commanded something to be put under his servant's saddle, to frighten the horse, and make sport. The joke succeeded so well that the author of it died in a passion of laughter.

The marriage which gave so much offence had proved childless; and the younger brother of course inherited the estates and titles of the family.

The high-born beauty was now in the very zenith of her wishes, and blest with a lovely family. But it pleased Divine Providence suddenly to eclipse her glory. At the birth of twin daughters her brilliant intellect was obscured forever! The best physicians in England tried in vain to restore her understanding. She was never frantic; but had a pretty poetical delirium, often more delightful than the conversation of women, who had perfect use of their senses. Her husband relinquished all business and all amusements, and devoted his whole time to her, and to the education of their children. After the loss of her reason, she had other children; but they were not affected by their mother's unfortunate condition.

Though Lady Biron's mind was distempered in all other respects, she retained perfect love and docility to her husband; and he treated her with more tenderness and respect than he had done even during the first years of their happy union. Thus in the constancy of mutual affection they advanced toward old age.

When she was ill, he slept in a separate bed in the same chamber, while two women took turns in watching her.

It was his custom, the moment he unclosed his eyes, to ask how she did. One night, when he was in a very deep sleep, she departed from this life. He was to have gone a hunting that morning, the exercise being recommended for his health; and it was his habit to have the chaplain pray with him before he went out. The nurses, knowing how much he loved his wife, were afraid to tell him of her death; and they begged the chaplain to inform him of it, in the gentlest manner he could. Sir John did not that morning, according to his usual custom inquire how his lady did. He called the chaplain, joined

with him in prayer, and expired in the midst of the holy service. The husband and wife were laid side by side, and buried in the same grave. It was never known whether he had discovered his loss, and his heart had broken at the separation from one he loved so dearly, or whether a strange sympathy of nature had produced this affecting coincidence. But so it happened, that God in his mercy took them at once from a world, whose bitterest portion is a widowed heart.

MRS. FLETCHER,

WIFE OF REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

The Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madely, in England, is well known among the disciples of Wesley, as a man of great zeal, piety and gentleness, whose efforts in the cause of religion were much blessed.

The lady he married was named Mary Bosanquet. Her parents were highly respectable and wealthy, and she of course was surrounded by the pleasures and fascinations of the world. But in early childhood she was much under the influence of a domestic, who had been converted by Methodist preaching; and from her she received impressions which she never afterward lost; impressions that gave a colouring to the whole of her future life. When seven years old, she says, "I thought if I became a Methodist, I should be sure of salvation; and determined if I ever could get to that people, whatever it cost me, I would be one of them. But after a few conversations, and hearing my sister read some little books which this servant had given to her, I found out, it was not the being joined to any people that would save me, but I must be converted, and have faith in Christ; that I was to be saved by believing; and that believing would make me holy, and give me a power to love and serve God. The servant left our family, and my sister and I continued like blind persons groping our way in the dark; though we had so far discerned the truth as to express it

in the above manner, I could not comprehend it. My heart rose against the idea at being saved by a faith, which I could not understand. One day looking over the pictures in the Book of Martyrs, I thought it would be easier to be burned than to believe; and heartily did I wish that the Papists would come and burn me, and then I thought I should be quite safe."

The death of her grandfather and grandmother, when she was about thirteen years of age, tended to increase the seriousness of her youthful character. She says, "My honoured grandfather was one of the excellent of the earth. In his last illness he delighted much in these words, 'My sheep hear my voice; I know them, and they follow me.' He was aged seventy-nine, and had lived with my grandmother forty-five years, in a union not usually to be met with. He was plain in his dress, and strictly conscientious in all his expenses. When many dishes were on his table, he scarcely ate of anything but mutton, and that for many years, because he believed it most conducive to his health. His love and charity to the poor were uncommon. He esteemed it a reproach to any man to say he died very rich; adding, 'It is too plain a mark he has not made a good use of his income.' One day a gentleman, who was by him upon the Exchange, said to another, 'Sir John, I give you joy; they tell me you have completed your hundred thousand pounds.' The other replied, 'I hope to double it before I die.' My grandfather, turning round quickly, said, 'Then, Sir John, you are not worthy of it.'

"My grandmother was a woman of an uncommonly sweet temper; and having acquired a good deal of skill in physic, she so helped the poor, that they looked on her as a mother, a nurse, and a counsellor. When my grand-

father had been dead three months, she dreamed that he came to her one night, and standing by the bed-side told her that 'she should come to him shortly; till then his happiness was not so complete as it would be;' and added 'Study the Scriptures—study the Scriptures; in them, ye think ye have eternal life.' She always had a veneration for the Word of God; but from that time she applied to it daily, in a manner superior to what she had done before. About three weeks after, she said to us, 'Air that room; I will go into it, that I may die in the bed where my husband died.' She came out no more; for she expired within the week."

The parents of Mary Bosanquet, having removed all Methodist books, and dismissed the above-mentioned domestic, thought her religious impressions had worn off. But when the mind is earnestly intent upon any one object, it will find means, even under the most adverse circumstances, to gratify its ruling inclination. She and her elder sister, unknown to their parents, contrived to keep up an intimacy with several of Mr. Wesley's followers; and when her sister married, and removed from her, these connexions still continued.

The consequences were inevitable. What are called the pleasures of society were at variance with her ideas of religious duty, and she was unable to discover how she could at the same time serve God and the world. She begged leave not to accompany the family to the theatre, because she could not conscientiously partake of such amusements; and when her father told her that "her arguments proved too much; since, according to her doctrines, all places of diversion, all dress, all parties —indeed the whole spirit of the world, was sinful," she replied, "I believe it to be so; and am therefore deter-

mined to be no more conformed to its customs, fashions, or maxims."

This, of course, opened the door for many domestic trials. Her father reasoned, her mother grieved, and her acquaintance sneered. Sometimes she yielded to the temptations around her, and was enticed by the world; but these states of mind were usually followed by depression, arising from a sense of her own weakness. This brought on fresh reproaches; her melancholy was said to be occasioned by her strange ideas of religion; and if she were visited by illness, it was attributed to the same cause.

She loved her father very tenderly, and therefore it was peculiarly painful to her to oppose him. Obedience to God seemed to her to be at variance with obedience to her parents; and she was continually perplexed to know how far she ought to conform to them, and how far she ought to resist.

When she was about seventeen years of age, she became acquainted with a gentleman, who professed great affection for her. Her religious friends advised her to think of him, as he was likely to be very acceptable to her parents, and would enable her to enjoy more liberty than she could have under her parental roof. She was perplexed by these counsels, and sometimes tempted; but she soon became convinced that her affections were not sufficiently interested; and all thoughts of him were swallowed up in a renewed ardour of piety. Her mother sometimes expressed the opinion that Mary had better be removed from the family, lest her example should influence her younger brothers, and thus, as she supposed, ruin their worldly prospects. Even her father, who was more calm and considerate, wished to exact from her a

promise that she would never in any way, attempt to make her brothers what she considered a Christian; she replied, "I dare not promise that." Her father then intimated it was best for her to remove from home; saying, with some emotion, "I do not know that you ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies." Her mother approved of her resolution to take lodgings, and assisted her in the necessary arrangements. She says, "Something, however, seemed to hold us on both sides, from bringing it to the point. For the next two months I suffered much; my mind was exercised with many tender and painful feelings. One day my mother sent me word I must go home to my lodgings that night. I went down to dinner, but they said nothing on the subject; and I could not begin it. The next day, as I was sitting in my room, I received again the same message; during dinner, however, nothing was spoken on the subject. I was much distressed, I thought if they do not invite me to come and see them again, how shall I bear it? At last, just as they were going out, my mother said, "If you will, the coach, when it has set us down, may carry you to your lodging." My father added, "we should be glad to have you dine with us next Tuesday." This was some relief. I remained silent. When the coach returned, I ordered my trunk into it; and struggling with myself, took a kind of leave of each of the servants, as they stood in tears. My lodging consisted of two rooms, as yet unfurnished. I had never seen the people of the house, I only knew them by character to be sober persons. I borrowed a table and a candlestick, and the window-seat served me as a chair. Bolting the door, I began to muse on my present situation. "I was young—only entered into my twenty-second year.

I am cast out of my father's house. My heart knows what it is to be a stranger. I prayed to the Lord, and found a sweet calm spread over my spirit. I could in a measure act faith on these words; 'when thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up.'

"The following reflections also arose in my mind, 'I am now exposed to the world, and know not the snares that may be gathering around me. I will form a plan for my future conduct, and endeavour to walk thereby. I will not receive visits from single men; and in order to evade the trial more easily, I will not get acquainted with any. I will endeavour to lay out my time by rule, that I may know each hour what is to be done; nevertheless I will cheerfully submit to have these rules broken, whenever the providence of God thinks fit to do so. Thirdly, I will try to fix my mind on the example of Jesus Christ, remembering he came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

"The prejudices of education are strong; especially in those brought up in rather high life. The being removed from a parent's habitation seemed very awful. I considered myself liable to deep reproach, and trembled at the thought. But I remembered, 'he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'

"I had hired a sober girl to be in readiness to attend upon me; and my maid being now come, and having lighted a fire in the other room, and borrowed a few articles of the family, she begged me to come into it, as the night was very cold. And now my captivity seemed turning every moment. The thought that I was brought out of the world, and had nothing to do but to be holy, filled me with consolation. Thankfulness overflowed my heart; and such a spirit of peace and content poured into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven.

"Some bread, with rank salt butter, and water to drink, made me so comfortable a meal, that I could truly say, 'I ate my meat with gladness, and singleness of heart.' As the bed was not put up, I laid almost on the ground that night, and it being a bright moonlight night, the sweet solemnity thereof well agreed with the tranquillity of my spirit. I had daily more cause for praise. I was acquainted with many of the excellent of the earth, and my delight was in them. Yet I was not without my cross; for every time I went to see my dear parents, what I felt, when I rose up to go away, cannot well be imagined. Not that I wished to abide there; but there was something very affecting in bidding farewell to those under whose roof I had always lived; though I saw the wise and gracious hand of God in all, and that he had by this means set me free to do his service. From my heart I thanked Him as the author, and them as the profitable instruments of doing me so great good. My mother was frequently giving me little things; and every renewed mark of kindness made the wound bleed afresh."

Whether it were a strict duty for Miss Bosanquet to take so important a step as to withdraw from her natural protectors rather than to conform to them, is not a question to be decided by any conscience but her own. It appears to me that the purification of the heart may go on, under all kinds of external annoyances and inconveniences.

But whether Miss Bosanquet was, or was not, mistaken in her perception of what was right, her intentions appear to have been perfectly sincere and pure.

As she inherited some fortune from her grand-parents, which was entirely at her own disposal, she was enabled

to live in respectability and comfort. Feeling the want of a discreet faithful friend, she invited a poor invalid woman, of the same religious persuasion as herself, to her lodging; and until the death of this friend, they shared "but one heart, one mind, and one purse."

Not long after she left home, she resolved to return to her native village, and convert a house she owned there into a place of religious instruction for poor children. The Methodists were then a new sect, and there was a great excitement about them. Her father told her, with a smile, that he could not prevent the mob from pulling her house about her ears, if they chose. She and her friend were indeed frequently annoyed by the populace, during their meetings; but no worse injury was done than breaking windows, throwing dirt, howling about the house, &c. The orphan school succeeded wonderfully; but as the number of scholars increased fast, it was necessary to employ many individuals to take care of them. The whole expense came upon Miss Bosanquet, and she soon began to realize that it would far exceed her income; but she believed that she had a peculiar call from the Lord, and that she had nothing to do but to trust Divine Providence. Generous and unexpected contributions did, from time to time, lighten the load her benevolence had imposed upon itself. Still she was often harassed to pay her bills; the care of so large a number of rude neglected children was a great trial to the patience; and her friend was sinking so fast, that each day she expected to look upon her for the last time.

In the midst of these trials, she was deprived of her parents. On his death-bed, her father talked to her with much tenderness, and expressed regret that he had not left her fortune so entirely at her own disposal as that of

the other children. He offered to have an alteration made in the will; but as she supposed there were some reasons why it would disturb his dying moments, she would not consent to any change.

She found the fortune her father had left unrestricted was larger than his regrets had led her to imagine; but with a household of thirty to support, it is not strange that she was involved in fresh embarrassments, for which she was blamed by the worldly-wise, and laughed at by the thoughtless. Her invalid friend said to her, "My dear, I hardly know how to rejoice in the prospect of death, because I see no way for you. I shall leave you in the hands of enemies, but God will take care of you." Miss Bosanquet answered, "Can you think of any way for me? It is sometimes presented to my mind, that I should be called to marry Mr. Fletcher." Her friend replied, "I like him the best of any man, if ever you do take that step. Yet unless he should be of a very tender disposition toward you, you would not be happy; but God will direct you."

This avowal is the first intimation of an attachment to Mr. Fletcher. He himself had no suspicion of it until she accepted him many years after.

The impression made during their first acquaintance was mutual. In a letter written by Mr. Fletcher to Mr. Charles Wesley, soon after his introduction to the lady, he says, "You ask me a very singular question,—I shall answer it with a smile, as I suppose you asked it. You might have remarked that for some days before I set off for Madely, I considered matrimony with a different eye to what I had done; and the person who then presented herself to my imagination was Miss Bosanquet. Her image pursued me for some hours the last day, and that

so warmly, that I should, perhaps, have lost my peace, if a suspicion of the truth of Juvenal's proverb, '*Veniunt a dote sagittæ*,' ('*the arrows come from the portion*,' rather than from the *lady*,) had not made me blush, fight, and flee to Jesus, who delivered me at the same moment from her image and from all ideas of marriage."

After the first allusion to Mr. Fletcher, he is frequently mentioned in Miss Bosanquet's journal. She speaks of the spirituality of his writings and preaching, finds a great similarity between his religious states and her own, expresses anxiety concerning his health, the necessity of his departure from England on that account, &c.

But his conscientious scruples lest her *fortune* was the temptation kept them separated for a very long time: during the interval of which they were both preparing for a pure and eternal union, by following in all humility what appeared to them to be the will of God.

Her path was one of peculiar trials. Her lonely situation, her pecuniary embarrassments, her unruly and expensive family, ingratitude and reproach where she had reason to expect consolation and assistance, all conspired to depress her mind, and enfeeble her health. It may be said that she brought these afflictions on herself by taking an unnecessary burden; but I think the good cannot refuse a tribute of respect to intentions so pure, and efforts so benevolent. In the midst of her perplexities, a gentleman, whose fortune exceeded her own, wished very much to marry her, and strongly urged the necessity of her having some friend to arrange her worldly business. She deeply felt the want of such a friend; and to one of her simple habits his fortune was amply sufficient in case of a total loss of her own; but her affections were with Mr. Fletcher; and, unlike many ladies, it seemed to her

a sin, to make a solemn promise of love to a man she did not love, and of honour to a man she could not honour. If all were as conscientious as Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, the world would again become an Eden, where mortals might walk with angels, and the voice of God be heard in the garden.

Domestic love is the only rose we have left of paradise. Alas! that worldly prudence should scornfully cast it away, keeping only the thorn, as a memento that the lovely blossom *can* exist in a sinful world.

The pair that so patiently trusted in providence were led into the paths of happiness and peace. After an absence of fifteen years, Mr. Fletcher returned to England, and immediately wrote to Miss Bosanquet that during twenty-five years he had entertained a regard for her, which was still as sincere as ever; and if it appeared odd that he should write on such a subject when he had just returned from abroad, and especially without first seeing her, he could only say that his mind was so strongly drawn to do it, that he believed it to be the order of Providence.

This letter struck her as very remarkable; for she had with the most scrupulous delicacy, refrained from all communication with him; and fearing it was wrong to employ her thoughts so much about him, she had prayed to the Lord to give her some indication that he was the man on whom she ought to fix her affections: and the token she asked was, that he should write to her as soon as he returned, and before he had seen her.

In whatever light this circumstance may be viewed, it proves the tenderness of her conscience, and the beautiful simplicity of her faith.

The necessity of arranging her worldly business, before she removed to the distant residence of her husband,

occasioned a few months' delay, during which time she received visits from Mr. Fletcher, and corresponded with perfect frankness concerning her temporal and eternal concerns. By the sale of real estate, and the kind assistance of her brothers, she was nearly extricated from debt, and had a moderate income left at her disposal, by means of which the remainder of her debts was gradually paid.

But increase of years had not taught this amiable couple any respect for the maxims of human policy; they had grown old in the world, but not in the world's ways: it was their mutual wish to appropriate a portion of her income to the support of those orphans and invalids, who had hitherto found a home with her. This benevolent arrangement being made, they solemnly covenanted, in the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit, to become one forever.

The marriage took place in November, 1781; Mr. Fletcher was fifty-two years old, and she was ten years younger. Throughout their married life, they were inspired with a unity of purpose, and a perfect sympathy of heart; so that it seemed as if their souls had actually mingled into one. She was his partner by the fireside, his companion in regeneration, and his assistant in parochial duties; she even shared in his paternal exhortations to his flock.

The habit of public speaking among women was not generally approved among the Methodists; and she herself was very diffident on the subject. She tells us that none but her heavenly father knew how much she suffered when preparing for such occasions. The practice originated in conversations with her assembled family of orphans and invalids, to which a few neighbours were sometimes added. By degrees, the zeal of others

and a desire to impart her religious enjoyment, led her to enlarge her sphere of action; and when she wrote to ask Mr. Wesley whether he considered it an unnecessary departure from the proper vocation of her sex, his answer implied that he generally disapproved of the practice, but he thought *her* justified in continuing it, because she was the means of doing great good. Mr. Fletcher was of the same opinion; and there remained no obstacle to her own convictions of duty.

Her greatest anxiety, at the time of her marriage, seems to have been that she should not rightly perform her duties in a new place, and among a people who were strangers to her. When she spoke of this to Mr. Fletcher, he replied, "Do not encumber yourself on my account. If we must be thought ignorant and awkward, let us be willing to submit to it; I require nothing of thee, my dear Polly, but to be more and more devoted to God."

The testimony of her journal proves that there was no hypocrisy in this assertion. About a year after their marriage, she writes: "A twelvemonth ago I saw nothing before me, temporally, but ruin; but now my cup of blessing runs over, above all I could hope or wish for. I have the kindest and tenderest of husbands; so spiritual a man, and so spiritual a union, I never had any adequate idea of. Oh, how does my soul praise God for his gracious providence! What a help-mate he is to me and how much better do we love one another than we did a year ago!"

Many months afterward, she writes: "My dear husband's health is not good. What the Lord will do with us I know not. When I think of his life or health, being in danger, I am not anxious, as I used to be, but can rest in the love and wisdom of my unchangeable friend

For this I praise Him, because no words can express the treasure I possess in our union; and in proportion as I get nearer to God, I find a daily increase of that union; yet I am enabled so to give him up to the Lord, that it holds my soul in a quiet dependance and sweet adherence to the divine will."

Again she writes, "And do we see the anniversary of our blessed union yet another year? And are we yet more happy and more tender toward each other? Yes, glory be to God! we are; and what is better, I can truly say, our souls get nearer to God. We are more spiritual, and live more for eternity.

"The Lord has showed me that he would make his will known to me through that of my dear husband, that I was to accept his directions as from God, and obey him as the church does Christ. That as I must give myself to his guidance as a child; and wherever we were called, or however employed in the work of God, I should always find protection, while I renounced all choice, by doing the will of another rather than my own."

Mrs. Fletcher's health was far from being strong, and she sunk under the fatigues, which her zeal imposed upon her. When they had been married a little more than three years, she was seized with a fever of a very alarming kind. At this time, she writes, "I had now a fresh instance of the tender care and love of my blessed partner; sickness was made pleasant by his kind attention." Having promised to preach at a place where they had always been accustomed to go together, he was constrained by her illness to go alone. He was deeply affected, and in his sermon talked much of the piety and excellence of his beloved wife; his affectionate congregation sympathized in his feelings and joined in his prayers. When he re-

turned home, he said to her, "My dear, I could scarcely speak to the people. I felt, I knew not how, as if thy empty chair stood by me. Something seemed to say we should soon be parted; and I thought, 'Must I meet these people, and see her empty chair always by me.'"

One day, he said to her, "My dear love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression death is very near us, as if it be some sudden stroke upon one of us; and it draws out all my soul in prayer that we may be ready. Lord, prepare the soul thou wilt call; and oh, stand by the poor disconsolate one, who shall be left behind."

While she was ill, he often, in imagination passed through the whole parting scene, and struggled for the fortitude of perfect resignation. Sometimes, he would say, "Oh, must I ever see the day when thou art carried out to be buried? How will the little things thou wert accustomed to use, and all those which thy tender care has prepared for me, in every part of the house, how will the sight of them wound and distress me!"

But *she* was the one called to taste the bitter cup of separation. Before she was entirely recovered, he was likewise attacked by fever. On Saturday he was so ill, that Mrs. Fletcher begged he would not attempt to preach; but he answered that he believed it to be the will of the Lord; and in such cases, she never ventured to dissuade him.

This last service to his people was an affecting scene. While reading the prayers, he nearly fainted away. His wife made her way through the crowd, and begged him to come out of the desk; some other friends did so likewise; but with a sweet smile, he begged them to desist, and not interrupt the order of God. The windows were

opened, and a friend having presented him with a bunch of fragrant flowers, he was somewhat revived. He preached with a degree of strength and earnestness that surprised his hearers. After the sermon, he went to the communion-table, with these words, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat."

The congregation was very large, and the service lasted long. He could scarcely stand, and was often obliged to stop for want of power to speak. His people were all weeping around him. As soon as the service was over, he was carried to his bed, where he immediately fainted away. After having obtained a little refreshing sleep, he waked with a pleasant smile, saying, "You see, my dear, that I am no worse for doing the Lord's work. He never fails me when I trust in him."

From that time he grew weaker. His sorrowing wife prayed to the Lord to spare her beloved husband a little longer, if it were his good pleasure: but she says, "My prayer seemed to have no wings. It was held down, and I could not help continually mingling therewith, 'Lord, give me a perfect resignation.' This uncertainty in my own mind made me rather tremble, lest the Lord was about to take the bitter cup out of my dear husband's hand, and give it unto me."

One day she said to him, "My dear love, if I have ever said or done any thing to grieve thee, how will the remembrance wound my heart shouldst thou be taken from me." With inexpressible tenderness he intreated her not to admit such thoughts, declaring his great thankfulness for the enjoyment he had derived from their perfect union.

His conversation was full of humility and faith. When

he was nearly speechless, he made a sign with his finger saying, "When I do this, you will know that I mean God is love, and we will draw each other to God. Observe! We will draw each other to God." This sign he repeated often, as long as he had power to make the motion. His last prayer, as he affectionately pressed the hand of his beloved partner, was, "Husband of the church, be husband to my wife!"

He died on Sunday night, after an illness of nine or ten days. His widow thus writes; "Three years, nine months, and two days, I lived with my heavenly-minded husband; but now the sun of my earthly joy is set forever, and my soul filled with anguish, which only finds consolation in total resignation to the will of God. When I was asking the Lord if he pleased to spare him to me a little longer, the following answer was impressed on my mind with great power: 'Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory.' In the accomplishment of this word of promise I look for our reunion. It explained itself thus: that in Christ's immediate presence was our home, and that in being deeply centered in him we should be re-united. I received it as a fresh marriage for eternity. Whenever I thought of this expression, 'to behold my glory,' it seemed to wipe away every tear, and was as the ring by which we were joined anew. As such I trust forever to hold it."

"The day after he died, it occurred to my mind that before we were married some letters passed between us, which he had often told me I had better burn; saying, 'Thou puttest it off! and if one of us should die, it will almost kill the other to do it then.' Yet, being loth to part with them, I had neglected to do it; but now being seized with a kind of palsy, and loss of memory, I thought, per-

haps in another day I may not be able to do it, and then I shall be unfaithful to my dear husband's command. The third day, therefore, I carried them to the fire. But oh, what did I feel! I could not even avoid seeing some of the tender expressions they contained, which were now as barbed arrows to my heart."

"I, who have known him most perfectly, am constrained to declare that I never knew any one walk so closely in the ways of God as he did. The Lord gave him a conscience tender as the apple of an eye. He literally preferred the interest of every one to his own. He was rigidly just, but perfectly loose from all attachment to the world. He shared all he had with the poor; who lay so close to his heart, that even when he could not speak without difficulty, he cried out, 'What will become of my poor!' He bore with all my faults and failings in a manner that continually reminded me of the injunction, 'Love your wives, as Christ loved the church.' His constant endeavour was to make me happy; his strongest desire my spiritual growth. He was in every sense of the word, the man my highest reason chose to obey."

This testimony is corroborated by all who have spoken of Mr. Fletcher, either as a minister, or as a man. When some French people were asked why they went to hear a man whose language they could not understand, they answered, "We went to *look* at him; for heaven seemed to beam from his countenance."

His disconsolate widow, speaking of her loss, says, "My anguish was extreme. All outward support seemed to be withdrawn; appetite and sleep quite failed; and even the air, I often thought, had lost its vivifying power. As I never before had any just conception of the bitter anguish with which the Lord saw good to visit me at this

season, so I can give no just description of it. 'Known unto God are all his ways;' and I was assured, even in the midst of my trouble, that all he did was well, and that there was a needs be for this heavy trial. All my religion seemed shrunk into one point; a constant cry, 'Thy will be done.'"

Her greatest consolation, and the one to which her mind constantly recurred, was in the idea that her beloved husband was still with her. She says, "Perhaps he is nearer to me than ever. Perhaps he sees me continually, and, under God, guards and keeps me. Perhaps he knows my very thoughts. These reflections, though under a *perhaps*, give me some help. Could they be concurred by reason, and above all by Scripture, they would yield me much consolation. I will try if I can find this solid ground for them. It does not appear to me at all contrary to *reason* to believe that happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know; and that they are concerned for the dear fellow pilgrims, whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are. Though death is a boundary we cannot see through, they who have passed the gulf may see us. Some small insects can see but a little way; an apple would appear to them a mountain; but we can see a thousand of them crawling at once, on what we call a small spot of earth. When an infant is brought into the world, how many senses, till then locked up, are brought into action! There was an apparent separation from the mother; but every day increases its ability of entering into her thoughts, and bearing a part in all her feelings. And may we not suppose that some powers, analogous to sight and hearing, are equally opened on the entrance of a spirit into a heavenly state; though, like

the infant, perhaps small in the beginning, compared with the measure that is to follow? Are not these reasonable ideas strengthened by various passages of *Scripture?*

"When Elijah laid himself down to sleep under a juniper tree in the desert, an angel bade him arise and eat the food a watchful Providence had provided for him The prophet did not, like Daniel, fall down as one dead; nor, like Zachariah and the shepherds, become sore afraid; after a moderate repast he slept again, and received a second visit from his bright messenger with the same steady calmness as before. From which I am led to suppose that Elijah was accustomed to such communications."

"If there be joy in the realms above 'over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine which went not astray,' how evident it is that the state of both individuals must be known there. The spirit of my dear husband loved and cared for me, and longed above every other desire for my spiritual advancement. If it were the body, why doth it not love me still? Because that which loved me, is gone from it. And what is that but the spirit, which actuated the body as clock-work does the hand that tells the hour? As spiritual union arises from a communication of the love which flows from Jesus Christ, I cannot but believe that a fuller measure of that divine principle must increase, not diminish, the union between kindred souls; and that their change will not consist in the loss, but in the improvement of all good affections.

"We are now in the body, and have senses and faculties suited thereto; and may not spirits have faculties suited to spirits, by which they can as easily discern your soul, as you could perceive their bodies, if they were in the same state of existence as yourself? If you had never heard

of a looking glass, would you understand me if I said, 'Though you stand at one end of that long gallery, and I at the other, with my back toward you, I can discern your every action and motion?' Yet such a knowledge the looking glass would convey to me. Now if all things on earth are patterns and shadows of those above, may not something analogous to the glass represent to the world of spirits as just a picture of the changes of posture in the spirit as the glass does those of the body? That the appearance of the soul still in the body may be seen in heaven, without the knowledge of the person concerned, is evident; because Ananias knew not that Saul had ever seen or heard of him, until God said to him, 'Behold he prayeth; and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he may receive his sight.'

"God, both in his nature and his works, is *perfect unity*. Division never comes from him. His original design for our first parents was not sorrow, consequently not separation. If we suppose their friendship was not to have been immortal, we must suppose pain to be in paradise."

At the first return of the anniversary of her husband's death, she writes in her journal, "I was led to reflect on my union with my dear husband, and saw how much of this heavenly state we had enjoyed together; and it seemed as if I so longed to give up all for God, that I offered up to his divine will, even our eternal union, if it were so in reality, as many suppose, that spirits forget all they have known and loved here. Then the question arose, 'What part of our union can heaven dissolve? It will take away all that was painful, such as our fears for each other's safety, our separations, &c. But what of

the pleasant part can heaven dissolve?' I answered, from the bottom of my heart, 'Nothing, Lord, nothing!' Clear as light it appeared to me that heaven could not dissolve anything which agreed with its own nature. What came down from God, would, when returned to its source, live forever, and be corroborated, but not lessened.

I am quite at a loss for words to describe the feelings of that hour; for it fixed in my soul an assurance of our eternal union."

Some time after, she writes: "Last night I had a powerful sense, in my sleep, of the presence of my dear husband. I felt such a sweet communion with his spirit as gave me much peaceful feeling. I had for some days thought that I ought to resist, more than I did, that lively remembrance of various scenes in his last illness, and many other circumstances, which frequently occurred with much pain. This thought being present to my mind, I looked on him. He said, with a most sweet smile, 'It is better to forget.' 'What,' said I, 'My dear love, to forget one another?' He replied with inexpressible sweetness, 'It is better to forget; it will not be long; we shall not be parted long; we shall soon meet again.' He then signified, though not in words, that all weights ought to be laid aside. His presence continued till I awoke."

A long time after, it is written in her journal: "This day five years, my beloved was on his death bed. And how is it with me now! I answer from my heart, 'It is well.' I love him at this moment as well as I ever did in my life; but I love the will of God still better. I adore thee, my Almighty Saviour, that thou hast done thine own will, and not mine! and that my dearest love has been five years in glory. O, that I might be per-

mitted to feel a little of what he now is. Lord, are we not one? 'The head of the woman is the man, as the head of the man is Christ;' and 'whom God hath joined together, none can put asunder.' We are yet one; and shall I not feel a communication from thyself passing through that channel? Lord make me spiritually minded —'meet to partake the inheritance of the saints in light.'

"Last night I prayed I might not have so disturbed a night as I have found of late, but that the Lord would keep away those hurrying dreams, which often disturb the quiet repose of my spirit. And it was so; I found a difference. About the middle of the night, I saw my dear husband before me. We ran into each other's arms. I wished to ask him several questions concerning holiness, and the degree to be expected here, &c. But I found something like a dark cloud on my memory, so that I said in myself, 'I cannot frame the question I would ask; I am not permitted.' At length I asked, 'My dear, do you not visit me sometimes?' He answered, 'Many times a day.' 'But,' said I, 'do not principalities and powers strive to hinder you from communing with me?' He said, 'There is something in that.' 'And does their opposition cause you to suffer in coming to me?' He replied, 'There is not much in that.' 'Do you know every material thing that occurs to me?' 'Yes.' 'And may I always know that thou art near me, when I am in trouble, or pain, or danger?' He paused, and said faintly, 'Why, yes;' then added, 'but it is well for thee not to know it, for thy reliance must not be upon me.' He mentioned also some in glory who remembered me—and said, 'Mr. Hey is with us also; he bade me tell thee so; and by that thou mayest know it is I who speak to thee.' Mr. Hey died a short time before, very happy in the Lord."

Old age came upon Mrs. Fetcher with a complication of bodily diseases, among which were dropsy and cancer. Speaking of this, she says: "I discern the near approach of dissolution, and am daily made sensible of decay. But these symptoms give me no dreary prospect. The will of God is my choice, in whatsoever way it manifests itself. I feel a bleeding wound from the loss of that dearest and best of men. But I am conscious he is not dead! "He that believeth in Jesus shall never die.' The will of God is so dear to me, I rejoice that it is done; though against my tenderest feelings.

"I have communion with my dearest love before the throne. He waits for me—he beckons me away. I want to be a meet partaker with my dear, dear, holy husband, now in light. I want to feel a fuller degree of the spirit in which he lives. O, Lord, thou knowest our union was far more in the spirit than in the flesh; thou hast said, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Are we not still *one?*"

Again she writes: "This has been a solemn day. Eight years ago I was, at this hour, waiting by his bedside, with my eyes fixed on his dear, calm, peaceful, dying countenance. I have this day gone through the scene; but glory be to God, in a different manner than when we seemed on the point of separation. This day it has been constantly on my mind as if we thought and did all together. Yes, thou dear spirit, well didst thou say to me in a dream, 'I am not dead—I live.' Yes, thou dost live; and I have no doubt hast helped me this day to feel an uncommon peace, such as I sometimes have felt when dreaming, having in a peculiar manner a sense of the presence of heavenly spirits. There are seasons when the mind, joining itself to the Lord, feels a kind of anti-

cipation of the blissful union enjoyed in the realms of light, and has communion, more or less sensible, with the spirits before the throne. Some faint touches of this I have felt this day."

A long time after, on the anniversary of her wedding, she thus continues her journal: "How different was my state this day fourteen years, when I first became a wife! How tossed was my mind with a thousand fears, not yet fully knowing 'the angel of the church,' to whom I was joined; and also encumbered with various temporal difficulties. But now there is not one clog left. My dear love's blessing does rest upon me. The husband of the church is indeed my husband; and mercy with overflowing goodness follow me all the day long. When Sally* or myself, visited the poor, and beheld great straits, we have sometimes been constrained to withhold help, because my calculation would not allow it, though I had cut off what expense I could, according to my best light. This I laid before the Lord, and felt thoroughly content either to help or not. In a few days I received a letter from my brother with a proposal so to dispose of a part of my money, as was likely to raise me several additional pounds this year. A person also called and promised the payment of five guineas, which I had quite given up for lost. In a variety of little incidents, I have discerned such a guiding hand of Providence, as hourly confirms the truth of that word, 'The hairs of your head are all numbered.'"

The infirmities of age and disease crowded fast upon this venerable Christian. Her zeal and benevolence continued unabated, but the suffering body could no longer obey the dictates of the purified spirit. She complains

* A faithful and valued domestic.

that she could "not see to write half what she felt in her heart." Through her whole life, her kindness to the afflicted and the destitute knew no bounds; she wanted to relieve all the misery there was in creation. Her book of expenses gave a striking proof how little she required for herself, and how entirely she lived for others. The yearly sum she expended upon her own person never amounted to *five pounds;* while her annual expenditure for the poor was never less than *one hundred and eighty pounds.* She was accustomed to say, "It is not important what we have, but how we use it."

The same simplicity of heart, and consequent clearness of faith, continued to the last. She says, "I have given my hand to God, as a child to its mother, and he leads me hour by hour."

The last mention she makes of her husband is as follows: "I feel death very near. My body is full of infirmities; yet I am able to creep through each day, and to work a little in my Lord's vineyard. This day, September twelfth, I am seventy-six years old, and the same day my dear husband would have been eighty-six. It is nearly thirty-four years since our blessed union. It seems but yesterday; and he is as near and dear as ever. Surely we shall remember the scenes we have had together. Oh, my God and Father, enable me to walk in thy presence! Give me power to cleave to thee every moment! I feel the powers of darkness are vehemently striving to distract and hinder me. My soul doth wait, and long to fly to the bosom of my God."

Three months after she wrote this, she "slept in Jesus." She died, in peace and joy, on the ninth of December, 1815, and her spirit joined her husband in that world, where all that is pure in human affection, becomes the immortal love of angels, and shares the eternity of God.

LADY FANSHAWE,

WIFE OF SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

Ann Harrison was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison of Balls, in England; her mother, Margaret Fanshawe, was of an ancient and highly respectable family, the members of which had at various times filled important official situations. The young lady was born in London, March 25, 1625. Mr. Hyde, afterward Lord Clarendon, was her godfather. She herself relates a remarkable story connected with her infancy. When she was about three months old, her mother became alarmingly ill with a fever, of which she apparently died. She had been in her shroud two days and a night, when Dr. Winston came on a visit of consolation to his friend Sir John Harrison. Looking earnestly at the corpse, the physician said, "She appears so beautiful, that I cannot believe she is dead;" and suddenly applying a lancet to her foot, the blood began to flow. The application of powerful restoratives renewed the suspended functions of animal life. When she opened her eyes, her relatives, Lady Knollys and Lady Russell, were bending over her. According to the fashion of the times, they wore large, wide sleeves, which might easily be mistaken for wings. Lady Harrison's first exclamation was, "Did you not promise me fifteen years? and have you come again?" Her friends attributed these words to the delirium of exceeding weakness, and begged her to keep very quiet.

When several hours had elapsed, and her faculties were perfectly restored, she desired to be left alone with her husband, and Dr. Howlsworth, their clergyman. When her request had been complied with, she said, "During my trance I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe. The idea of leaving my little girl remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down with my face in the dust. They asked me why I was sad in the midst of so great happiness. I replied, 'O, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years, to see my daughter a woman.' They answered, 'It is done:' and at that instant, I awoke out of my trance."

This excellent woman recovered her health entirely, and lived, as she had ever done, in the constant exercise of piety and benevolence. She died on the 20th day of July, 1640, exactly fifteen years from the period of her trance. Dr. Howlsworth preached her funeral sermon, in which he told, before hundreds of people, the remarkable story we have just related.

Ann Harrison was educated like most gentlewomen of that period; being well instructed in French, music, dancing, and every variety of ornamental needle-work. Blessed with vigorous health, and overflowing with animal spirits, she was gay even to wildness; but though she delighted in riding, running, and all manner of active exercises, her manners were far removed from anything like boldness, or immodesty.

The death of her good mother checked the somewhat excessive vivacity of her character, and placed a salutary restraint upon the thoughtless freedom of her youth. At fifteen years of age she took charge of her father's house

and family, and fulfilled her duties in a manner highly exemplary.

At this period all England was troubled with the disputes between the King and Parliament, which afterward terminated so fatally for the injudicious monarch. Sir John Harrison was a devoted royalist, and of course became deeply involved in the difficulties and dangers of those perilous times. His son, William Harrison, being a member of the House of Commons, in 1641, pledged his father to lend one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to pay the Scots, who had then entered England; and this immense debt remained unpaid until the restoration of Charles the Second. In 1642, Sir John Harrison was taken prisoner at his residence, called Montague House, in Bishopgate street, London. His dwelling was plundered of everything valuable, and he was threatened with being sent on board ship with many others of the nobility. Upon the pretence of obtaining certain writings relating to the public revenue, he made his escape. In 1643, he went to Oxford, and was a member of the Long Parliament, by means of which he lost the remainder of his fortune, and all his estates were sequestered. His two daughters resided with him at Oxford, in miserably uncomfortable lodgings. These young ladies, who had from infancy been accustomed to all the elegance and luxury of wealth, were suddenly reduced to such poverty that they had scarcely a change of clothing, and were obliged to sleep on a hard bed in a wretched garret. Surrounded by companions in distress, by sickness in various forms, and hearing of nothing but the horrid chances of civil war, their situation must have been desolate indeed; yet the unfortunate loyalists are said to have borne all their privations and sufferings with a cheerful fortitude worthy of a better cause and a happier fate.

At this period Charles the First, who had nothing but empty honors to bestow, offered a baronetcy to Sir John Harrison; it was gratefully refused upon the plea that he was too poor to support the dignities he already possessed. William Harrison, who had joined the king when he set up his standard at Nottingham, died in 1644, in consequence of a fall from his horse, which was shot under him in a skirmish with a party of the Earl of Essex. Not long after her brother's death, Ann Harrison was married to Mr. Richard Fanshawe, one of the relatives of her mother's family. The bride was a little more than nineteen, the bridegroom about thirty-six. The wedding was very private; none being present but her nearest relations, her godfather, Sir Edward Hyde, and Sir Geoffry Palmer, the King's attorney. Mrs. Fanshawe was married with her mother's wedding ring, according to the express desire of her deceased parent.

Richard Fanshawe had been educated a lawyer, in compliance with the wishes of his mother; but the study was ever disagreeable to him, and when her death left him master of his own actions, he indulged his strong inclination to travel in foreign countries. He went to Paris with no greater supply of cash than five pounds, but it proved lucky for him that some of his wealthy relations were residing in that city. The very night he arrived, two friars came to his lodgings, welcomed him as their countryman, and invited him to play. The inexperienced young man, suspecting no mischief, agreed to amuse himself in this way until supper was ready. The cunning friars did not leave him a single penny; but when they found he had no means of paying for his supper and lodgings, they loaned him five pieces of his money, till he could apply to some of his friends for assistance.

This lesson was never forgotten; during the remainder of his life, nothing could tempt him to play for money. Seven years after this incident, Mr. Fanshawe being in company with several gentlemen in Huntingdonshire, was introduced to Captain Taller, in whom, notwithstanding his wig, scarlet cloak, and buff suit, he immediately recognised one of the Jesuits that cheated him. He offered the pretended captain the five pieces of money, saying, "Friar Sherwood, I know you, and you know the meaning of this." The astonished knave begged him to keep the secret, for his life was in danger.

After a year's stay in Paris, Mr. Fanshawe went to Madrid. When he had been several years abroad, he was made secretary to Lord Aston, then ambassador to Spain. When the minister returned to England, he was left resident until a new ambassador was appointed; and very soon after he set off for his native country. On this journey, a Spanish inn, where he lodged, took fire in the night. He was very weary, and slept so soundly that all the noise and confusion around him did not awaken him. The honest landlord carried him out and placed him on a timber by the wayside, with his portmanteau and clothes beside him. When he awoke, he missed nothing but the house, which was burnt to the ground.

He arrived in England in 1638. His patrimony, which was not large, had been nearly expended in his travels; and as one of the queen's Catholic favourites was his determined enemy, he did not easily obtain any office. At length, he was appointed Secretary of War to the Prince, and received a promise from Charles the First that he should be preferred to some more lucrative situation, as soon as opportunity offered.

At the time of Mr. Fanshawe's marriage with his fair

relative, both his fortune and hers were in expectation. Their union indicated a degree of trust in Divine Providence, which is but too rare among the young and ambitious. She says, "We might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us; but it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour. Our stock bought pen, ink and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it I assure you we lived better than those who were born to two thousand pounds a year, as long as he had his liberty."

In March, 1645, the duties of his office called Mr. Fanshawe to Bristol. Their eldest son being but a few days old, Mrs. Fanshawe was unable to accompany him. This was their first separation, and it took place under circumstances that added to its bitterness. They were in poverty, in a garrison town, she was extremely weak, and her babe was dying. Her husband, though naturally a firm man, was affected even to tears.

Mrs. Fanshawe was not, however, without consolation. It is not in the power of fate to make a true-hearted woman miserable, while she is blessed with the love and confidence of a kind husband.

The babe died, and the mother continued very ill for several weeks; but the attentions of her father and sister, aided by frequent and affectionate letters from her husband, at last restored the sufferer to comparative health.

In May, she received fifty pieces of gold from Mr. Fanshawe, with a letter stating that men and horses would be sent to enable her to come to him. Her joy and gratitude on this occasion knew no bounds. She

says the gold she received when she was ready to perish did not revive her half so much as the summons to meet her dearly beloved partner. She went into the garden to inform her father of the glad tidings she had received. While they were expressing their mutual pleasure, drums were heard in the highway, under the garden wall. It was a company of foot, commanded by one of their friends, and her father asked if she would like to see them pass. She assented to the proposition, and not being very strong, leaned against a tree for support. The officer, seeing Sir John Harrison and his daughter, ordered a volley of shot to be fired as a compliment. One of the muskets chanced to be loaded, and a brace of bullets lodged in the tree, not two inches above Mrs. Fanshawe's head.

The next week she and her relative started for Bristol, full of hope and cheerfulness. The whole country was in arms, and the party would in all probability have been taken prisoners, had not a troop of horse escorted them through the most dangerous part of their route. They arrived at Bristol in safety, and were received by Mr. Fanshawe with open arms. He gave his wife a hundred pieces of gold, saying, "I know that she, who keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune. From this time, I will ever put it into thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase."

She speaks of her feelings toward him with such charming tenderness, and beautiful simplicity of language, that I cannot forbear quoting her own words: "And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me: upon which confidence, I will tell you what happened

My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, for whom I had a great reverence, and she a kind woman's kindness for me, in discourse tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs; she mentioned several women, who were very happy in a good understanding thereof, and said none of them was originally more capable than I. She said a post would arrive from Paris from the Queen that night, and she should extremely like to know what news it brought; adding if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, 'What news?' now began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I had thought of; and that being a fashionable thing it would make me more beloved of my husband than I already was, if that had been possible. When my husband returned home from the council, after receiving my welcome, he went with his hands full of papers into his study. I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and I guessed he had it in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go; for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked him again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew. He answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. I

cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning very early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, kissed me, drew the curtains softly, and went to Court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing on earth can afflict me like that; when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee. My life, my fortune, shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve, if I communicate the Prince's affairs. I pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.'

"So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, except what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

In the summer of 1645, the plague appeared in Bristol, and increased so rapidly that the Prince and his suite were obliged to change their residence. They removed to Barnstable, one of the finest towns in England, then commanded by Sir Allen Apsley, whom we have mentioned as the father of Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson. Here they had the best of provisions, and excellent accommodations in all respects. Mrs. Fanshawe mentions as a curiosity, a parrot more than a hundred years old, which belonged to the house where they lodged.

The Prince's affairs did not allow him to remain long at Barnstable; he removed to Launcetown, in Cornwall,

followed by his personal attendants. During all the time Mrs. Fanshawe was in the Court, she never saw the prince, except at church; it was considered improper for a virtuous woman to visit a court where no ladies presided, and during their journeys Mr. Fanshawe always either followed or preceded his royal master.

Mrs. Fanshawe took lodgings at Truro, about twenty miles from Launcetown, where her husband kept a small trunk of jewels belonging to the prince. This circumstance being discovered, the house was attacked by robbers, one night, when he was absent. Mrs. Fanshawe and her household defended themselves until some of the town's people came to their rescue; and the next day an armed guard was sent for their protection.

Early in the spring of 1646, the prince and his train embarked for the Scilly Isles. Mr. Fanshawe's house and furniture were left in the care of an officer, who cheated them of all their possessions, under the pretence that the goods had been plundered. To make matters worse, the sailors broke open their trunks and pillaged everything of value, not even leaving Mrs. Fanshawe her ribbons and gloves. In the midst of all these disasters, she was extremely sea-sick, and in a situation that unfitted her for such hardships. When they were set on shore in the Island of Scilly, she was nearly dead. In this condition she was obliged to sleep in a little room in a garret, to which she ascended by means of a ladder. The adjoining apartment was stored with dried fish. Being overcome with fatigue, she soon fell asleep, but awoke toward morning shivering with the cold; and when the day dawned, she discovered that her bed was swimming in salt water, occasioned by the overflowing of the spring-tides. They remained here several weeks,

almost destitute of clothes, fuel, or provisions. She says, "Truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last."

But she seems to have endured all this with a strong heart. Loving her husband as she did, she carried her own sunshine with her, and the world could not take it away.

From the Isles of Scilly, the prince and his followers sailed for the Isle of Jersey, where they arrived in safety, and were hospitably received among the loyal inhabitants.

Mr. Fanshawe's family took lodgings at the house of a widow, who sold stockings; here their second child was born, and baptised by the name of Anne.

The Queen Henrietta Maria, then residing in France, was exceedingly anxious that her son should join her; the prince accordingly departed for Paris, and Mr. Fanshawe's employment ceased. His brother, Lord Fanshawe, being very ill at Caen, he went thither with his wife; leaving their babe at Jersey, under the care of Lady Cateret, wife of the Governor. From Caen, Mrs. Fanshawe, at her husband's request, went to London for the purpose of raising money from his estates; and making some necessary arrangements for his safety. It was the first journey she had ever taken without him, and the first important business with which he had entrusted her. The blessing of God rested upon her energetic and affectionate efforts. By means of an influential member of the parliamentary party, who owed some obligations to her family, she procured a pass for her husband to return to England, and compounded for a portion of her fortune.

They remained in England in great seclusion; for the prospects of the king's party daily grew worse. In July, 1647, another son was added to their family. At this

time, the unfortunate Charles the First was at Hampton Court, where Mr. Fanshawe waited upon him and received orders to proceed to Madrid, with letters and private instructions. Mrs. Fanshawe had several interviews with the unhappy and misguided monarch; and educated as she had been in principles of enthusiastic loyalty, no wonder her heart paid a fervent tribute to his virtues, and his sufferings. She says, "When I took leave of him, I could not refrain from weeping. I prayed God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years. He passed his hand over my cheek, and said, 'Child, if it pleases God, it shall be so; but we must both submit to His will; and you know in what hands I am.' Turning to my husband, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife. Pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well.' Then folding him in his arms, he added, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man. I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged to continue his love and trust to you. I do promise you that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your services and sufferings.'"

Alas, the royal prisoner never had it in his power to fulfil these promises. If his political sins were great, he made a fearful atonement for them. A very few months after this parting interview with his faithful adherents, he was beheaded at Whitehall.

The famous Mrs. Hutchinson was at this eventful period suffering privations and perils nearly equal to those encountered by Mrs. Fanshawe. Colonel Hutchinson voted for the death of the king, while Mr. Fanshawe would have given his own life to save him. The wife of each was zealous in the politics of the heart,

in woman's loyalty to her husband. It would not have been well for the liberties of England if the cause, in which Mrs. Fanshawe's energies were displayed, had triumphed; but her disinterestedness and courage none the less deserve our admiration and respect.

In October, 1647, Mr. Fanshawe went to Portsmouth for the purpose of embarking for France. While there they narrowly escaped being killed by a shot fired into the town by the Dutch fleet, then at war with England. The bullets passed so near as to whiz in their ears. Mrs. Fanshawe called to her husband to run, but without altering his pace, he replied, "If we must be killed, it were as good to be killed walking as running."

The following spring they returned to England, bringing with them their little daughter, whom they had left in the Isle of Jersey. Soon after their arrival, Mrs. Fanshawe again became a mother. She speaks of welcoming the Marchioness of Ormond in London, and of receiving from her a ruby ring set with diamonds. A few short months before, she was sleeping in a garret among dried fish: a contrast by no means remarkable in the adventures of the higher classes at that period.

The Prince of Wales was at that time on board the fleet in the Downs; part of this fleet declared for the king, and part for the parliament. The prince resolved to reduce the latter to obedience by force of arms, and sent for Mr. Fanshawe to attend him. Being aware that the enterprise would be one of extreme peril, he wrote a farewell letter to his wife, entreating her to prepare herself for the worst, and to endure whatever trials might befal her, with patience and fortitude; "and this with so much love and reason," says Mrs. Fanshawe, "that my heart melts to this day when I think of it."

Fortunately for the anxious wife, a storm separated the ships, and prevented an engagement.

Three months after, Mr. Fanshawe was sent to Paris, on business for the prince; and his family accompanied him. Here they associated intimately with the Queen Mother, with Waller the poet, and with many distinguished men of their own and other nations.

Such was the embarrassed state of the royalists at this period, that it again became necessary for Mrs. Fanshawe to go to England to raise money. She was accompanied by her sister Margaret, her little daughter, and Mrs. Waller. A violent storm arose during the passage, and the vessel was nearly wrecked. The women and children were saved by being carried through the water on the shoulders of the sailors.

From France Mr. Fanshawe went into Flanders, and afterward to Ireland, to receive such moneys as Prince Rupert could raise for the king.

In Ireland, he sent for his family to join him; and Mrs. Fanshawe tells us that she set out right cheerfully towards her "north star." She carried her husband four thousand pounds, which she had raised from their estates in England. She says: "At that time I thought it a vast sum; but be it more or less, I am sure it was spent in seven years' time, in the king's service, and to this hour I repent it not, I thank God."

After a hazardous voyage, Mrs. Fanshawe joined her beloved companions. They took up their residence at Red Abbey, near Cork; where they received much kindness and attention, and lived very happily for a time. But during this brief season of tranquillity, they heard of the death of their second son Henry; and a few weeks after they received these melancholy tidings,

Cromwell's army marched over Ireland, and effectually stopped the intended expedition of Prince Rupert. Mrs. Fanshawe's state of health at this time required indulgence and repose; and she suffered excruciating pain from a broken wrist, which had been unskilfully set. She was unable to leave her chamber, when news was brought that the city of Cork had revolted from the royal cause. Her husband was gone on business to Kinsale, when she was awakened at midnight by the discharge of guns and the shrieks of women and children. This energetic woman, ill and suffering as she was, immediately aroused all her family, and wrote a cheering letter to her husband, assuring him that she should get away safely, blessing God's Providence that he was out of danger; this letter was sent by a faithful servant, who was let down from the walls of Red Abbey in the night time. Having secured Mr. Fanshawe's papers, with about one thousand pounds in gold and silver, she went directly into the market-place, attended only by two servants, and asked to see Colonel Jeffries. She was obliged to pass through an armed and unruly multitude, and she was in a state of severe suffering; but the exigencies of the moment demanded exertion, and when was the strength of a loving heart found unequal to its allotted task? Colonel Jefferies had reason to be grateful to Mrs. Fanshawe's father, for some former services; and he did not hesitate to give a safe passport for herself, her family, and her goods, out of that dangerous vicinity. Thus provided, the invalid returned to Red Abbey through thousands of naked swords, hired a cart, and set off at five o'clock in the morning, in November, with her sister, her little girl, three maids, and two men. They had but two horses among them, which they rode by turns. It was of course

impossible to avoid leaving considerable furniture exposed to the certain plunder of the soldiers. The party traveled in perpetual fear of being ordered back again; but they at last arrived at Kinsale in safety, and were thankfully clasped to the heart of the anxious husband and father. Cromwell was very much vexed when he heard that Mr. Fanshawe's papers had been carried away by his wife. 'It was of as much consequence to seize his papers as to obtain possession of the town!" exclaimed he.

A few days after this escape, Mr. Fanshawe received orders to proceed to the court of Spain with letters to Philip the Fourth. The Earl of Roscommon, then Lord Chancellor, fell down stairs and shattered his skull, just as he had ended a private conference with him, and was about to light him to the door. By his death, the broad seal of Ireland was left in Mr. Fanshawe's hands, and it became necessary to delay his departure, till he received orders how to dispose of it. At this juncture they gladly availed themselves of the hospitable invitation of several of the Irish nobility. A few nights were passed with Lady O'Brien, daughter of the Earl of Thomond. Here Mrs. Fanshawe was frightened by a pale phantom of a woman at the window; and when, after much difficulty she succeeded in waking her husband, the figure had vanished, but the window remained open. In the morning their hostess informed them that they had slept in a haunted apartment, and that the phantom was an old hereditary spirit of the castle, whose body had been murdered by one of the O'Briens; but as it only appeared when some of the family died, she had not thought of the circumstance when she placed her guests in that room; she added that her cousin had died a little past midnight in the chamber above.

white as snow. The entry into this great palace is of stone, for a porter's-lodge, but very magnificent, though the gate below, which is adorned with figures of forest-work, in which the Moors did transcend. High above this gate was a bunch of keys cut in stone likewise, with this motto: 'Until that hand hold those keys, the Christians shall never possess this Alhambra.' This was a prophecy they had, in which they animated themselves, by reason of the impossibility that ever they should meet. But see, how true there is a time for all things. It happened that when the Moors were besieged in that place by Don Fernando and his Queen Isabella, the king with an arrow out of a bow, which they then used in war, shooting the first arrow as their custom is, cut that part of the stone that holds the keys, which was in fashion of a chain, and the keys falling, remained in the hand underneath. This strange accident preceded but a few days the conquest of the town of Granada and the kingdom.

"They have in this place an iron grate, fixed into the side of the hill, that is a rock: I laid my head to the key hole and heard the clashing of arms, but could not distinguish other shrill noises I heard with that, but tradition says it could never be opened since the Moors left it; notwithstanding several persons had endeavoured to wrench it open, but that they had perished in the attempt. The truth of this I can say no more to; but that there is such a gate, and I have seen it."

Mr. Fanshawe did not succeed in obtaining a supply of money from the Spanish court; and having no other business in that country he embarked with his family for France. It seemed as if every step of theirs was to be attended with peril. During this voyage they were nearly wrecked in a violent storm, and the sailors were

ignorant and obstinate. After many dangers, they were landed at a little village about two leagues from Nantz. They were obliged to sit up all night, for want of beds; but they hardly thought of this inconvenience, so joyful were they at their unhoped for escape. Their supper consisted of white wine, bread, butter, milk, walnuts, eggs, and bad cheese. They partook of these simple provisions in gladness of heart, repeating a thousand times over what they had said to each other when they thought every word might be the last. Mrs. Fanshawe says she never till that moment knew such exquisite pleasure in eating.

In the autumn of this year Mr. Fanshawe was created baronet. From Nantz the travellers proceeded to Orleans. Having hired a boat, they were towed up the river during the day, and every night went on shore to sleep. In the morning they carried wine, fruit, bread, &c., on board the boat, caught fish fresh from the river, and prepared their breakfast. Following the beautiful river of Loire, they were surrounded by the most agreeable and picturesque scenery—cities, castles, woods, meadows, and pastures. Lady Fanshawe assures us, she never found any mode of travelling so pleasant as this. They were alone with nature; and she is always lovely.

They arrived at Paris about the middle of November, 1650. They were received with great kindness and respect by Henrietta Maria, the Queen Mother; indeed it was hardly possible for her to evince too much gratitude toward friends who had laboured without reward, and often without hope, in the cause of her husband and son. At her request Sir Richard Fanshawe undertook to convey letters from her to Charles the Second, then on his way to Scotland.

In the meantime Lady Fanshawe was again obliged to go to England to raise money.

The fugitive king received his mother's messenger with marked kindness, giving him the custody of the Great Seal and Privy Signet.

Lady Fanshawe remained in London, with very limited resources, and two young children to maintain. The violent hostility of political parties in Scotland made her tremble for the safety of her husband; she scarcely went out of her house for seven months, and spent much of her time in praying for the preservation of a life so precious to her. On the 24th of June, another daughter was added to her cares and her blessings. Frequent visits from her affectionate father, and occasional letters from her husband, served to keep up her fortitude amid many discouragements. As soon as her health permitted, she made a visit to her brother Fanshawe, at Ware Park. Here she received tidings of the battle of Worcester. For three days she was unable to learn whether her husband were dead or alive; and during this state of intolerable suspense, she trembled at every sound, and neither ate nor slept. At last she knew that he was taken prisoner; and she immediately hastened to London, to meet him wheresoever he might be carried. On her arrival, she received a letter from him, informing her that he would be allowed to dine with her in a room at Charing Cross. The room and the dinner were prepared, according to appointment, and surrounded by her father and friends, the anxious wife waited impatiently for his arrival. They met in poverty and in sorrow; and there was an oppressive consciousness that each hour might be the last of the prisoner's life. He assumed a cheerful tone, saying, "Let us lose no time; for I know not how

little I may have to spare. This is the chance of war; so let us sit down and be merry while we may." But when he saw his wife in tears, his voice faltered, as he took her hand and said, "Cease weeping; no other thing upon earth can move me; remember we are all at God's disposal."

During his imprisonment, she never failed to go secretly with a dark lantern, at four o'clock in the morning to his window. She minded neither darkness nor storms, and often stood talking with him with her garments drenched in rain. Cromwell had a great respect for Sir Richard Fanshawe, and would have bought him into his service upon almost any terms.

When Lady Fanshawe went to him to beg her husband's release upon the ground of his declining health, he bade her bring a certificate from a physician that he was really ill; it chanced that her family physician was likewise employed by Cromwell, and from him she obtained a statement very favourable to the prisoner. The subject was debated in the Council Chamber, and several gentlemen, particularly Sir Harry Vane, considered it dangerous to allow liberty to so confirmed and efficient a royalist; but Cromwell was not disposed to be severe, and Sir Richard finally obtained his discharge upon four thousand pounds bail.

The conduct of his faithful wife during the whole of this anxious crisis, was exceedingly beautiful and affecting. A few days after he obtained his freedom, he became so ill, that for many days and nights, he only slept as he leaned on her shoulder while she walked softly about the room.

In March, 1653, they removed to Tankersly Park, in Yorkshire, which they hired of the Earl of Strafford.

Here Mr. Fanshawe devoted himself to literary pursuits, and translated the Lusiad of Camoens. The death of their oldest and favourite daughter, a child of great beauty and wit, the companion of all their vicissitudes, made this pleasant abode seem melancholy to them.

They went into Huntingdonshire, and remained six months with his sister, Lady Bedell.

Sir Richard Fanshawe having visited London, was forbidden to go more than five miles from the city; his family accordingly joined him in the metropolis.

For a few years, their lives past on, according to the ordinary routine of human affairs, affording few incidents of biography; their family increased rapidly: and at one time they were both brought nearly to the grave by a malignant epidemic.

In 1658, they received the tidings of Cromwell's death; and Sir Richard Fanshawe, taking advantage of this event, left England under the pretence of becoming tutor to the Earl of Pembroke's son, then on his travels.

When he arrived at Paris, he sent for his wife and children; but when she applied for a passport, she was told that "her husband had escaped by means of a trick; and as for his family, they should not stir out of London upon any conditions."

In this dilemma, Lady Fanshawe taxed her ingenuity to find some means of eluding these peremptory commands. She was quite ready to depart, and if she could but obtain a passport, she might be in France before they would miss her.

She changed her dress, and assuming great plainness of speech and manner, she went to the office where the passes were given, and very demurely told her story. She said her name was Ann Harrison; that her husband

was a young merchant, and had sent for her to come to him in Paris. The man told her a passport would cost her a crown. She said that was a great sum for such a poor body, and asked if he were not willing to include three children, a man servant, and a maid. The officer complied, saying as he did so, "a malignant would give me five pounds for such a pass."

Thanking him kindly, she hastened to her lodgings, and changed the letters of her name so ingeniously, that Fanshawe appeared fairly written where Harrison had been. This done, she went with all possible despatch to Dover. There, the officers demanded her passport, after reading it, they said, "Madam, you may go when you please;" but one of them observed to the other, "I little thought they would have given a pass to the family of so great a malignant, in these troublesome times."

She arrived safely at Calais, where she heard that messengers had been despatched from London to bring her back. She met her husband at Paris, and followed him to Newport, Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels; at which last place, the royal family of England were residing.

After the restoration, the King promised to reward Sir Richard Fanshawe's fidelity by appointing him Secretary of State; but by the treachery of Lord Clarendon the royal word was not fulfilled.

The morning after Charles's arrival at Whitehall, Lady Fanshawe with the other ladies of her family, waited upon him to offer their congratulations; on which occasion he assured her of his favour, conferred knighthood on her husband, and gave him his miniature set in diamonds.*

* This miniature was taken in childhood, and was valuable because it was the only likeness of Charles II. taken at that period.

In the parliament summoned immediately after the Restoration, Sir Richard Fanshawe was returned for the University of Cambridge, and was the very first member chosen in the House of Commons.

Lord Clarendon, being jealous of the estimation in which Sir Richard was held by all parties, was anxious to remove him from the king's person. By his means he was sent to Portugal to negotiate the marriage with the Princess Catherine. Having finished this negotiation, he returned to England, and was sent to Portsmouth to receive the new queen, whose marriage they afterward witnessed.

Early in 1662, he was nominated Privy Counsellor of Ireland; and in the August following he was appointed Ambassador to Portugal. On this occasion he was presented with a full length portrait of Charles the Second in his garter robes; a crimson velvet cloth of state, fringed and laced with gold; chair, footstools, and cushions of the same; a Persian carpet to lay under them; a suit of fine tapestry for the room; two velvet altar cloths for the chapel, fringed with gold; surplices, altar cloths and napkins of fine linen; a Bible with Ogleby's prints; two Prayer Books; eight hundred ounces of gilt plate. and four thousand ounces of silver plate; but a velvet bed, which Lady Fanshawe says belonged to the outfit of an ambassador, they did not receive.

All the pageantry of their grand entry into Lisbon is minutely described; and much is said of the respect and attention bestowed upon Lady Fanshawe and her daughters by the royal family of Portugal.

After a year's residence in Lisbon, Sir Richard was recalled. At parting, the King of Portugal presented him with gold plate to the value of twelve thousand crowns;

and Lady Fanshawe received several magnificent gifts from other members of the royal family, and the nobility.

An anecdote told of a nunnery where Lady Fanshawe visited, is an awful memento of the oppression and bigotry of those times.

A Jewish mother was condemned and executed for her religion. Her newly born infant was taken from her, and brought up in the Esperanza. The child had no opportunity of learning what a Jew was; but the Catholics affirmed that she daily whipped the crucifixes, and scratched them, and run pins into them; and when she was discovered in the act, she said she never would worship their God. At fourteen years of age, the poor girl was burnt to death, upon the strength of these idle charges.

In January, 1664, Sir Richard Fanshawe was appointed Ambassador to Spain; and again we have a minute description of the solemn pomp with which they were received on their arrival at a foreign court. The following account of a visit received by Lady Fanshawe is a sublime specimen of Spanish formality: "As soon as the Duke was seated and covered, he said, 'Madam, I am Don Juan de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Milan, of his Majesty's Privy Council, General of the Galleys, twice Grandee, the First Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed Chamber, and a near kinsman to his Catholic Majesty, whom God long preserve'—then rising up and making a low reverence with his hat off, he added, 'These, with my family and life, I lay at your Excellency's feet.'"

The Duchess of Albuquerque afterward made a visit in state; her intention being formally announced the day preceding. Beside other rich jewels, she wore about two

thousand pearls, of great size and purity. When Lady Fanshawe returned this visit, she was received by soldiers, who stood to their arms, the officers lowering their standards to the ground, as they were wont to do in the presence of royalty. Indeed, the whole of Sir Richard's residence in Spain, was marked by almost regal splendour. His house was stored with abundance of rich gilt and silver plate; all the floors were covered with Persian carpets; and the meanest apartment, devoted to the service of the chambermaid, was hung with damask.

They were escorted into Seville by a very large procession, and were lodged in the King's palace, where they slept on a silver bedstead, with curtains and counterpane of crimson damask embroidered with golden flowers. The tables and mirrors were adorned with precious stones, the chairs were of silver, and a large silver vase was daily filled with the rarest and most beautiful flowers.

Similar magnificence characterised their reception in several Spanish cities; and the gifts bestowed upon them by the nobility, and by the English residents, were right princely. But where presents of this kind are accepted by ambassadors, it involves the necessity of somewhat lavish expense in return; and as Sir Richard Fanshawe was of a very noble nature, it is not wonderful that he failed to amass a fortune in Spain.

Perhaps some may be curious to know the Court dress of an ambassador from Charles the Second. When Sir Richard Fanshawe had his audience with the Spanish monarch, he wore a rich suit of dark brocade, with gold and silver lace of curious workmanship; his suit was trimmed with scarlet taffety ribbon; white silk stockings upon long scarlet silk ones: black shoes with scarlet shoe-strings and garters; his linen trimmed with costly

Flanders lace; his black beaver buttoned on the left side with a jewel worth twelve hundred pounds; a curiously wrought gold chain, on which was suspended the miniature of Charles, glittering with diamonds; his gloves trimmed with scarlet ribbons. The carriage was richly gilt on the outside, adorned with brass work, lined with crimson velvet, with broad gold lace; and tassels of gold and silver looped up the damask curtains; massive fringe of gold and silver hung from the boot almost to the ground; the harness for four horses of embossed brass, the reins and tassels of crimson silk embroidered with gold.

The other carriages and dresses were in a style of proportionate magnificence. If Lady Fanshawe is deemed frivolous for informing us of these particulars, it must be remembered she did not write for the public, but for her children, who would naturally be interested in everything relating to their parents.

She says that neither she nor her husband liked this ostentatious mode of life, and that they often sighed for a country residence in England. We can easily believe this assertion from a woman, who placed so much of her happiness in domestic affection.

Lady Fanshawe had good features, and a clear, bright, intelligent expression, which announced the energy and vivacity of her character. The enduring attachment of her husband is a proof that she was agreeable in her manners, and amiable in her disposition: this likewise was implied by the Spanish Queen, who sent her a jewel of diamonds, worth about two thousand pounds sterling, with the assurance that she gave it not merely to the wife of a great king's ambassador, but to a lady for whom she entertained much respect, and in whose conversation she delighted.

The engraved portrait of Lady Fanshawe gives the idea that she was ambitious; and the same inference may be drawn from the evident pride and pleasure with which she recounts her husband's honours; but after all, "ambition is the infirmity of noble minds."

The various scenes of her eventful life are recorded with remarkable simplicity, and not without occasional touches of poetic beauty.

The most brilliant portion of her existence was passed in Spain; and she speaks of that romantic country in terms of enthusiastic praise. She says their fruits are the most delicious, their bread the sweetest, the water of their fountains the coolest and purest, their perfumes the most exquisite, and their wines richer than any in the Christian world; the higher classes magnificent in their habits, and all classes generous and hospitable. Among the seven courts in which it had been Lady Fanshawe's lot to reside, she declares that of Madrid to be the best ordered, excepting the English. She tells us "the Spaniards are the most jolly travellers in the world, dealing out provisions of all sorts to everybody they meet at their meals. They are civil to all, as their qualities require, with the highest respect. I have seen a grandee and a duke stop their horse when an ordinary woman passeth over a kennel, because he would not spoil her clothes; and put off his hat to the meanest woman that makes a reverence, though it be their footman's wife."

Lady Fanshawe thus describes the royal cemetery in the church of the Escurial: "There I saw the most glorious place for the covering of the bones of the kings of Spain, that is possible to imagine. The descent is about thirty steps, all of polished marble, arched and lined on all sides with polished jasper. On the left hand is a large

vault in which the bodies of their kings, and of the queens that have been mothers of kings, lie in silver coffins for one year. On the opposite side lie the Queens, who had no sons at their death, and all the children that did not inherit. At the bottom of the stairs is the Pantheon, eight feet square, and I should guess about sixty feet over. The whole lining is of jasper, curiously carved in figures, flowers, and imagery. A silver branch for forty lights, which is vastly rich, hangs from the top by a silver chain, within three yards of the bottom, and is made with great art; as is also a curious knot of jasper on the floor, in the reflection of which the branch and its lights are perfectly seen. The bodies lie in jasper stones, every coffin supported by four lions of jasper. There are seven arches supported by jasper pillars, with roofs curiously wrought. The one opposite the entrance contains a very curious altar and crucifix of jasper."

In December, 1665, Sir Richard Fanshawe signed a treaty with the Spanish minister, but as the king refused to ratify it, he was recalled. The May following he escorted his successor, the Earl of Sandwich, into Madrid, and welcomed him to Court. The necessary preparations were soon made for their return to England; but on June 26th, Sir Richard Fanshawe died of a malignant fever, after a short illness.

He felt his recall deeply, because he thought it was occasioned by the misrepresentations of his enemies, and some supposed it hastened his death; but Lady Fanshawe says nothing to favour such a supposition.

It is indeed true that Sir Richard, in common with other adherents of the house of Stuart, met with an ungrateful return for all his services. During the latter part of his residence in Spain, he was obliged to pawn

his plate for subsistence, being unable to obtain his just allowance from government.

The desolate situation of the almost heart-broken widow excited much commiseration. The Queen of Spain offered her a pension of thirty thousand ducats per annum, and a handsome provision for her children, if they would remain with her, and embrace the Catholic religion. Lady Fanshawe replied that she should retain a most grateful sense of her kindness to the latest hour of her life; but begged her Majesty to believe that it was not possible for her to quit the faith in which she had been born and bred. Her own language will best portray her feelings under this severe affliction: "O, all powerful and good God, look down from heaven upon the most distressed wretch on earth. My glory and my guide, all my comfort in this life is taken from me. See me staggering in my path, because I expected a temporal blessing as a reward for the great innocence and integrity of his whole life. Have pity on me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which without thy support cannot sustain itself. See me with five children, a distressed family, the temptation of the change of my religion, out of my country, away from my friends, without counsel, and without means to return with my sad family to England. Do with me, and for me, what thou pleasest; for I do wholly rely on thy promises to the widow and the fatherless; humbly beseeching thee, that when this mortal life is ended, I may be joined with the soul of my dear husband."

The body of Sir Richard Fanshawe was embalmed; and for several months his widow had it daily in her sight. It was her wish to accompany the corpse to Eng-

land; but for a long time they had received no money from government; and now in the midst of her affliction, surrounded by her little children, with a young babe in her arms, no assistance was offered by her ungrateful king; and the ministers sent only complimentary letters bidding "God help her."

At this anxious crisis, the Spanish Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, widow of Phillip the Fourth, gave her two thousand pistoles, saying, with great delicacy, that the sum had been appropriated to purchasing a farewell present for her husband, had he lived to depart from Spain.

After distributing articles of value among her numerous friends, Lady Fanshawe quitted Madrid, on the 8th of July, 1666. She pathetically observes, "Truly may I say never any ambassador's family came into Spain more gloriously, or went out so sad."

The mournful train arrived in England on the 30th of October. The body was buried, with a good deal of pomp, in the vault of St. Mary's Chapel, in Ware Church. His widow erected a handsome monument to his memory.

Sir Richard Fanshawe was fifty-nine years old when he died, and had lived in happy union with his excellent wife during twenty-two years.

Lady Fanshawe received many professions of kindness and sympathy from the king, the queen, and some of the ministers; but she had great trouble in procuring the money due to her husband. The heartless and profligate Charles found his pleasures too expensive to leave anything in his treasury for the tried friends, who had been faithful to him when fidelity endangered life; who for thirty years had been devoted to his service, braving all manner of perils by land and sea; and who had expended a fortune in his cause.

The difficulty of obtaining the arrears due to Sir Richard Fanshawe were considerably increased by the death of the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, father of Lady Russell. The widow says, "In consequence of losing that good man and friend, my money, which was five thousand six hundred pounds, was not paid until 1669;" by this delay she sustained a loss of two thousand pounds. She speaks with great bitterness of Lord Shaftesbury, at whose instigation she was obliged to pay two thousand pounds for the plate furnished to the embassy.

Her first object was to reduce her establishment according to her altered fortunes. She says, "As it is hard for the rider to quit his horse in full career, so did I find it very difficult to settle myself suddenly within the narrow compass my fortune required." But Lady Fanshawe had too much rectitude of principle to live beyond her income, however scanty. Even in the days of their utmost distress, they had never incurred debts; a circumstance that was not a little remarkable when the poverty of a large portion of the royalists was only exceeded by their dissipation and dishonest extravagance.

Had it not have been for her children, the disconsolate widow would have withdrawn herself entirely from the world; she lived in as much seclusion as their education and interests permitted.

Her father lost one hundred and thirty thousand pounds in the royal cause; but when he died in 1670, he was enabled to leave her twenty thousand pounds, beside the estates, which were inherited by her brother.

Lady Fanshawe was the mother of six sons and eight daughters; five of whom survived her.

She wrote her Memoir "for her dear and only son," in 1676; and died, January, 1680, in her fifty-fifth year.

MRS. FLAXMAN,

WIFE OF JOHN FLAXMAN.

THE name of John Flaxman is among the most distinguished of British Sculptors; and after reading an account of his life, by his eloquent biographer, Allan Cunningham, one cannot refrain from believing that the world never contained a better man.

His mind was earnest, enthusiastic, and highly poetic; his temper serene; his affections warm and benevolent; and his whole character shone with the angelic light of pure disinterestedness, and cheerful piety. Religion was not with him a thing set apart for occasional use, regarded only for the sake of the world's opinion, or because the world has lost its attractions—it was the vivifying principle of his existence—it guided every feeling, was blended with every thought, and passed into every action. In this dishonest, hypocritical world, a simple-minded, sincere man must necessarily be considered very peculiar; and John Flaxman *was* so regarded. He was peculiar in his religious opinions; being a receiver of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem, or, in other words, a believer in the writings of Swedenborg. Much of the simplicity and spirituality of his character is reflected in his marbles and his drawings; they are remarkable for an expression of serene loveliness and quiet devotion. His favourite works were those by which he embodied passages of Scripture. In early life, Flaxman was poor, and his

health feeble. He used to support himself by making drawing and designs for the celebrated porcelain manufactory of the Wedgwoods. When he became eminent, he loved to allude to these humble labours of his early life; and since his death the models have been eagerly sought after. But though Flaxman was largely endowed with genius, he found no royal road to fame. He met with mortifications and disappointments, and gained final success only by the most laborious industry. "From his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year, he lived, as all young artists must do, who have no other fortune than clear heads and clever hands. His labours for the Wedgwoods maintained him; but he was no lover of jovial circles, and was abstemious in all things save a hungering and thirsting for knowledge."

"In the year 1782, when twenty-seven years old, he quitted the paternal roof, hired a small house and studio in Wardour street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife, Ann Denman, one whom he had long loved, and one who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius—she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency—regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy—arranged his drawings—managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of

his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'So, Flaxman,' said the President one day, as he chanced to meet him, 'I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist. Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, 'I am ruined for an artist.' 'John,' said she, 'how has this happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' said he, 'in the church,' and Ann Denman has done it; I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession.'

"For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well, to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city. 'Ann,' said the sculptor, 'I have long thought that I could not rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left; and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good, rather than his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here, I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining

me.' In this resolution Mrs. Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set meantime a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the Academy, nor was any asked; and five years elapsed, from the day of the memorable speech of the President, before Flaxman, by incessant study and labour, had accumulated the means of departing for Italy.

"The image of Flaxman's household immediately after his marriage is preserved in the description of one who respected his genius and his worth. 'I remember him well, so do I his wife, and also his humble little house in Wardour street. All was neat, nay, elegant; the figures from which he studied were the fairest that could be had, and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was that air of devout quiet which reigned everywhere; the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself; and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all, was the devout feeling of this singular man; there was no ostentatious display of piety, nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality, but he was a reader of the Scriptures, and a worshipper of sincerity, and if ever purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman.'"

At Rome, Flaxman, like most other artists, was obliged to do something for his support. He was employed by persons of his own nation to make illustrations of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante. These splendid works procured him extensive reputation. "The Illustrations of Homer were made for Mrs. Hare Nayler, at the price of some fifteen shillings a-piece; but the fame which they brought

to the name of Flaxman was more than a recompense. Long ere this time of life, he had shown, in numerous instances, that he regarded gold only as a thing to barter for food and raiment, and which enabled him to realize, in benevolent deeds, the generous wishes of his heart. As a fountain whence splendour, honour, and respect might flow, he never considered it—and in a plain dress, and from a frugal table, he appeared among the rich and the titled, neither seeking their notice nor shunning it. In all these sentiments his wife shared. Those who desire to see Flaxman aright during his seven years' study in Italy, must not forget to admit into the picture the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or with submission on their lips, and rebellion in their hearts, make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No—they loved each other truly—they read the same books—thought the same thoughts—prized the same friends—and, like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated. Their residence was in the Via Felice; and all who wished to be distinguished for taste or genius were visitors of the sculptor's humble abode.

"After a residence of more than seven years in Rome, Flaxman returned to England, hired a modest house in Buckingham Street; erected shops and studios; arranged his models and his marbles; and resolved to try his fortune in poetic sculpture." "For this," says the poet Campbell, "he had an expansion of fancy, elevation of thought, a holy beauty of feeling. His female forms may want finished luxuriance, but they have a charm

more expressive and inexpressible, from the vestal purity of his sentiment, than finish could have given them."

Those who had hitherto supposed Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the right, when he said wedlock must spoil Flaxman for an artist, now began to think they could derive some honour from being associated with him; and he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy. His fame was now so well established, that he might have associated with the noble and the wealthy had his meek and placid character allowed him to form such wishes. But he loved his home, and gave himself up to the quiet, tasteful amusements of his own fireside. Sir Thomas Lawrence said, "His solitude was made enjoyment to him by a fancy teeming with imagés of tenderness, purity, or grandeur." Drawing was at once his business and his recreation. His biographer says, "there is a prodigious affluence of imagination in all his sketches and drawings; and his shops, studio, and sketch-books exhibit them in hundreds—nay, in thousands. To name all his sketches would occupy many pages, and to describe them, at the rate of five lines to each, would be to compose a volume. Some of his illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress equal that religious romance in simplicity, and far surpass it in loftiness; something of the same sort may be said of his designs for Sotheby's translation of Oberon—forty in number. But the work on which his fancy most delighted to expatiate was Hesiod. He loved the days of innocence and the age of gold, when philosophers went barefooted, kings held the plough, princesses washed their own linen, and poets sung, like the northern minstrel, for food and raiment. There are thirty-six illustrations; and for simplicity, loveliness, and grace, they fairly rival any of his other works."

In dress Flaxman was as plain as if he belonged to the Society of Friends. Unlike most of his brother artists, he kept no coach or servants in livery. To the men he employed, he was extremely liberal and kind. "When they were ill, he continued their wages, and paid their doctor's bill. He made himself acquainted with their wants, and with their families, and aided them in the most agreeable and delicate way. If any of them were unavoidably absent, he said, 'Providence made six days for work in the week; take your full wages.' He was so generally beloved, and so widely known, that if you stopped a tipsy mason in the street, and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would answer, 'The best master God ever made.' No alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. He has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high.

An eminent artist said of him, "Flaxman is inaccessible either to censure or praise—he is proud but not shy; diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius—and were you to try *any other* ingredients, may I be hanged if you would form so glorious a creature!" He paused a little, and added, "I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly—his civility oppresses."

A distinguished sculptor being asked concerning Flaxman's mode of study and his conversation, replied, "I cannot tell you. He lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd fashions—he dressed—you know how he dressed; he dined at one—wrought after dinner, which no other artist does—drank tea at six; and then, sir, no one ever found him

in the evening parties of the rich or the noble: he was happy at home, and so he kept himself; of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."

His conversation was more frequently lively, gay, and eloquent than serious. The following circumstance will give an idea of the sports of fancy in which he sometimes indulged. He once bought a small Chinese casket, of very rich workmanship, and gave it to his wife and sister. The ladies placed it upon the table before them, and while the sculptor was sketching, began to talk about the present. "This is a pretty thing," said one, "and not made yesterday either: its history must be curious." "Curious, no doubt," said the other, "we can easily make a history for it. What is it without its genealogy?—was it not made in the reign of the illustrious Ching-Fu, by one of the muses of China, to hold the golden maxims of Confucius?" "And obtained in barter," continued the other, "for glass beads and twopenny knives, by one of those wandering genii called in Britain trading captains?" Flaxman smiled at this history, and forthwith set to work with pen and pencil.

He composed a poem of some hundred lines describing the adventures of the casket. A princess of China is informed by a nightingale that there is a splendid casket in the bowers of paradise, guarded by genii—she obtains the wonderful treasure—a magician, riding through the air on winged tigers, wishes to fill the box with spells and magic—The princess and her sisters hurl the enchanter down amid hissing serpents and sulphurous flame

The casket is deposited on Mount Hermon—the genii bestow it on a good poet, who fills it with virtuous maxims and verses, and an angel guards it. The poet dies

and another has possession of it; at first his strains are pure and virtuous; but he indulges in wanton thoughts, and indignant angels snatch the casket away—They float through the air with the precious burden, and deliver it to the sea-maids and tritons, who with shout and song convey it across the ocean; the Genius of the British Isle finally receives it. Ten sketches in pencil illustrated the story.

A similar effort of his genius, was dedicated to his wife, in a manner alike affectionate and tasteful.

He caused a quarto volume to be made, in which he wrote the story and illustrated the adventures of a Christian hero, who goes out into the world to protect the weak, aid the suffering, and punish the bad. Temptations in every form surround him—good and evil spirits contend for victory—his own passions are around him in terrific shapes—he follows a guardian angel, and escapes all dangers—becomes a purified spirit, and is commissioned to watch over the good on earth. In this capacity he spreads spiritual light around, watches over innocence, and protects the oppressed.

The sketches, which are forty in number, are delicate, graceful, full of poetic beauty, and surrounded as it were, by a serene and holy atmosphere. "On the first page of this book was drawn a dove, with an olive-branch in her mouth; an angel is on each side, and between is written, 'To Ann Flaxman;' below, two hands are clasped, as at the altar, two cherubs bear a garland, and the following inscription to his wife introduces the subject: 'The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight errant's adventures, indicate the trials

of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence.' After the hero is called to the spiritual world, and blest with a celestial union, he is armed with power, for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence; he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy. John Flaxman, October 2, 1796."

"For thirty-eight years Flaxman lived wedded. His health was generally good, his spirits ever equal; and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had been always at his side. She was a most cheerful, intelligent woman, a collector too of drawings and sketches, and an admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent, and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, 'Ask Mrs. Flaxman, she is my dictionary.' She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation approached—she fell ill and died in the year 1820, and from the time of this bereavement something like a lethargy came over his spirit.

"He was now in his sixty-sixth year, and surrounded with the applause of the world. His studios were filled with orders and commissions. His sister—a lady of taste and talent like his own—and his wife's sister, were of his household; but she who had shared all his joys and sorrows was gone, and nothing could comfort him."

He continued, however, the same habits of industry,

the same kind interest in the situation and wishes of others, the same cheerful intercourse with his few cherished friends. His health was feeble, but he suffered little.

One morning a stranger called upon him, and, presenting a book, said, "This work was sent to you by an Italian artist, and I am requested to apologise for its extraordinary dedication. It was generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead; and my friend, wishing to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, has inscribed his book '*Al ombra di Flaxman*,' [*To the shade of Flaxman.*] No sooner was it published, than the report of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake, (which he rejoices to find a mistake) begs you will receive his work as an apology."

Flaxman smiled—accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family, and some of his friends."

This singular occurrence happened on the 2d of December. The next day he took a cold, from which he never recovered. He died peacefully, as he had lived. The following words are inscribed on his tomb.

"John Flaxman, R. A. P. S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality; his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver, on the 7th of December, 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age."

"Peace be with the memory of him who died," as Sir Thomas Lawrence happily said, "in his own small circle of affection; enduring pain, but full of meekness, gratitude, and faith!"

MRS. BLAKE,

WIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake, the painter, was the intimate friend of Flaxman, and was one of the most singular men that ever lived. All his productions whether of the pen, or the pencil, were characterized by a sublime mistiness, a wild obscurity, a strange incomprehensible beauty. It seemed as if he were a spirit returned from the regions of the dead, bringing with him recollections too glorious and too awful to be embodied by human genius, yet through his whole life struggling to express his conceptions, as we strive to speak in our dreams.

He lived in a visionary world, and, according to his own account, visions were ever around him. One evening when a friend called upon him he whispered, "Disturb me not, I have one sitting to me." "I see no one!" exclaimed his friend. "But I see him, sir," answered Blake; "There he is—his name is Lot; you may read of him in the Scripture. *He* is sitting for his portrait."

Innumerable were the spiritual visitants, whom he portrayed on canvas. He had a very rich and peculiar mode of engraving and tinting his plates, which he said was revealed to him by the spirit of his deceased brother; he kept the secret to himself, and other artists have been unable to discover it.

His poetic mind threw its own glowing colouring over the most ordinary occurrences of life. "Did you ever

see a fairy's funeral, madam?" he once said to a lady, who happened to sit by him in company. "Never, sir!' was the answer. "I have," said Blake, "but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden, there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and colour of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

His high aspirations and brilliant fancies must have come from the world within him; for he had few opportunities to observe those beautiful and magnificent productions, in which genius has given shadowy revelations of what it has dreamed in heaven.

His earlier and his later lot was poverty. He was industrious; but he *would* work in his own wild freedom, and patrons did not understand him. Besides, he considered a love of gain as the destroying angel of all that is godlike in human nature. "Were I to love money," he said, "I should lose all power of thought; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. I might roll in wealth and ride in a golden chariot, were I to listen to the voice of parsimony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments."

His father was a respectable hosier, who intended his son for the same trade; but between the rival attractions of poetry and painting, the lad was, as the Scotch say, "clean daft;" and it was deemed prudent to apprentice him to an engraver. I will give the account of his mar-

riage in the words of Allan Cunningham: for the simple reason that it is impossible for me to do it so well.

"When he was six-and-twenty years old, he married Katharine Boutcher, a young woman of humble connexions, the dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems. She lived near his father's house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naïads. As he was an original in all things, it would have been out of character to fall in love like an ordinary mortal: he was describing one evening in company the pains he had suffered from some capricious lady or another, when Katharine Boutcher said, 'I pity you from my heart.' 'Do you pity me?' said Blake, 'then I love you for that.' 'And I love you,' said the frank-hearted lass, and so the courtship began. He tried how well she looked in a drawing, then how her charms became verse; and finding moreover that she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived together long and happily.

"She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake: she believed him to be the finest genius on earth; she believed in his verse; she believed in his designs; and to the wildest flights of his imagination she bowed the knee and was a worshipper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and, indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became, as it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt to learn—to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant company, and agreeable invitations—she found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest

of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this; and she whom Blake emphatically called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates—she coloured them with a light and neat hand—made drawings much in the spirit of his compositions, and almost rivalled him in all things, save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any individual living or dead, whenever he chose to see them.

"Many of his noblest productions were accomplished 'in a small room, which served him for kitchen, bed-chamber, and study, where he had no other companion but his faithful Katharine, and no larger income than seventeen or eighteen shillings a week.' He was not a man to grow rich as he grew older, and he must have suffered in the decline of life, had not his brother artists assisted him. Engraving by day, and seeing visions by night, he attained his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. 'I glory,' he said, 'in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katharine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men.' He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty."

The Ancient of Days was such a favourite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted with his choicest colours, and in his hap-

piest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt that this was to be the last of his works.

"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake, "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.

The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death, made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he called them, to paper. "Kate," he said, "I am a changing man—I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone; and you arose too and sat beside me—this can be no longer." He died on the 12th of August, 1828, without any visible pain—his wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing.

MADAME LUTHER,

WIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

It would be unnecessary to speak of Luther as a Reformer, even if the characters and proceedings of public men were connected with the purposes of this volume: *his* biography forms a part of the world's history, and marks one of the grandest epochs in the progress of the human mind. We hardly need to be told that he was learned, enthusiastic and daring; for we instantly feel that none but such a man could, or would, have undertaken the great work he performed. The reformation of extensive evils,—evils sanctioned by self-interest and sustained by power,—has always been effected by individuals bold and zealous even to rashness. The timid and the cautious fall into the ranks when the danger is over, and often share the triumph; but what the world calls "a prudent man," would never answer for a pioneer in the cause either of civil or religious liberty. There is always a vast mass of energy and talent lying latent in the community; and it is a beautiful feature in God's providence, that the progress of events inevitably produces the very characters, and elicits the very qualities, that are most needed.

In the sixteenth century, a strong and fearless champion was required against the insupportable tyranny and gross corruptions of the Church of Rome; and the excess of papal pride prepared the way for its own destruction by kindling the impetuous indignation of Martin Luther.

Fortunately for the world, the active mind of this great man, was never subjected to the enervating influences of wealth and luxury. He was born in an obscure village of Saxony, in the year 1483; his father was a miner. At fourteen years of age when he was at school in Eisenach, he was obliged with other poor students, to gain a living by singing before the doors of houses. He used to call this "bread music." But although he had an uncommonly fine voice, he did not always obtain a supper for a song; and sometimes he met with proud refusals, and unkind reproaches, exceedingly grievous to his noble and independent nature. One day when he was entirely overcome with dejection, and shame, the wife of a worthy citizen, named Conrad Cotta, took pity upon him, and refreshed him liberally with food. His manners prepossessed the good woman so much in his favour that she obtained her husband's permission to take him into the house, and provide for him until he was fitted for the university.

After staying three years at Eisenach, he went to the University of Erfurt. Here he soon became renowned for his scholarship. It was his father's wish that he should study law; but several fits of illness, and the loss of an intimate friend, who was struck dead at his side by lightning, spread something of gloom over his mind, and he suddenly resolved to become a monk. His parents, who were very pious and sensible people, tried in vain to dissuade him from what he deemed a conscientious sacrifice to God. He strictly fulfilled his monastic duties, even to the humiliating task of standing porter at the door, and going through the town to beg alms for the convent; but it was a course of life which ill-suited his free and active temper; and a heaviness, which he could not dispel, took possession of his spirit.

He was removed from these depressing influences by the friendship of a nobleman, who recommended him as a public teacher of philosophy in the University at Wittemberg. Here his mind, no longer cramped by unnatural circumstances, resumed its expansive power; and his learning and eloquence soon gained him friends among the powerful and distinguished. A mission to Rome gave him but too many proofs of the profligacy and hypocrisy then prevailing in the church, and he expressed his opinion without respect of persons. By degrees he became engaged in an angry controversy. The Pope tried to overawe him; but Luther had a spirit that would not bend, and could not be broken. Some of the German princes, and a large body of the people, tired of papal oppression, sincerely wished well to Luther and his cause. Emboldened by safety and success, he went on attacking one after another, the strong holds of Catholic power. The Pope issued decrees forbidding all people to read his writings, and threatening him with excommunication, and the sentence of outlawry, (by which any one who met him had a right to kill him,) if he did not recant what he had written. The Emperor Charles the Fifth being called upon to put his threat in execution, summoned Luther to appear before a Diet at Worms. His friends earnestly entreated him not to go, believing he would not return alive; but the undaunted reformer replied, "I will go, if there be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

He maintained his cause with firmness and eloquence; concluding by saying, "I neither can nor will recant, because it is not safe, or advisable, to do anything which is against my own conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise, so help me God! Amen."

Many of his enemies tried to persuade Charles the Fifth to break the promise he had given, that Luther should be safely conveyed home; telling him he was under no obligation to keep his word to a heretic; but to this the Emperor replied, "What is promised must be performed. And even if the whole world should lie, princes ought to adhere to the truth."

Luther accordingly departed from Worms under the protection of a strong escort, after having received the most flattering attentions from several princes, and persons of distinction. A singular circumstance occurred while he was dining with the Elector of Treves; just as he was raising a glass of wine to his lips, the glass suddenly shivered into atoms. It was a prevalent opinion among the guests that some kind of strong poison had been infused into the wine.

On his way home he was attacked by a couple of knights, taken prisoner, and conveyed to the Castle of Wartburg. This proved, however, to be the friendly interference of the Elector of Saxony, who wished to secrete him for a time from the active hatred of the Catholics. At the Castle, he was known only by the name of Sir George; and elsewhere it was generally believed he had been killed, or taken prisoner by his enemies. Here he began his translation of the New Testament; and by his exertions the Bible was distributed among a mass of benighted people, to whom it had been expressly forbidden by the priests.

It was the policy of the ignorant and insidious monks of that day to keep the people in darkness; one of them says, "I observe in the hands of many persons a book which they call *the New Testament*. It is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my dear breth-

ren, it is certain that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

Such teachers of course had a most unbounded dislike to the man who had both the will and the courage to spread light among the people; and it is no wonder that numerous attempts were made to assassinate him. In this perilous situation his life could not have been saved, had not God so disposed the hearts of princes, that they wished to preserve him as a salutary check against the tyranny of the pope.

In one form the power of the church was severely felt, by innumerable victims of both sexes. The revenues of the church, and the strength of its influence, were prodigiously increased by monastic institutions; hence it became a matter of policy to decoy young persons into toils from which they could never escape. All the awful, and all the seductive power of the Catholic religion was used to effect this purpose. The young girl, just emerging from childhood, was taught that there was something holy and beautiful in being the bride of Heaven. The ceremony of taking the veil was invested with all the pomp and gayety of a wedding; the brain of the young victim was made giddy with her own momentary importance, and the splendid preparations for her spiritual nuptials; music lent its powerful aid to a species of mental intoxication, in which human vanity was strangely blended with feelings more holy and mysterious; and in this delirium of fancy and of feeling, the simple maiden took the solemn vow, which forever separated her from all the best and purest hopes of the human heart. It was indeed *possible* to return to the world after the veil of probationship had been fastened on the innocent head by a wreath of flowers; but public opinion branded such a step as

capricious and impious, and the priests declared that it drew down the vengeance of an offended God. How could a timid girl be expected to brave at once the terrors of earth and Heaven? With few exceptions they lingered on—and took the perpetual vow—and learned too late that the human heart *must* have human affections. Some were no doubt comparatively happy; but by far the greater part passed their existence in a perpetual struggle between the natural yearnings of the heart, and the unnatural duties imposed upon them by their religion. And to these deluded victims were added many unwilling ones, forced into monastic seclusion by ambitious parents, who were desirous to concentrate their wealth and honours upon one favoured child.

The spirit of light and liberty diffused by Luther, found its way even into the dark recesses of the cloister. It became no uncommon thing for monks to quit their profession; and at last woman's feebler nature arose and shook off the yoke that had broken many a pure and loving heart. In 1523, nine nuns escaped from the Convent of Nimptschen, near Grimma. This event of course produced a great excitement; even the princes who were favourable to the reformed religion did not dare to protect the fugitives openly.

But Luther, as usual, scorned to proceed with caution. He wrote and spoke boldly in defence of the nuns, and praised those who had assisted them to escape. He even went so far as to throw off the monastic habit, which he had continued to wear until that time. Among the nuns was Catherine de Bora, a handsome woman, of highly respectable family, who became the object of a very strong and enduring attachment on the part of Luther. Some lingering prejudices concerning the propriety of marriage

between a monk and nun induced him to repress his feelings for a time. But finding nothing in Scripture to support his scruples, and being strongly urged to it by his revered parents, he suddenly resolved to marry. He was united to Catherine de Bora in 1525; the bridegroom was forty-two years old, and the bride twenty-six. Considering the state of public opinion at that period, the power and rage of his enemies, and his own want of fortune, it was certainly a very bold step; but it was one which he never repented. The advocates of the Romish church took this occasion to pour forth a fresh torrent of abuse. Some affirmed that he was insane; others that he was possessed by an evil spirit; and many loaded both him and his wife with epithets which it would pollute these pages to quote. The storm raged with such fury, that even the courageous Luther was a little disheartened at first. He says, "My marriage has made me so despicable, that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils."

But a man conscious of thoroughly upright motives cannot long be put out of countenance by the injustice of public opinion. Catherine proved a helpmate indeed; and in her faithful love, he found perpetual consolation. Her unremitting tenderness during his frequent attacks of illness, called forth his warmest gratitude; and when he spoke of her to his friends, her name was always coupled with the most affectionate expressions.

In a temperament like his, disease naturally induced occasional gloom and petulance, which she bore with the most unvarying good temper; always exerting her influence to soothe and enliven him. By these means she obtained such hold upon his affections, that he was wont to compare his greatest temporal blessings with her. His

favourite production was his Commentary on Galatians: and he showed his preference by always calling it "his Catherine de Bora."

He was apt to linger long in the company of his wife and children, and never denied himself this gratification except when he was engaged in finishing some great work. Once, he locked himself up in his study and remained three days and three nights without any other nourishment than bread and water. For sometime his wife refrained from disturbing him; but finding her repeated calls at the door unanswered, she became very much alarmed, and at last persuaded some persons to break into the room. Luther was at his writing-desk entirely absorbed in meditation when they entered. At first he was displeased at the intrusion, and said to her, 'Do you not know that I must work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no one can work?" But his heart was soon touched, when she told him how much anxiety he had caused her. Like most courageous and enthusiastic men, Luther had a heart as docile and affectionate as a little child. He could never see his wife or children suffer, without shedding tears; and once, when he was spectator of a chase, he tried to save the life of a poor little trembling hare, by wrapping it in his cloak: the dogs, however, discovered it, and killed it.

His disposition was frank and social, and his conversation was alike distinguished for learning and playfulness. He was no friend to large parties. He once said, "I waste a great deal of time by going to entertainments. I do not know what devil has given rise to this custom. I cannot well refuse to go to them, but at the same time it is a great disadvantage to me."

He had nevertheless a keen relish for social intercourse,

and his friends delighted to see him in his own domestic circle. His affectionate deportment as a husband and father mingled beautifully with his religious exercises, and threw something of sunshine about his home.

He was exceedingly fond of music, and insisted that it had great power in producing pious and elevated thoughts; in his hours of dejection nothing soothed him so effectually. In the evening he always sang a hymn before he parted from his family and friends.*

Gardening was likewise a favourite amusement with him. Writing to a friend to procure him some seeds, he says, "While Satan rages, I will laugh at him, and enjoy my Creator in the garden."

He and his student Wolfgang, once busied themselves in learning the turner's trade. "My reasons," said he, "are that if it should so happen, that the world would not support us, for the sake of the Word of God, we might be able to earn our bread by the labour of our hands."

External honours were of little value in Luther's estimation. He reproved popes and princes as freely as if they had been common men; and his manner toward his inferiors was always meek and affable. A coachman, who had carried certain persons to Wittemberg, had a strong desire to see "*the true pope*," as Luther was then generally called by the people.

Having asked leave, he was readily introduced into the house, and, in a respectful and bashful manner, took his station by the door. Luther, perceiving his shyness, went up to him, shook his hand very cordially, invited him to the table, drank to his health, and handed him his

* It is generally supposed that Luther composed the popular tune called Old Hundred.

own glass, which in those days was considered a peculiar honour. The man was delighted, and boasted everywhere that he had sat at the same table with Doctor Martin Luther.

Luther deemed it a duty to be with his children a good deal. He used to say, "We must often prattle with children, and thus come to their assistance in whatever is good." He was a fond but very strict father. Once when his son had committed a fault, he would neither see, nor hear of him, for three days; yet this was his favourite child, whom he always called "his Johnny."—"I," said Luther, "would fain see one that could make these two agree together, to be *joyful*, and to be *afraid*. I cannot behave myself in that manner toward God; but my little son, John, can show himself so toward me; for when I sit in my study, and write or do something else, then my boy sings me a song; and when he will be too loud, then I check him a little; yet nevertheless, he singeth on, but with a more mild and softer tone, and somewhat with fear and reverence. Even so will God likewise have us to do; that we should always rejoice in Him, yet with fear and reverence."

Luther had no taste for luxury and parade; his manner of living was simple in the extreme. When advised to lay up something for his children, he replied, "That will I not do; for else will they not rely on God and their hands, but on their gold."

In all respects Luther's wishes were a law to his wife; and he, on his part, seems to have mingled no small degree of respect with his affection for her. We are not informed whether she was a woman of strong intellect; but it is to be supposed that she was sensible, as well as affectionate, else such a man as Luther would not have

delighted so much in her company. A learned English gentleman, who often dined with them, spoke German imperfectly. "I will give you my wife for a schoolmistress," said the reformer; "she shall teach you to speak Dutch purely and readily; for she is very eloquent, and so perfect therein, that she far surpasseth me."

In a letter to Stifelius, he says, "My rib, Kate, salutes you, and thanks you for the favour of your kind letter. She is very well, through God's mercy; and is obedient and complying with me in all things, and more agreeable, I thank God, than I could have expected; so that I would not change my poverty for the wealth of Crœsus."

He often said he would not exchange his wife for the kingdom of France, or the riches of Venice; and that for three good reasons. 1. Because she was given him at the time when he implored the assistance of God in finding a good wife; 2. Because, though she was not faultless, she had fewer faults than any other woman; 3. Because she had been very faithful in her affection to him.

Luther's constitution was enfeebled by frequent illness and severe pain. In January, 1546, he thus addresses a friend. "I write to you though old, decrepit, inactive, languid, and now possessed of only one eye. When drawing to the brink of the grave, I had hopes of obtaining a reasonable share of rest; but I continue to be overpowered with writing, preaching, and business, in the same manner as if I had not discharged my part in these duties in the early period of life."

Yet six days after writing this, he had energy enough to undertake a journey to Eisleben, his native place, in order to decide a dispute concerning the brass and silver mines in that place. He was accompanied by his three

sons, and the Counts of Mansfield came with a hundred horsemen to meet him.

This journey was his last. He died at Eisleben after a brief illness. In his will he spoke of his wife with great tenderness; praising her integrity, modesty and fidelity—and testifying that she had truly loved him, and faithfully served him. To her he left what little property he possessed. His body was carried to Wittemberg, and an oration pronounced by his dearly beloved friend, Melancthon. The funeral was conducted with pomp better suited to his great reputation than to his own simple habits while living. Princes, nobles, professors, students, and an immense concourse of people followed him to the grave.

The year after his death, when the troops of Charles the Fifth quartered in Wittemberg, a soldier gave Luther's effigy two stabs with his dagger; and the Spaniards were very desirous of having the monument of the heretic demolished, and his bones burned. The emperor nobly replied, "Luther is now subject to another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not for me to usurp. I war not with the dead."

The widow survived nearly seven years, and died at Torgau in 1552.

His children, consisting of three sons and a daughter, were saved from poverty by the generosity of the Elector of Saxony and the Counts of Mansfield.

MADAME OBERLIN,

WIFE OF JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.

John Frederic Oberlin was the pastor of Walbach, an obscure village in the north-eastern part of France, situated in the Ban de la Roche, or Steintahl, which signifies the Valley of Stones. From his childhood to the day of his death, he was remarkable for his disinterestedness. He lived only to do good. He refused more eligible situations, for the sake of leading an humble and laborious life in the Ban de la Roche, simply because the people were very poor and very ignorant, and he could nowhere else be so useful.

Here he made himself the companion and friend of the peasantry; he not only taught them the way of salvation, but instructed their children; introduced the sciences and mechanical arts among them; projected roads over places hitherto deemed impassable; and himself sallied forth with a pick-axe on his shoulder, to assist in making them. Under his instruction the people became at once pious and enlightened. They all called him father, and he regarded them as his family. He lived among them in such a state of patriarchal purity, simplicity, and affection, that we almost wonder angels did not visit him, as they did Abraham of old. Little will here be said of the wonderful exertions, and animated piety of this excellent man, because his memoirs have lately been republished by the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.

It is a book of blessed influence; making one feel as if a spirit like a dove had folded its soft wings over the heart.

The circumstances of his wedded life are peculiarly appropriate to this volume. Before he settled in the Ban de la Roche, his mother was very anxious that he should find a companion, to cheer his loneliness and relieve him from domestic cares. His own feelings were not particularly interested on the subject; but in order to please his mother, he was willing to marry the daughter of a rich widow, whom she recommended.

But in all the concerns of life, it was his practice to wait for some intimation from Divine Providence. In this instance, he earnestly prayed that God would direct his judgment. If the mother of the young lady first made the proposition to him,* he resolved to consider it a sign that the marriage ought to take place. He visited the house, and received a courteous reception; but the conversation was entirely confined to topics of ordinary interest. He considered this as an indication of Providence, and went no more.

His parents afterward proposed another connexion, which they thought would be conducive to his happiness. He had esteemed the young lady for a long time, and had a great friendship for her father; but his affections appear to have been in a very passive state. The parents drew up a marriage contract, to which the younger parties assented. But a more wealthy suitor was preferred, and Oberlin relinquished his claims. In a few weeks the young lady's father wrote him a letter, asking to have

* We must recollect that it is common in France for parents to manage matrimonial contracts.

the connexion renewed. Oberlin replied that his friendship was unabated, but he considered the circumstances which had occurred, a direct intimation from Providence that the marriage would not be for the good, either of himself, or the lady.

A warm friendship continued to exist between the families, but the union was no more thought of.

The younger sister of Oberlin accompanied him to Waldbach, and took charge of his domestic concerns. When he had resided there about a year, a relative from Strasbourg, (their native place,) named Madeleine Salome Witter, came to visit Sophia Oberlin. She was a woman of religious principle, and her mind was highly cultivated; but her habits were at that time more expensive, and she cared more about the world, than did her meek and simple cousin Frederic; nevertheless, he became convinced that she was made for him. Two days before her intended departure, a voice seemed to whisper distinctly, "Take her for thy partner!" "It is impossible," thought he; "our dispositions do not agree. Still the secret voice whispered, "Take her for thy partner!" He slept little that night; and in his morning prayer, he earnestly entreated God to give him a sign whether this event was in accordance with the Divine will; solemnly declaring that if Madeleine acceded to the proposition with great readiness, he should consider the voice he had heard as a leading of Providence.

He found his cousin in the garden, and immediately began the conversation by saying, "You are about to leave us, my dear friend. I have received an intimation that you are destined to be the partner of my life. Before you go, will you give me your candid opinion whether you can resolve upon this step?"

With blushing frankness, Madeleine placed her hand within his; and then he knew that she would be his wife.

They were married on the sixth of July, 1768. Miss Witter had always resolved not to marry a clergyman; but she was devotedly attached to her excellent husband, and cordially assisted in all his plans. No dissatisfaction at her humble lot, no complaints of the arduous duties belonging to their peculiar situation, marred their mutual happiness. They were far removed from the vain excitements, and tinsel splendour of the world; they were surrounded by the rude, illiterate peasantry; and every step in improvement was contested by ignorance and prejudice; but they were near each other, and both were near to God.

The following prayer, written soon after their union, shows what spirit pervaded their peaceful dwelling.

PRAYER OF OBERLIN AND HIS WIFE, FOR THE BLESSING AND GRACE OF GOD.

"Holy Spirit! descend into our hearts; assist us to pray with fervour from our inmost souls. Permit thy children, oh, gracious Father, to present themselves before thee, in order to ask of thee what is necessary for them. May we love each other only in thee, and in our Saviour Jesus Christ, as being members of his body. Enable us at all times to look solely to thee, to walk before thee, and to be united together in thee; that thus we may grow daily, in the spiritual life.

"Grant that we may be faithful in the exercise of our duties, that we may stimulate each other therein, warning each other of our faults, and seeking together for pardon in the blood of Jesus Christ. When we pray

together, (and may we pray much and frequently) be thou, O Lord Jesus, with us; kindle our fervour, O Heavenly Father, and grant us, for the sake of Jesus Christ, whatever thy Holy Spirit shall teach us to ask.

"Seeing that in this life, thou hast placed the members of our household under our authority, give us wisdom and strength to guide them in a manner conformable to thy will. May we always set them a good example, following that of Abraham, who commanded his children and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord, in doing what is right. If thou givest us children, and preservest them to us, O grant us grace to bring them up to thy service, to teach them early to know, to fear, and to love thee, and to pray to that God who has made a covenant with them, that, conformably to the engagement which will be undertaken for them at their baptism, they may remain faithful from the cradle to the grave. O Heavenly Father, may we inculcate thy word, according to thy will, all our lives, with gentleness, love and patience, both at their rising up and lying down, at home and abroad, and under all circumstances; and do thou render it meet for the children to whom thou hast given life only as a means of coming to thee.

"And when we go together to the Holy Supper, O ever give us renewed grace, renewed strength, and renewed courage, for continuing to walk in the path to heaven; and, as we can only approach thy table four times in the year, grant that in faith we may much more frequently be there, yes, every day and every hour; that we may always keep death in view, and always be prepared for it; and if we may be permitted to solicit it of thee, O grant that we may not long be separated from

each other, but that the death of the one may be speedily and very speedily, followed by that of the other.

"Hear, O gracious Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved son. And, O merciful Redeemer, may we both love thee with ardent devotion, always walking and holding communion with thee, not placing our confidence in our own righteousness and in our own works, but only in thy blood and in thy merits. Be with us; preserve us faithful; and grant, Lord Jesus, that we may soon see thee. Holy Spirit, dwell always in our hearts: teach us to lift our thoughts continually to our gracious Father; impart to us thy strength, or thy consolation, as our wants may be. And to thee, to the Father, and to the Son, be praise, honour, and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

For sixteen years Mrs. Oberlin was a beloved friend and useful assistant to her husband. In their tastes and pursuits, in their opinions and feelings, they became entirely one. She managed his household discreetly, educated their children judiciously, and entered into all his benevolent plans with earnestness and prudence.

She died suddenly, in January, 1784, a few weeks after the birth of her last child. Her death was deeply felt in the Ban de la Roche, for her assistance and sympathy had always been freely offered to the poor and the afflicted.

The bereaved husband was at first almost stunned by the blow. But God supported him in this hour of trial. No duties were neglected, no murmur escaped his lips. In a document written about that time, he says, "I have all my life had a desire, occasionally a very strong one, to die, owing in some degree to my moral infirmities and my frequent derelictions. My affection for my wife and

children, and my attachment to my parish, have sometimes checked this desire, though for short intervals only.'

When his beloved partner had gone to another world, he more earnestly wished to depart and be with her; but he prayed for resignation to the will of Him, who alone knew what was best; and resignation and peace were given him. He might be said never to have been separated from his wife; for he seemed to live in her memory, and devoted several hours every day to communion with her.

His pathetic prayer that the death of one might be very speedily followed by that of the other was not granted. He survived Madeleine forty-two years; and continued to the last a blessing to his parishioners, and to all who came within his influence.

The wonderful improvements he had made in the Steintahl, and the religious and enlightened state of his little community, excited universal interest and admiration. The goodness of Oberlin became fame; and in the decline of life the excellent old man was visited by foreigners from various parts of the world, who came to pay their tribute of respect to the venerable pastor of the Ban de la Roche.

He died in June, 1826, at the age of 86. At the moment of his departure the tolling of a bell announced to his anxious people that their "*Father Oberlin*," as they affectionately called him, had "gone hence, to be with them no more." Their sorrow was deep and universal. Notwithstanding the incessant rain that poured down for several days previous to his funeral, all the inhabitants, young and old, from the remotest corners of the Ban de la Roche, assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to their instructor, benefactor and friend. His bible and

clerical robes were laid upon his coffin, and the mayor affixed to the funeral-pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Twelve girls standing around the hearse, sang a hymn in chorus. The coffin was borne by the magistrates, and the children of the different schools established by Oberlin chanted, at intervals, sacred hymns prepared for the occasion. The procession was more than two miles in length. In front walked the oldest inhabitant of the Steintahl, carrying a cross to be placed upon his grave, on which was engraved in open letters, the simple and affecting epitaph, *Papa Oberlin.*

Many Roman Catholic priests, and poor Catholic women were present, and were deeply affected. For though Oberlin was a Lutheran, he was very tolerant of the opinions of others, and wished all to enjoy the utmost freedom in their faith. He carried this kind feeling so far, that he administered the sacrament to Christians of all sects, and had three different kinds of sacramental bread prepared, that the consciences of neither Catholic, Lutheran, or Calvinist, might be offended.

Oberlin was the intimate friend of Lavater, who was even more beloved as a Christian minister than celebrated as a physiognomist.

Oberlin had nine children; seven of whom were living when his wife died; and five survived him. His daughters all married clergymen, and every union was blessed with the good old patriarch's cordial approbation.

MADAME GROTIUS,

WIFE OF HUGO GROTIUS.

Hugo Grotius, one of the most renowned scholars of his age, was very early in life distinguished for his great attainments. He was born in Delft, in 1583. At eight years of age he composed Latin elegiac verses; and at fourteen, he maintained public theses in mathematics, law, and philosophy. In 1598 he accompanied the Ambassador of the States to Paris, where he was received with great distinction by Henry the Fourth, who gave him his picture and a gold chain. With the pardonable vanity of youth, Grotius had his own likeness engraved with this chain about his neck. In 1599, when he was not yet seventeen years old, this extraordinary man pleaded his first cause at the bar, in a manner that gave him prodigious reputation; and the successive publication of several learned works secured the universal admiration of men of learning.

In 1608, he married Mary Reigersberg, whose father had been burgomaster of Veer. The wife was worthy of the husband, and her value was duly appreciated. Through many changes of fortune, they lived together in the utmost harmony and confidence.

Grotius was an Arminian, and a republican; and as a public man, it was scarcely possible for him to avoid being involved in the furious religious and political disputes of the day.

He was arrested with some others, upon the charge of encouraging the city of Utrecht to rebellion, and confined in the Castle of the Hague. Previous to his trial, he was dangerously ill, during which time his anxious wife could not obtain access to him. After very vigorous and unfair proceedings, his estates were confiscated, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. The place of his confinement was the fortress of Louvestein, in South Holland. His wife earnestly entreated to be his fellow prisoner, and her petition was granted. In one of his Latin poems he speaks of her with deep feeling, and compares her presence to a sun-beam amid the gloom of his prison. The States offered to do something for his support; but, with becoming pride, she answered that she could maintain him out of her own fortune. She indulged in no useless regrets, but employed all her energies to make him happy. Literature added its powerful charm to these domestic consolations; and he who has a good wife, and is surrounded by good books, may defy the world. Accordingly, we find Grotius pursuing his studies with cheerful contentment, in the fortress where he was condemned to remain during life. But his faithful wife was resolved to procure his freedom. Those, who trusted her with him, must have had small knowledge of the ingenuity and activity of woman's affection. Her mind never for a moment lost sight of this favourite project, and every circumstance that might favour it, was watched with intense interest.

Grotius had been permitted to borrow books of his friends in a neighbouring town, and when they had been perused, they were sent back in a chest, which conveyed his clothes to the washerwoman. At first, his guards had been very particular to search the chest: but never

finding anything to excite suspicion, they grew careless. Upon this negligence, Mrs. Grotius founded hopes of having her husband conveyed away in the chest. Holes were bored in it to admit the air, and she persuaded him to try how long he could remain in such a cramped and confined situation. The commandant of the fortress was absent, when she took occasion to inform his wife that she wished to send away a large load of books, because the prisoner was destroying his health by too much study.

At the appointed time, Grotius entered the chest, and was with difficulty carried down a ladder by two soldiers. Finding it very heavy, one of them said, jestingly, 'There must be an Arminian in it." She answered very coolly that there were indeed some Arminian books in it. The soldier thought proper to inform the commandant's wife of the extraordinary weight of the chest; but she replied that it was filled with a load of books, which Mrs. Grotius had asked her permission to send away, on account of the health of her husband.

A maid, who was in the secret, accompanied the chest to the house of one of her master's friends. Grotius came out uninjured; and dressed like a mason, with trowel in hand, he proceeded through the market-place to a boat, which conveyed him to Brabant, whence he took a carriage to Antwerp. This fortunate escape was effected March 22d, 1621. His courageous partner managed to keep up a belief that he was very ill in his bed, until she was convinced that he was entirely beyond the power of his enemies.

When she acknowledged what she had done, the commandant was in a furious passion. He detained her in close custody, and treated her very rigorously, until a petition, which she addressed to the States-general, pro

cured her liberation. Some dastardly spirits voted for her perpetual imprisonment; but the better feelings of human nature prevailed, and the wife was universally applauded for her ingenuity, fortitude, and constant affection.

Grotius found an asylum in France, where he was reunited to his family. A residence in Paris is expensive; and for some time he struggled with pecuniary embarrassment. The king of France at last settled a pension upon him. He continued to write, and his glory spread throughout Europe.

Cardinal Richelieu wished to engage him wholly in the interests of France; and not being able to obtain an abject compliance with all his schemes, he made him feel the full bitterness of dependance.

Thus situated, he was extremely anxious to return to his native country; and in 1627 his wife went into Holland to consult with his friends on the expediency of such a step.

He was unable to obtain any public permission to return; but relying on a recent change in the government, he, by his wife's advice, boldly appeared at Rotterdam. His enemies were still on the alert; they could not forgive the man who refused to apologize, and whose able vindication of himself had thrown disgrace upon them. Many private persons interested themselves for him; but the magistrates offered rewards to whoever would apprehend him. Such was the treatment this illustrious scholar met from a country, which owes one of its proudest distinctions to his fame!

He left Holland, and resided at Hamburgh two years; at which place he was induced to enter the service of Christina, queen of Sweden; who appointed him her

ambassador to the court of France. After a residence of ten years, during which he continued to increase his reputation as an author, he grew tired of a situation, which circumstances rendered difficult and embarrassing. At his request, he was recalled. He visited Holland, on his way to Sweden, and at last met with distinguished honour from his ungrateful country. After delivering his papers to Christina, he prepared to return to Lubeck. He was driven back by a storm; and, being impatient, set out in an open wagon, exposed to wind and rain. This imprudence occasioned his death. He was compelled to stop at Rostock, where he died suddenly, August 28, 1645, in the sixty-third year of his age. His beloved wife, and four out of six of his children, survived him.

MRS. HOWARD,

WIFE OF JOHN HOWARD.

This great philanthropist was born in Clapton, a large village near London, in 1727. He inherited a handsome fortune from his father, who was a wealthy upholsterer.

The most distinguishing trait of his early character was overflowing kindness; and these benevolent feelings, guided by a most correct judgment, remained with him through life, and made him a blessing to the world.

It was his favourite maxim that "Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others; our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others; and even our necessities should give way to the extremities of the poor."

There was a perfect harmony between his theory and his actions. His ready and earnest benevolence made him an object of idolatry among the poor of his neighbourhood; and when he was abroad on his great mission of humanity, he never forgot to give such orders as were necessary to supply their necessities.

In ten years he travelled more than forty-two thousand miles for the sole purpose of relieving distress. He visited nearly all the prisons and hospitals of Europe; endured toil and privation; risked infection; boldly spoke offensive truths to princes, nobles, and men in power; and liberally expended his income, where money could be productive of good. His generosity was particularly

exercised toward worthy people imprisoned for small debts. On such occasions, he would often return to his family in great joy, saying, "I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children."

This good man was twice married. His first connexion seems to have been formed entirely from motives of gratitude, to a highly respectable widow, who had been exceedingly kind to him during a severe illness. He was then about twenty-five years old, and his bride had numbered rather more than twice as many years. She was a sincere, affectionate, and sensible woman, and her husband respected and esteemed her. In two or three years the connexion was dissolved by her death.

To her who was truly his wife, he was united in 1758, when he was about thirty years old. She was the daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton. Early accustomed to the indulgences of wealth, she formed no frivolous tastes, no expensive habits. Amiable, affectionate, and benevolent, she found her greatest delight in doing good. They were both pious. She cordially assisted in all his plans, seconded all his wishes, and seemed to have adopted the creed of Milton's Eve, "God is thy law, thou mine."

Their residence at Cardington was fitted up in the neatest and most unostentatious manner. All the linen necessary to furnish the house was spun by the cottagers in the neighbourhood, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Howard herself; and during his life he always made it an object to use such articles as could be manufactured by his poor neighbours. When absent for any time, he always left particular directions for the comfort of his aged nurse; and when he was at home, he

would himself see that coals were sent to her cottage, to warm her bed, every night when the weather was cold enough to require it. In all these things, Mrs. Howard warmly sympathized. She attended upon the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the destitute. Soon after her marriage, she sold her jewels, and put the money into her husband's charity purse. On settling his accounts one year, Mr. Howard found an unexpected balance in his favour; and he asked his wife if she would like to take a trip to London. "What a comfortable cottage for a poor person might be built with the money we should expend!" was her benevolent reply. The sum was appropriated as she suggested; and this excellent couple enjoyed the purest satisfaction of the human heart—that of preferring the good of others to our own.

The same sympathy prevailed in their religious impressions.

Wishing to observe the effect on her mind, Mr. Howard once asked her to accompany him to some place of fashionable resort in London. In the midst of the brilliant crowd, she seemed serious and contemplative. "Tell me, dear Harriet, what you are thinking about," said he. "I am thinking of Mr. ———'s sermon last Sunday," she replied.

A degree of simple and tasteful elegance pervaded their dwelling, and gave indication of that true refinement, which usually accompanies purity of heart.

There was a good deal of rural beauty in the arrangement of the grounds. In one place, the broad gravel walk was thickly shaded by majestic firs, which Mr. Howard brought home when he returned from his first travels on the continent. One tree, planted by his beloved wife, was the object of his peculiar attachment,

Many a happy hour was spent in this quiet grove, in devising and talking over the extensive schemes of benevolence, which he afterward lived to execute.

A rustic hermitage, called the Root House, on account of its being made entirely of the roots and trunks of trees, was a favourite place of resort.

A lamp made out of a root was in the centre, and masses of peat served for chairs. A book shelf was fitted into a recess in the wall, and the Gothic portico and windows admitted light enough for the student. This little library betrayed the tastes and feelings of the owner; for here might be seen the works of Hervey, Flavel, Baxter, Milton, Thomson, Young, and Watts.

Mr. Howard, though mild and affectionate, was a great friend to subordination in families. He thought implicit obedience was the duty of wives, as well as children; and he would hardly have assented to the omission which the liberality of modern clergymen has induced them to make in the marriage service; an omission which, after all, "breaks the word of promise to the ear, but keeps it to the sense"—for how can a woman love and honour her husband without obeying him? While people love and honour each other, it is natural to yield to each other's wishes. But if they do not love and honour each other, mere obedience is a lifeless observance of the vow.

Before their union, Mr. Howard wished his lady to make a promise that if a discussion arose upon any subject, it should always be left to his decision. She cheerfully made the promise; and what is more to the purpose, she always kept it.

More complete happiness than fell to the lot of this worthy pair can hardly be imagined to exist on earth—perfect sympathy on all subjects, with the power and the will to

do good continually. For about seven years Mr. Howard enjoyed the company of his beloved partner, and valuable assistant; and then death came to interrupt for a time, the union which was to be renewed in heaven. Mrs. Howard died in March, 1765, soon after the birth of their only child. Her husband felt his loss acutely, but he bore it like a christian. He never alluded to her without expressions of affection and respect amounting to veneration. He caused a tablet to be erected to her memory in Cardington church, bearing the following beautiful inscription:

In hope of a resurrection to eternal life,
Through the mercy of God by Jesus Christ,
Rests the mortal part of
HENRIETTA HOWARD,
Daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq.
Of Croxton in Cambridgeshire;
Who died the 31st of March, 1765, aged 39.
She opened her mouth with wisdom,
And in her tongue was the law of kindness.
Proverbs, xxxi. 26.

The education of his little son was the greatest consolation of the lonely widower. Riding, walking, or gardening, the child was with him almost as constantly as his shadow. At church, the father was regularly seen with his arms round the boy's waist, while the little hands rested on his shoulder, or fondled his face, in infant familiarity.

Several years after the death of his wife, Mr. Howard pointed to a tree among the grove of firs, and said to his son, with earnest solemnity, "Jack, I charge you, as you value my blessing, never allow that tree to be removed It was planted by your mother."

Feeling that his own care, however assiduous, could not supply the place of maternal solicitude, Mr. Howard had engaged a pious and judicious woman to take charge of his child; and after having had sufficient experience of her fidelity and discretion, he resolved to go abroad to fulfil the benevolent intentions he had so long indulged. He had twice before visited the continent, and been a close observer of whatever affected the welfare of his fellow creatures. In 1769, he left England for the purpose of devoting his time and talents entirely to the cause of humanity; and the remainder of his life was principally spent in dungeons, lazarettos and other abodes of wretchedness. The exertions he made, and the amount of good he effected, are almost incredible. He would not indulge himself in visiting the beautiful and magnificent works of art, because he could not spare the time from what he deemed a more important object; his dress, though gentlemanly, was exceedingly plain; he drank no wine, or spirituous liquors of any kind; and for a great many years his diet consisted entirely of such simple food as milk, bread, fruit, &c.

The miniature of his beloved wife was the constant companion of his travels. His heart was ever with the child she had left to his care. His paternal exhortations were earnest and frequent; and he often returned to England to observe his progress, and make arrangements for his education. Yet this son was doomed to be to him a child of sorrow. A wicked, but hypocritical servant, initiated him into vice. Dissipation ruined his health, and finally made him insane. The news of his irretrievable madness almost broke his father's heart; but he found consolation in the God whom he had always served. Writing to his faithful steward, he says, "I fear

he gives you, as well as others, a great deal of trouble. A great loss to children is their mother; for they check and form the mind, curbing the corrupt passions of pride and self-will, which are seen very early in children. I must leave it to Him, with whom are all hearts, and sigh in secret; trusting that the blessing of such an excellent mother is laid up for him."

In this very letter, while this dreadful calamity was so recent, the heart-stricken parent does not forget to order three pounds sterling to be given to each of the widows and invalids among his tenants; three pounds of delicious currants, fresh from Zante, to every poor family in Cardington; two guineas to an orphan girl; and a long list of other Christmas presents to the industrious poor.

Early in 1787, Mr. Howard returned to England, to try the effect of his own affectionate attentions upon the deranged mind of his son; and it must have proved a bitter trial to his anxious heart, to find that the sight of him always increased the delirium. After a series of unavailing efforts to restore his reason, he was compelled to place him in a lunatic asylum.

His inspection of the prisons and mad-houses of England was followed by great and immediate improvements, and thousands of human beings at the present day owe to him an amelioration of their miserable lot.

The benevolent exertions of Mr. Howard excited universal respect and admiration; and a subscription was set on foot to erect a statue to his memory.

This public tribute was painful to his humble and modest feelings, and he begged his friends to prevent the plan from being carried into execution. "Who, that knows the sinfulness of his own heart, could allow himself to receive such an honour!" said he. He gave direc-

tions that a plain slip of marble placed beneath his wife's tablet, should record when and where he died, with the simple epitaph, "*Christ is my Hope.*"

This apostle of humanity died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the 21st of January, 1790, aged 64. He desired to be buried without pomp, and without monumental inscription. His ruling passion was shown in death; for his last orders were that his grave should be made useful to his fellow mortals, when he was no longer alive to serve them. "Lay me quietly in the earth, *place a sun-dial over my grave*," said he, "and let me be forgotten."

His request, excepting the last clause, was complied with; forgotten he can never be.

A marble, bearing the record he desired, was placed under his wife's tablet at Cardington.

A statue was afterward erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and in his gardens at Cardington, Samuel Whitbread, Esq., raised a pedestal, with an inscription to commemorate his virtues, and the attachment of his faithful old gardener. The servants and dependants of Howard could never mention their benefactor, or his wife, without tears; and the most trifling articles which had belonged to them, were considered precious relics.

The old gardener was alive in 1812, and took great delight in pointing out to visitors the tree planted by Mrs. Howard. The identical Bible, in which the great philanthropist sought for guidance and consolation during the intervals of his travels, still occupied its accustomed place in the Root-House.

MRS. BLACKWELL,

WIFE OF DOCTOR ALEXANDER BLACKWELL.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell was the daughter of a Scotch merchant. Her husband, Doctor Alexander Blackwell, was a native of Aberdeen, and received his education at the University of that city. Success in his profession was too slow to keep pace with his hopes—perhaps with his necessities; and we find that he first became a corrector of the press in London, afterward a printer.

His new business soon involved him in debt, and he was imprisoned. Mrs. Blackwell had a good knowledge of botany, and was well skilled in drawing. She resolved to devote these talents to the benefit of her unfortunate husband, and she fulfilled her task with a remarkable degree of talent and energy. Having heard it said that an herbal of medicinal plants was much wanted, she determined to supply the deficiency. She consulted Sir Hans Sloane and several other distinguished physicians; who were so much pleased with her drawings, and had so much reverence for the motive, which impelled her to exertion, that they gave her every possible facility for procuring plants in their freshest state, and spared no pains to obtain for her the favour of the public. When Mrs. Blackwell had made the drawings, she engraved them on copper, and coloured them all with her own hands. Each plate was accompanied by a brief description of the plant, its name in Latin, English, and various

other languages, its qualities and uses. These illustrations were written by Doctor Blackwell.

The first volume was published in 1737, and the second appeared in 1739. The complete work bore the following title: "*A curious Herbal, containing* FIVE HUNDRED *of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of physic, engraved on folio copper plates, after drawings taken from the life. To which is added a short description of the plants, and their common uses in Physic.*"

While Mrs. Blackwell was completing this laborious undertaking, she resided at Chelsea, near the Garden of Medicinal Plants; where she was frequently visited, and much patronized, by people of distinguished rank and learning. The College of Physicians gave the book a public testimonial of their approbation, and made the author a present. Dr. Pulteney, speaking of this work, says, "For the most complete set of drawings of medicinal plants, we are indebted to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion that redounded highly to her praise."

Mrs. Blackwell effected the purpose for which all this labour was performed; her husband regained his liberty, and was, for a time, relieved from pecuniary embarrassment. But this ill-fated man seemed predestined to be unfortunate in all things, save his affectionate and excellent wife. He formed various schemes, in all of which he was successively disappointed.

He finally went to Sweden, where he drained marshes, projected agricultural improvements, and was sometimes employed as physician to the king. In this country he fell under the suspicion of being concerned in plots against the government; and although he protested his innocence to the very last moment, he perished on the scaffold in 1747.

GERTRUDE VONDER WART,

WIFE OF BARON VONDER WART.

In the fourteenth century, the Baron Vonder Wart was accused, by John of Swabia, of being an accomplice in the murder of the Emperor Albert. There is every reason to believe that the unhappy man took no part in the assassination. He was, however, bound to the torturing wheel, where his sufferings ended only with his life. The devotion of his wife, during these heart-rending hours, is described by herself, in a letter to her friend Margaretha Freianstien; it was inserted in a book published at Harlem, in 1818, under the title of "Gertrude Vonder Wart, or Fidelity till Death. A true History of the Fourteenth Century."

"I prayed under the scaffold, on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown over it.—'I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!' he exclaimed continually. 'When day breaks, if you should be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? Oh, God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings.'

"'I will die with you; 'tis for that I come, and no

power shall force me from you,' said I; and I spread my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

"The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard, who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot, and, as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for at day-break all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

"Among these people, I recognized the gaoler, who had given me up the preceding evening to Von Landenberg. The report must also have reached him, that I had been with my husband; for he approached me, shaking his head, and said: 'Woman! this was not the intention when Landenberg fetched you yesterday!'

"As more people approached, I saw also several women of my acquaintance; among them was the wife of the bailiff Hugo Von Winterthur: I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

"'He dare not do anything for me,' sighed Wart, upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes—'He dare not do anything: the Queen pronounced the sentence; and the bailiff must therefore obey: otherwise I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness.'

"Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me; but I could take nothing. The tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to

me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased; I recognized also the sheriff Steiner Von Pfungen, with his two sons, Conrad and Datlikon; also, a Madame Von Neftenbach, who was praying for us.

"The executioner came also; then Lamprecht, the confessor; the first said with a sigh, 'God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!' the latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the Queen before the tribunal at Brugk. The priest was silent.

"All at once I heard a cry of 'make way!' and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down.

"The executioner kneeled, the confessor laid his hand upon his breast, the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, 'Whither are the crows flown, that he still keeps his eyes?' and this was the Duke Leopold.

"My heart ceased to beat, when another knight, with a scornful smile, said: 'Let him writhe as long as he has feeling; but these people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she, who so increases the howling, who is she? what does the woman want? away with her!'

"I now recognized the voice of the Queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain that it was Agnes.

"'It is Wart's wife!' I heard a third knight say.

'Last night, when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us; and I must find her here then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the moat of the castle. We had been seeking her since this morning early. God! what faithful love! Let her alone; nothing can be done with her.'

"I here recognized the mild tempered youth, Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

"'Well, Gertrude!' cried a fourth tone, 'will you not yet take rational advice? do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it.'

"Who was this, Margaretha? I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me at Brugk, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, 'God! this is too much!'

"Agnes made a sign to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death. But in vain! two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven; it was granted me.

"Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria), once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her; such fidelity is not found on earth: angels in Heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away.'

"They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the Queen: he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with

me. 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished! your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and receive the crown of life,' said he—gave me his hand and departed.

"Every body now left the place, except the executioner and the guard: evening came on, and at length silent night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

"One of the guard now brought me a cloak to protect me against the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the wheel and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair, his lips were dry. I fetched him some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaretha, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours!

"But I lay as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God's Angels and the Saints, continually praying near the wheel on which my whole world reposed.

"During this time my thoughts were with God. As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger in my heart. But I remembered the Holy Virgin, how she too had suffered under the cross of her Son, and consoled myself with the hope that after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of Heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I knew, too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

"Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged of me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him. In my

prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment; it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

"How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence.—A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words: '*Gertrude, this is fidelity till death,*' and expired.—On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me to remain faithful to the end."

PANTHEA,

WIFE OF ABRADATAS, KING OF THE SUSIANS.

When Cyrus the Great conquered the Assyrians, Panthea was among the captives of his sword. Her husband, Abradatas, was gone on an embassy to the King of the Bactrians, at the time the camp was taken by the Persians; and at this trying moment the poor queen had no one to whom she could fly for protection or sympathy.

Being the most beautiful woman in all Asia, Panthea was selected as a suitable present for the conquering Cyrus. When the Persian officers visited her tent, the gracefulness of her figure immediately attracted attention, although she was dressed in the same manner as her servants, and covered with a long veil. Perceiving her deep dejection, they said to her, "Take courage, woman; we have heard that your husband is indeed an excellent man; but we have chosen you for one, who is not inferior to him in person, in understanding, or in power; for if there be a man in the world who deserves admiration, it is Cyrus; and to him henceforward you shall belong." As soon as the young queen heard this, she burst into a passion of grief, and refused all consolation; for her heart was with her husband.

When Cyrus heard the story, he refused even to see her, lest he might be too much fascinated by her rare loveliness.

He ordered his friend, Araspes, to see that she was

attended with the utmost respect, and nothing omitted, which could contribute to her happiness.

Araspes, dazzled by her beauty, and hearing continually of her excellence, became very much in love with her. For a long time, Panthea refrained from bringing any complaint against the friend of Cyrus; but at last he grew so importunate and troublesome, that she was obliged to inform the king of his conduct.

Cyrus, unwilling to treat his friend in an angry manner, yet anxious to place him out of the way of the charming captive, proposed to Araspes to proceed to the enemy's camp, as a pretended deserter, but real spy. Araspes, who was conscious of deserving severe reproof, readily consented. When Panthea heard of his desertion, she sent a messenger to Cyrus, saying, "Do not be afflicted that Araspes has gone over to the enemy. If you allow me to send for my husband, I will engage that he will prove a much more faithful friend than Araspes. The prince, who now reigns, once attempted to part us from each other; Abradatas therefore considers him an unjust man. I know that he would joyfully revolt from him to such a man as you are."

Permission to send for her husband was readily granted; and when Abradatas heard how generously his wife had been treated by the conqueror, he cheerfully marched with two thousand horse to join the forces of Cyrus. When he came up with the Persian scouts, he sent to the king to tell him who he was; and Cyrus ordered him to be conducted immediately to his wife's tent.

This unexpected meeting was most affectionate and joyful. When Panthea recounted the kind and respectful attention she had received from Cyrus, Abradatas exclaimed, "What can I do, to pay the debt I owe him!"

In the warmth of his gratitude, he pressed the hand of Cyrus, and offered to be his friend, his servant, and his ally, promising to serve him at all times to the utmost of his skill and power. Cyrus treated him like a prince and like a brother.

Preparations were then making for a battle with the Egyptians, and Abradatas caused a chariot to be fitted up magnificently for the occasion.

When the time arrived, and he began to equip himself for the contest, Panthea brought him a golden helmet and arm-pieces, broad bracelets for his wrists, a long purple robe, and a crest dyed of a violet colour; she had taken measure of her husband's armour, and had these things prepared without his knowledge.

Much surprised at the costly gift, he exclaimed, "Have you made these for me by destroying your own ornaments?" "Not my most valuable one," replied Panthea; "for you are my greatest ornament." As she said this, she tried to put on the armour, and the tears flowed down her cheeks in spite of her efforts to conceal them.

Abradatas was a very handsome man, and when he was equipped in his rich armour, he looked extremely noble and beautiful.

As he took the reins, and was about to mount his chariot, Panthea said: "O, Abradatas, if ever there was a woman who loved her husband better than her own soul, you know that I am such an one. I need not therefore, speak of things in particular; my actions have convinced you more than any words I can now use. Yet I declare, by the love we bear each other, I had rather be buried with you, approving yourself a brave man, than to live with you in disgrace and shame; so much do I think you and myself worthy of the noblest things.

"We owe great obligations to Cyrus. When I was his captive, he did not treat me as a slave, but kept me for you, as if he had been my brother. Besides, when he permitted me to send for you, I promised that you would be a more true and faithful friend than Araspes."

Abradatas, laying his hand gently on her head, and raising his eyes to heaven, said, "O, great Jove, grant that I may be a husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of Cyrus!"

When he had mounted the chariot, and the driver had shut the door, Panthea, kissed the place where his foot had rested, as he entered. Unknown to him, she followed a short distance; when he turned and perceived her, he said, "Take courage, Panthea! Farewell, and be happy; now go to your home."

Though Abradatas and his equippage made a gorgeous appearance, the people could look at nothing but Panthèa, so long as she was in sight. Her attendants conducted her to her conveyance, and concealed her by throwing the covering of a tent over her.

Abradatas, inspired by gratitude to Cyrus, and love for Panthea, insisted upon being placed in the foremost danger, where he fought with strength and courage, almost supernatural.

When the long and bloody struggle was over, and Cyrus had given directions concerning the division of the spoils among his victorious army, he said, "Why does not Abradatas appear before me? Have any of you seen him?" One of the servants replied, "My sovereign, he comes not because he is no longer living. He died in the battle, as his chariot broke into the Egyptian ranks. It is said that his wife has taken up the dead body and brought it hither beside her in the carriage; and her ser-

vants are digging a grave on a certain eminence by the river Pactolus. Panthea has decked him with all the ornaments she has, and is sitting on the ground, with his head on her knees."

Cyrus smote himself, with an exclamation of deep sorrow. Having given orders to prepare rich ornaments and sheep, oxen, and horses, suitable for the burial of a prince, a friend, and an excellent man, he set off with a thousand horsemen, toward the scene of affliction.

When he came in sight of Panthea, with the dead body reposing on her lap, he could not restrain his tears. "Alas, thou brave and faithful soul! and hast thou gone from us?" said he, affectionately taking the right hand of Abradatas. The hand separated from the wrist; for it had been cut off by the Egyptians. Panthea shrieked piteously; and taking the hand from Cyrus, she kissed it, and endeavoured to fit it to its place. "The rest is in the same condition, Cyrus," said she; "but why should you see it. I know that I was partly the cause of his sufferings. Fool that I was! I exhorted him to behave in such a manner as to gain your notice. He has died without reproach; and I, who urged him on, sit here alive."

Cyrus, for some time wept in silence; at last he said, "Woman, he has died a noble death; for he died victorious. Be assured he shall not want respect and honour in all things. Such sacrifices shall be offered as are proper for a brave man, and a monument shall be raised worthy of him and us. You shall be provided for, and such honours paid to you as your virtues deserve at my hands. Do but make known to me where you wish to go, and suitable attendance shall be immediately furnished. Panthea expressed her gratitude; adding, "Be as-

sured, Cyrus, I will soon let you know to whom I wish to go."

The generous king went away full of grief that those, who had loved each other so well, should be thus cruelly separated. When he had gone, Panthea dismissed all the attendants, except her nurse; to whom she gave orders that her body, when she was dead, should be wrapped in the same mantle with her husband. The nurse, suspecting her intention, intreated her to change her purpose; and finding her prayers of no avail, she sat down and burst into tears. Panthea plunged a sword into her heart, and laying her head upon her husband's breast, expired. The nurse uttered a shriek of lamentation; and when she saw that all was indeed over, she covered the bodies, as she had been directed.

When the three servants discovered what had been done after they were sent away, they likewise killed themselves. Cyrus caused a magnificent monument to be erected, on which the names of Abradatas and Panthea were inscribed in Syriac letters. Below were three pillars raised in commemoration of the faithful attendants.

The last act of the unfortunate Panthea must not be judged too harshly. She lived before the light of the gospel had dawned upon the world; and in those stern times, self-sacrifice, under such circumstances, was deemed a sublime virtue.

Without knowing it to be a sin, she rushed from a world where she saw nothing remaining for her but the lingering death of a breaking heart; and we can only hope that her spirit was soon united to him she loved, in a region where ignorance is enlightened, and goodness made perfect.

CHELONIS,

WIFE OF CLEOMBROTUS, OF LACEDEMON.

CHELONIS was the daughter of Leonidas, king of Lacedemon. During the reign of this monarch Agis proposed an equal distribution of lands; a proposition which was, of course, warmly seconded by the mass of the people, and generally opposed by the wealthy. Leonidas gave his influence to the aristocratic party. A formidable faction arose against him, of which his son-in-law, Cleombrotus, was persuaded to be the leader; although the step was warmly opposed by his wife.

Leonidas fled to the altar of Minerva for safety,* and there his daughter Chelonis joined him in prayers to the goddess. Cleombrotus ascended the throne; but his indignant wife refused to share his fortunes. As long as her father remained in sanctuary, she stayed with him; and when he escaped to Tegea, she followed him into exile.

It was not long before a counter-revolution took place, and Leonidas was recalled. The monarch, according to the fierce spirit of those ancient times, returned full of fury against the party which had dethroned him; and his rebellious son-in-law was particularly marked out as an object of revenge.

Cleombrotus took refuge in the Temple of Neptune.

* According to the laws of ancient Greece, a criminal could not be taken from the temples of the gods.

Here he was sought by his angry father, who bitterly reproached him for his conduct. Cleombrotus, silent and confused, attempted no justification of himself. But with the change of fortune, Chelonis had changed: with dishevelled hair and a dress of deep mourning, she sat by her husband's side, endeavouring to console him in the most affectionate manner; her two little children were at her feet.

At this sight, Leonidas, and the soldiers, who were with him, were moved even to tears.

Pointing to her mourning habit, Chelonis thus addressed the king: "This habit, my dear father, was not first assumed out of compassion to Cleombrotus. My sorrows began with your misfortunes, and have ever since remained my familiar companions. Now that you are again king of Sparta, can I assume royal ornaments, while the husband of my youth, whom you yourself bestowed upon me, falls a victim to your vengeance? If his own submission—if the tears of his wife and children cannot move you, he must suffer a severer punishment than even you wish to inflict upon him; he must see his beloved wife die before him. How can I live, and support the sight of women, when both my husband and my father have refused to listen to my supplications? If Cleombrotus wronged you, I atoned for it by forsaking him to follow you; but if you put him to death, you will make an apology for his ambition, by showing that a crown is so bright and desirable an object, that a son-in-law must be slain, and a daughter utterly disregarded, where that is in question."

As Chelonis ended, she rested her cheek sorrowfully on her husband's head, and looked at her father with tearful eyes. After a short struggle with himself, Leonidas

commanded Cleombrotus to arise and go into exile. He entreated his daughter to remain with him, and share his prosperity, as she had shared his misfortunes.

Chelonis would not forsake her husband. When he rose from the ground, she put one infant in his arms, and took the other herself; and having prayed at the altar, where they had taken sanctuary, she went with him into banishment.

What a contemptible loss was a kingdom, to one who possessed the affections of this noble-minded Spartan matron!

CALPHURNIA,

WIFE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Plinius Cæcilius Secundus (Caius) was the nephew of Plinius Secondus (Caius) one of the most ancient and learned of the Roman writers, who was suffocated in consequence of observing an eruption of Vesuvius too closely. The names of both uncle and nephew have come down to the present time with lustre undimmed by the lapse of ages.

Pliny the younger was born A. D. 62, and died A. D. 113. He had very great reputation as a lawyer, and was particularly renowned for his eloquence. He was Counsel during the reign of Trajan, and pronounced a splendid panegyric upon that Emperor before the Roman senate: this fine specimen of his eloquence, and his "Epistles," are all that remain of his writings.

The domestic affection, pourtrayed in the following letters, blends its soft tints beautifully and harmoniously with the more brilliant colourings of his fame.

They were translated by Lord Orrery, and published in the Biographium Fœminium.

PLINY TO HISPULLA, THE AUNT OF CALPHURNIA.

"As you are an example of every virtue, and as you tenderly loved your excellent brother, whose daughter (to whom you supplied the place of both parents) you considered as your own, I doubt not but you will rejoice to learn

that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and worthy of her grandfather. She has great talents; she is an admirable economist; and she loves me with an entire affection. To these qualities she unites a taste for literature, inspired by her tenderness for me. She has collected my works, which she reads perpetually, and even learns to repeat. When I am to plead, how great is the anxiety she suffers! When I have succeeded, her joy is not less exquisite. She engages people to tell her what applauses I have gained, what acclamations I have excited, and what judgment is pronounced on my orations. When I am to speak in public she places herself as near to me as possible, under the cover of her veil, and listens with delight to the praises bestowed upon me. She sings my verses, and, untaught, adapts them to the lute: *love* is her only instructor.

"Hence I expect with certainty that our happiness will be durable, and that it will daily increase. In me she is not captivated by youth or beauty, which are liable to accident and decay, but with the lustre of my name. These are the sentiments which become a woman formed by your hand, and instructed by your precepts. Under your roof, she beheld only purity and virtue; it was your approbation that taught her to love me. Your filial affection for my mother led you in my childhood to praise and model me, to presage that I should one day be the man my wife now fancies me to be. We, therefore, mutually return you thanks: I, because you have given her to me; she, because you have given me to her. You have selected us as formed for each other. Farewell."

PLINY TO CALPHURNIA.

"My eager desire to see you is incredible. *Love* is its first spring; the next, that we have been so seldom separated. I pass the greater part of the night in thinking of you. In the day also, at those hours in which I have been accustomed to see you, my feet carry me spontaneously to your apartment, whence I constantly return out of humour and dejected, as if you had refused to admit me. There is one part of the day only that affords relief to my disquiet; the time dedicated to pleading the cause of my friends. Judge what a life mine must be, when labour is my rest, and when cares and perplexities are my only comforts. Adieu."

MADAME KLOPSTOCK,

WIFE OF FREDERIC-GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

KLOPSTOCK was born at Quedlinburg, July, 1724. At school he very early attracted attention by his rapid progress in learning; and he was not twenty years of age when he first conceived the project of writing his great epic poem, called The Messiah. His poetic ardour was damped for awhile by the opinions of associates altogether incapable of comprehending his genius; but he soon found sympathizing and admiring friends, by whose means the poem was given to the public in 1748. It produced a wonderful sensation. The young, unknown student, at once became the most celebrated poet of his country, and was universally called "the German Milton."* The father of Klopstock is spoken of as an excellent man, with much simplicity of heart, and a strong belief in spiritual existences; perhaps his son early received from him those deep religious feelings, which directed his choice of subjects, and characterized all his writings.

Lavater was an enthusiastic admirer of "The Messiah;" speaking of the writer, he calls him "That great author, that confidant of the angels!" The Odes of Klopstock, though not received with so much enthusiasm

* Coleridge being asked if he thought this epithet was properly applied to Klopstock, answered, "Yes, he is, a very German Milton."

as his epic poem, are by many, considered his best claim to the admiration of posterity.

The young man, who was so early enamoured of poetry, of course easily became in love with the embodied poetry found in female beauty.

The first object of his attachment was the sister of his intimate friend Schmidt; but the lady, though a fervent admirer of his genius, could not reciprocate his affection.

This disappointment produced a powerful effect on his susceptible character, and it was difficult for him to conquer the deep melancholy which impaired his health. Travel by degrees restored his cheerfulness. He spent nearly a year with Bodmer* in Switzerland, enchanted by the grandeur of the scenery, and the simplicity of the inhabitants.

An earnest invitation from Frederic the Fifth, and a pension of two thousand francs, induced him to go to Copenhagen, in 1751. On his way, he passed through Hamburg, where he became acquainted with Margaret Moller, the lady whom he married in 1754; and who has since been famous in many languages, under the title of "Klopstock's Meta."

No account of their love can equal her own charming letters. I cannot believe the most rigid grammarian, or the most fastidious prude, will wish a single line of her innocent, lisping English, omitted, or altered.

The letters are addressed to Richardson, the author of Sir Charles Grandison:

HAMBURG, MARCH 14, 1758.

* * * * * * *

You will know all that concerns me. Love, dear sir,

* Bodmer was the editor of an eminent Swiss Review.

is all what me concerns! and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when, quite unexpectedly, I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect.

After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which had never been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no

dea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I could not believe it. At the last, Klopstock said plainly that he loved, and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love. (As if love must have more time than friendship.) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed my prayers. At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty —— But I dare not speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

HAMBURG, MAY 6, 1758.

It is not possible, Sir, to tell you what a joy your letters give me. My heart is very able to esteem the favour that you, my dear Mr. Richardson, in your venerable age, are so condescending good, to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship.

It will be a delightful occupation for me, to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person that knows the most of that which is not yet published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin always by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two apartments; we are always in the same. I, with my little work, still—still—only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time! With tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject. My husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will, as soon as I can, translate you the arguments of these ten books, and what besides I think of them. The verses of the poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters, which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language; we being still closely attached to rhymes and iambics.

I am very glad, Sir, that you will take my English as it is. I knew very well that it may not always be English, but I thought for *you* it was intelligible.

I wish, Sir, I could fulfil your request of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of.

Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have however much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. *He* is good, really good, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us which would please us, if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did: They have married—as people marry; and they are happy—as people are happy.

HAMBURG, AUGUST 26, 1758.

Why think you, Sir, that I answer so late? I will tell you my reasons. Have not you guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. But thanks, thanks to God! I am in full hope to be a mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child (and they are so dear to me) have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter, nor give you the promised scenes of the Messiah. This is likewise the reason wherefore I am still here; for properly we dwell in Copenhagen. Our staying here is only on a visit (but a long one) which we pay my family. My husband has been obliged to make a little visit alone to Copenhagen, I not being able to travel yet. He is yet absent—a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return—But what does that help? he is yet equally absent! We write to each other every post—but what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A son

of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him! It is long since I made the remark that the children of geniuses are not geniuses. No children at all, bad sons, or, at the most, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But a daughter or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly.

This is no letter, but only a newspsper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my husband and my child, I will write you more, (if God gives me health and life.)

You will think that I shall be nót a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter (thank God! that the former is not so too) is quite against fashion and good manners, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home.

M. KLOPSTOCK.

Alas! the pleasant hopes of her pure and loving heart were not to be realized in this world. She did not live to bless her babe. The angels took them both to a heavenly home. Were it not for a belief in another existence, how severe and mysterious would appear the dispensations of Providence?

In a letter to a friend, Klopstock gives an account of the tender farewell they took of each other, under circumstances so peculiarly agonizing. After having prayed with her for a long time, he said, as he bent over her, "Be my guardian angel, if God permits." "You have ever been mine," she replied. And when with stifled voice he again repeated, "If God permits, be my guardian angel!" she fixed her eyes upon him full of love, and said, 'Ah, who *would* not be your guardian angel!"

Just before she died, she said, with the serene smile of an angel, "My love, you will follow me!"

* * * * * *

She was buried at Ottensen, in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. Klopstock requested her sisters to plant two trees by the grave, and her intimate friend promised to cover it with wild flowers.

On the top of the grave-stone were carved two sheaves of wheat, one reclining upon the other; under which was written:

Seed sown by God
To ripen in the day of Harvest

MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK.

Waits where death is not,
For her friend, her lover, her husband,
Whom she so much loves,
And by whom she is so much beloved!
But we shall all rise from this grave;
Thou, my Klopstock, and I,
And our Son,
For whom I died:
To worship Him,
Who died, and was buried,
And is risen.

She was born March 19th, 1728;
Married, June 10th, 1754,
And died November 28th, 1758.
Her son sleeps in her arms.

After her death her husband published a small volume of her writings, to which is prefixed an affectionate sketch of her character, some letters that passed between them during their brief separation, and letters from Klopstock to his friends giving an account of her last illness.

Their letters to each other are short, but very fervent —full of romantic tenderness, which a heartless world envies while it scorns. At one time she writes, "Ah, when will you come home! It is wearisome, wearisome, living without you, to one who has lived with you."

Again she writes, "God be thanked! I have received your letter. What a joy it was to me! What will it be when you come! I know not what I write, I am so full of joy. I received your letter at table; I ate no more, as you may suppose. I was half beside myself; the tears started to my eyes. I went to my chamber. I could thank God only with my tears. But He understands our tears so well!"

In one of his letters to her, he writes, "I know how much you think of me, my best, and dearest wife; I know it by my own feelings. Beloved Meta, how I do long to see you! I fold thee fast to my heart."

These letters, so full of glowing expressions warm from the heart, were written when Klopstock had been united to his Meta* more than four years—one of the many beautiful proofs that true love grows deeper and stronger with time!

Klopstock rejoined his wife, at Hamburg, the last of September, after an absence of about seven weeks.

In less than two months after his return, she went from him, to be no more his companion in this vale of tears.

Her Posthumous Works consisted of Letters from the Dead to the Living; a tragedy called the Death of Abel, and several smaller pieces. They were written entirely for her own amusement, without the slightest idea of their ever being published. Her husband says she blushed, and was very much embarrassed, whenever he found her writing, and expressed a wish to see what she had been doing. He informs us that her taste was correct, and highly cultivated, and that her criticisms upon his poetry were always extremely apt and judicious. He says he

* Meta is the contraction of Margaretta.

knew instantly by her countenance, whether his thoughts pleased her; and so perfect was their sympathy, that their souls could hold delightful communion almost without the aid of language.

Klopstock possessed one of the common attributes of great genius in an eminent degree; he had the simplicity and frankness of a little child. A perpetual cheerfulness, almost amounting to gayety, formed a pleasing contrast to the seriousness of his writings. The pleasure he took in his own reputation sometimes exacted a smile; but his was a kind of vanity that is never very offensive—it was instantly felt to be the childish ingenuousness of a heart too guileless to conceal any of its feelings.

He died March 14, 1803, when he had nearly finished his seventy-ninth year. He lived unmarried till a few years before his death, when he allowed the marriage ceremony to be performed between him and a kinswoman of his wife, who had attended upon him faithfully during the feebleness and sufferings incident to advancing years; he had no fortune to bequeath her, and he took this step in order to give her a legal claim to his pensions.

During the latter part of his life, Klopstock resided at Hamburg. According to the wish he had always expressed he was buried by the side of his beloved Meta.

His funeral was conducted with almost princely pomp, and every possible honour was paid to his memory.

A writer in the Biopraphie Universelle, says of Klopstock, "Everything conspired in his works to excite enthusiasm; elevation of ideas; beauty and boldness of imagery; perfect pictures of nature; truth and profundity of sentiment; and harmonious measure. As long as the German language lasts, he will be read with admiration."

MADAME WIELAND,

WIFE OF CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND.

THE celebrated Wieland was son of a Lutheran clergyman. He was born at Biberach in Swabia, in 1733. His genius began to unfold itself at an early age, and excited expectations among his friends, which were afterwards more than realized.

He was scarcely eighteen years old, when he became enthusiastically in love with Sophia von Gutterman, a second cousin, who visited his father's house. The young lady, being preëngaged, and regarding her interesting relative as a mere youth, allowed an intimacy, which her beauty and intellect made very dangerous to his peace. Sophia von Gutterman afterward became Madame La Roche; and Wieland's early passion for her settled down into a calm and enduring friendship.

Some of the early writings of Wieland attracted the universal attention of the literary patriarch, Bodmer; and he invited the young genius to visit him at his romantic residence near Zurich. The invitation was accepted in 1752, and Wieland occupied the apartment, which had been assigned to Klopstock the year preceding.

The works of Weiland at this period, and for several years afterward, breathed the religious faith and strict morality, which he had imbibed from his father. But his relative La Roche, was secretary to Count Stadion, a diplomatist and courtier, who in 1763 retired from pub-

lic life to his princely mansion at Warthausen, about three miles from Biberach; and in this family Wieland became a favourite.

The library contained many volumes of French literature and philosophy, which Wieland seized upon with the eagerness of a young and active mind. He had formerly been prone to religious mysticism, but his writings after this period were characterized by an opposite tendency. He introduced many French and English writers to Germany, through the medium of translation, and gained extensive fame by his own productions. Strict moralists find much to condemn in his writings, but they are always characterized by a lively imagination and a benevolent spirit. The emperor of Russia conferred upon him the order of St. Anne, and Napoleon that of the Legion of Honour.

But our business is principally with his domestic character. In the autumn of 1765 he married Anna Dorothea Hillenbrandt, the daughter of a merchant at Augsburg. She was not a woman of uncommon intellect; it is supposed that she knew very little about her husband's writings, although she looked up to him with respect and admiration almost amounting to worship. She had a serene temper, and a most affectionate heart. Wieland was impetuous, and trifles often provoked him to angry eloquence. On these occasions, her gentleness and patience always won the victory, and Wieland soon laughed at his own ravings. It is said that some of his most powerful expressions were struck out in these transports of passion.

In 1769, Wieland was appointed Professor of Law at the University of Erfurt, with the title of privy counsellor; an honour rarely bestowed upon so young a man. He found the University in a state of decay; but

his eloquent lectures soon doubled the number of students. He complained much of the dulness of society. The only house that collected all the wit and fashion of Erfurt was of a licentious character; and Wieland, notwithstanding the grossness of some of his writings, was reluctant to bring his wife and children, and his young pupil La Roche within the polluted atmosphere.

In 1758, Wieland was appointed tutor to the prince, by the Duchess Dowager, Anne Amelia; at the same time, he received the title of Aulic Counsellor to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and the Elector of Mentz.

In consequence of these honours, he removed from Erfurt to Weimar, which soon became renowned as the "Athens of Germany." The splendid constellation of genius, drawn thither by the munificent patronage of the reigning family, rendered the title as just as it was flattering.

The theatre was conducted at the expense of the state; the performers were selected with great care; the music was the very best that could be procured; and costumes and scenery were critically exact; the public, as in ancient Greece and Rome, were admitted gratuitously. The picturesque walks of the ducal grounds were likewise opened to the public. Here genius, in all its various manifestations of power, found patronage and honour. Göethe, Schiller, and Wieland, were the master-spirits; but a crowd of minor authors were attracted by the intellectual enchantments of the place. The celebrated Herder was the bishop of this little metropolis, and the first masters of music and the fine arts were employed in his cathedral.

In this state of intellectual luxury Wieland lived the greater part of his life; and here he wrote many of his

best productions, among which was the widely celebrated *Oberon*, published in 1780.

But in all the plenitude of his fame, his heart seems to have been in his family. In 1782, he thus writes to Gleim: "How gladly would I accept your invitation, and fly to you, and shake you by both hands, and talk over with you the days of our youth, and sun ourselves afresh in the aurora of literature; but a thousand silken bands bind me to Weimar. I am rooted into the ground here, and occupations that admit no delay press around me. Besides, how can I drag away my wife from her nine children, when the joint ages of the six youngest do not amount to twenty years? Our house is a little world, in which our presence and government cannot be spared. But you, a single man, might come hither, and amuse yourself with seeing these little elves creep, one after another, out of their lurking holes."

In a letter to Sophia de la Roche, he says: "My sweetest hours are those in which I see about me, in all their glee of childhood, my whole possee of little half way things, between apes and angels."

In a letter written in 1787, he observes: "My wife is a model of every feminine and domestic virtue; free from the usual foibles of her sex, with a head unbiassed by prejudices, and a moral character that would do honour to a saint. During the two-and-twenty years I have lived with her, I have never for one moment wished myself unmarried. Her existence is so intimately connected with my own, that I cannot be absent from her a week without experiencing feelings similar to the home-sickness of the Swiss. Of our fourteen children, nine are living; all amiable and all healthy in body and mind. They and their mother form the happiness of my life."

At another time, he says: "I experience more and more that all true human happiness lies within the charmed circle of married domestic life. I become continually more and more the man, and in that proportion happier and better. Labour is a pleasure to me, because I am working for my children; and I am internally convinced that my calm trust in the hand which weaves the web of our destinies will not disappoint me or mine."

If fame brings its pleasures, they never come unattended by inconveniences. All the distinguished literati, princes, and nobles, who were travelling, were sure to visit Weimar, and made a point of seeing Wieland; forgetting that his perpetual sacrifice of ease and quiet might be a higher price than he chose to pay for the honour of their company.

This circumstance made Wieland anxious for retirement. His oldest son had a taste for agriculture, and as his favourite daughter (who married a son of the poet Gesner) resided in Switzerland, he resolved to purchase a farm at Osmanstadt, in the vicinity of Zurich. He removed in 1798; at which time his family consisted of himself and wife, three sons, two unmarried daughters, two widowed daughters, and four grand-children. The artists of Weimar volunteered their drawings for the necessary alterations at Osmanstadt, and the reigning Duke sent from his own gardens the statue of a siren, to decorate the fountain in the court-yard. To the day of his death, he received a thousand dollars per annum from his princely pupil.

In 1799, Sophia de la Roche, now a widow, visited Wieland at his new residence, and gave an interesting account of his manner of life, in one of her books, entitled "Schattenrisse meiner Errinnerungen."

She says: "On the fifteenth of July, 1799, after a separation of almost thirty years, I reached Wieland's house at evening, and again embraced the worthy friend of my youth, his wife, and four of his daughters. One of my six grand-daughters accompanied me, and being fatigued we retired early to rest: but I could not sleep. The tide of feelings and recollections rushed over me too vehemently: still I was in his house, and I was happy. I heard him, before he went to bed, playing on his harpsichord, according to his custom; he was rehearsing a Swiss tune, which we had admired together at Biberach.

"The breakfast had an attractive neatness and simplicity; no servant attended: one daughter brought a glass of buttermilk; another a plate of cherries, the toasted bread, and the home-made butter; and the young man presented to my Julia a handful of roses: we had seen him while we were rising, employed in mowing the grass-plot in the garden. During the forenoon, Mrs. Wieland led me to the dairy and the several objects of her superintendence, and showed me the delicate produce of her spinning-wheel. Wieland himself conducted me to see his new shorn flock, and told me what crops were to succeed the fragrant fields of bean and clover which I then beheld.

"He took me to spend a day with the Dowager Duchess, at her residence in Tieffurt. Göethe was of the party, and agreed to dine with us the next day at Osmanstadt. Then, indeed, I sat in a temple of the gods! while at the table, which was not additionally provided, I listened to these two patriarchs of German literature addressing each other with the friendly *thou* and *thee** of the an-

* A respectful address in German is put in the *third* person in-

cients, and discussing, with polished frankness, the men and books, and events of the times.

"A bust of Count Stadion ornamented the mantelpiece; Göthe asked me whether it were a good likeness, analyzed its expression, and was almost immediately on a friendly footing with me, as if he too had been acquainted with us under that roof. I repeated to him an observation I had heard Wieland make to the old Count, that all great men in the evening of life sought a still retirement in the lap of nature.

"When the ladies withdrew to walk in the alley of lime-trees, Herder's daughter came to join us.

"Another of the delightful days I passed here was that on which the Duchess Amalia, in all her affability, came to see us, and, leaning on Wieland's arm, walked up and down the garden with us. On that same day, Herder and his wife joined our party at table, and brought with them John Paul Richter, a comparatively young man, of whose genius high opinions were entertained. In the evening, when our guests had retired, Wieland read to us a terrific dream by this author.

"The day on which Wieland's name was inserted in the manorial books was an interesting one. He gave a rural feast to his neighbours on becoming a fellow tenant, his property being copy-hold.

"The villagers spread themselves over the green, took their refreshments in the open air, shook Wieland and his sons by the hand, and prayed God to bless him and

stead of the *second*. This custom has sometimes been carried to a ridiculous extent where great personages were concerned. "*Have* his Highness gone this way?" inquired a gentleman of a group of peasants The answer was, "No sir; but *their* poodle *have* just passed:" thus investing even the dog with the plurality belonging to rank.

his: they had music and a dance, in which we joined, and sang and rejoiced until twilight. May his felicity be perpetual! he so thoroughly deserves it."

But perpetual felicity is not the lot of mortals. Wieland's rural speculation was unfortunate. The crops did not equal his hopes; the movements of armies rendered his property insecure, and lessened its value; and, like most gentlemen farmers, he soon became involved in pecuniary embarrassments. To these troubles a more grievous affliction was added in 1801, by the death of his wife. She was buried at the bottom of the garden, in a family tomb intended to inclose his own remains.

Osmantium* now became a dreary residence to Wieland, and he resolved to return to Weimar. He thus writes to Bodmer, early in 1803:

"Since the death of my wife, I have lost the love of existence; and the lustre which once shone on all things around me is dimmed. I would fain withdraw my attention from a painful feeling, which especially seizes on me whenever I lie down or get up: but memory will be busy. Never, since I was born, did I love anything so much as I loved my wife. If I but knew she was in the room, or if at times she stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough—my guardian angel had been near:—but since she has been gone, my very labours fall off in spirit, and my writings please me no longer. Why could we not, like Philemon and Baucis, have died on one day?"

When it was known that Wieland wished to return to Weimar, the Duke provided for him a house, opening into the grounds of the Duchess Dowager, and command-

* The name of the estate.

ing a noble prospect. It was announced that henceforth he was to form one of the ducal household; and a place was assigned to him in the state-box at the theatre. After six years of absence, Father Wieland (as the literary patriarch was then called) was everywhere hailed with a loud burst of welcome. Herder, Schiller, and other great minds flocked around him; and Göthe varied a decoration of his Torquato Tasso, in order to give an opportunity for a plaudit of congratulation when Wieland first appeared at the theatre.

There is something extremely beautiful in such heart-felt tributes to intellect. Methinks the united gratitude and admiration of so many minds acting upon one must have an electric power, strong enough to elicit sparks of genius even from the dullest materials. It is indeed a pity that spontaneous applause has so often been bestowed upon the highly-gifted corruptors of mankind.

Wieland lived long enough to survive several of his most valued friends. Herder, and the Duchess Amalia died before him.

The estate at Osmanstadt had passed into the hands of one of his friends; and it was agreed that his wish of being buried by the side of his wife should be realized.

The court-sculptor undertook to erect a monument with suitable decorations. On one side was recorded the death of Anna Dorothea Wieland, beneath two intertwined hands, the emblem of conjugal affection; on the other side a space was left for the record of Wieland's death, above which was sculptured a winged lyre and a star. Wieland himself wrote a simple epitaph, which signified,

> "In life they were united by love,
> And here they repose together in death."

Wieland died in January, 1813. When he thought his end was approaching, he began to repeat his own translation of Hamlet's Soliloquy; but at the words "*To die*," "*to sleep*," his doubting spirit passed.

His body lay in state several days, on cushions of blue silk, in a richly gilded coffin. A white shroud enveloped the limbs; the black velvet *calotte* still remained on his head, around which was braided a wreath of laurel; a copy of his *Oberon* and *Musarion* formed his pillow. A great deal of pomp attended the removal of the body to Osmanstadt.

Wieland, in his time, was at the head of the classic school of German writers. His imagination luxuriated in the mythology of the ancients. Perhaps his early impressions still maintained an influence of which he was unconscious; and in this poetic form his affections might have retained some belief in supernatural agency, though false philosophy had driven it from his understanding.

——————— "I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have *glimpses that would make me less forlorn*;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Wordsworth

MADAME HUBER.

WIFE OF FRANÇOIS HUBER.

Francis Huber was born at Geneva on the 2d of July, 1750, of a highly respectable family, remarkable for intelligence. His father was distinguished for wit and originality in conversation, and for a cultivated taste in the fine arts. Voltaire particularly delighted in his company, on account of the freshness and brilliancy of his mind, and his skill in music. He excelled in pictures of game, and wrote an interesting work on the flight of birds of prey. His son inherited his taste and talent.

Study by day, and romance reading during the night, impaired his health, and weakened his sight. When he was fifteen years old, the physicians advised entire freedom from all literary occupation. For this purpose, he went to reside in a village near Paris, where he followed the plough, and was for the time, a real farmer. Here he acquired a great fondness for rural life, and became strongly attached to the kind and worthy peasants among whom he resided. His health was restored, but with the prospect of approaching blindness.

He had, however, sufficiently good eyes to see and love Marie Aimée Lullin, a young lady who had been his companion at dancing-school. They loved, as warm young hearts will love, and dreamed of no possibility of separation. M. Lullin regarded the increasing probability of Huber's blindness, a sufficient reason for break-

ing up the connexion; but the more this misfortune became certain, the more Maria determined not to abandon her lover. She made no resistance to the will of her father, but quietly waited until she had attained a lawful age to act for herself.

Poor Huber, fearful of losing his precious prize, tried to conceal from the world, and even from himself, that an entire deprivation of sight was his inevitable lot; but total darkness came upon him, and he could no longer deny that the case was hopeless. The affliction was made doubly keen by fears that Maria would desert him; but he might have trusted the strength of a woman's heart.—Miss Lullin resisted the persuasions and persecutions of her family, and as soon as she was twenty-five years old, *she* led to the altar the blind object of her youthful affections. The generous girl had loved him in his brilliant days of youth and gayety, and she would not forsake him when a thick veil fell forever between him and the glories of the external world. There is something exceedingly beautiful and affecting in this union. Those who witnessed it, at once felt a strong internal conviction that the blessing of God would rest on that gentle and heroic wife.

Voltaire often alluded to the circumstance in his correspondence, and it forms an episode in Madame de Staël's Delphine.

Mrs. Huber had no reason to regret the disinterested step she had taken. Providence provides for those who trust in him.

Huber's active and brilliant mind overcame the impediments occasioned by loss of vision. His attention was drawn to the history of bees; and by the assistance of his wife and son, he observed their habits so closely, that

he soon became one of the most distinguished naturalists in Europe. His very blindness added to his celebrity; for men naturally admire intellectual strength overcoming physical obstructions. The musical talents, which in youth had made Huber a favourite guest, now enlivened his domestic fireside. He enjoyed exercise in the open air, and when his beloved wife was unable to accompany him, he took a solitary ramble, guided by threads, which he had caused to be stretched in the neighbouring walks. He was amiable and benevolent, and all who approached him were inspired with love and respect.

Even great success came to him unattended by its usual evils; for the most envious did not venture to detract from the merits of a kind-hearted man, suffering under one of the greatest of human deprivations.

Notwithstanding the loss of his eyes, Huber's countenance was the very sun-dial of his soul—expressing every ray of thought and every shade of feeling. The sound of his voice was solemn and impressive. A gentleman, who saw him for a few hours, said: "I no longer wonder that young people are so prone to believe the blind supernaturally inspired."

During forty years of happy union, Mrs. Huber proved herself worthy of such a husband's love. He was the object of her kindest, and most unremitting attention. She read to him, she wrote for him, she walked with him, she watched his bees for him; in a word, her eyes and her heart were wholly devoted to his service.

Huber's affection for her was only equalled by his respect. Alluding to her low stature, he used to say, "*mens magna in corpore parvo*," (*a great soul in a small body.*)

He used to say, "While she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind."

His children, inspired by their mother's example, attended upon him with the most devoted affection. His son, Pierre Huber, who himself became famous for his history of the economy of ants, was a valuable assistant, and beloved companion. He made a set of raised types, with which his father could amuse himself, by printing letters to his friends.

After the death of his wife, Huber lived with a married daughter at Lausanne.

Loving and beloved, he closed his calm and useful life at the age of eighty-one. In one of his last letters to a friend, he says, "Resignation and serenity are blessings which have not been denied me."

QUEEN MARY,

WIFE OF WILLIAM III.

Mary, the daughter of James the Second, was a most affectionate wife to William, Prince of Orange.

When asked what she intended her husband should be, if she became Queen, she answered, "All rule and authority shall be vested in him. There is but one command, which I wish him to obey; and that is, '*Husbands, love your wives.*' For myself, I shall follow the injunction, '*Wives, be obedient to your husbands in all things.*'"

She kept the promise she had voluntarily made. They were proclaimed under the title of William and Mary, but the power was entirely vested in him. She was an amiable and excellent princess, and by her example made industry and domestic virtue fashionable. She was constant and earnest in her attachment to the king, and all her efforts were to promote his interests, and make him beloved by the people. Her letter to Lady Russell, in which she deplores the bustle and pomp of royalty, because it separated her so much from her husband, is a beautiful proof how much stronger were the feelings of the woman than those of the Queen.

The king had great confidence in her ability and discretion. During his absence, she was several times left regent of the kingdom, and although the conflicting state of parties rendered the office exceedingly difficult, she discharged her duty in a remarkably energetic and judicious manner.

She died in 1694, in her thirty-third year. Her husband showed a degree of affliction hardly to be expected from one whose feelings were so habitually subdued, that the English considered him cold in his affections. For several weeks, he was entirely incapable of attending to any business. "I cannot do otherwise than grieve," said he to Archbishop Tennison, "since I have lost a wife, who during the seventeen years I have lived with her, never committed an indiscretion."

QUEEN ANNE,

WIFE OF GEORGE OF DENMARK.

The Princess Anne, younger daughter of James the Second, who married Prince George of Denmark, was likewise a most amiable and affectionate wife, and a very judicious mother. During the illness of her husband, which lasted several years, she would never leave his bed, and often sat up half the night with him. Lady Russell, speaking of the few days that preceded the death of Prince George, says: "Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned; then sat silent, hand in hand; he sick in his bed, and she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined."

The Prince died in 1708. As her elder sister, Mary, died without children, Anne was proclaimed Queen, after the death of William. She had a numerous family, but none of them survived her.

It is a singular circumstance that the grandmother of Queens Mary and Anne was a poor country girl, employed to carry beer from a brewery in London. She was handsome, and the brewer married her. He left her a young widow, with a large fortune. She applied to Mr. Hyde, the lawyer, to transact her business. He became enamoured of his fair client, and married her. Mr. Hyde became Earl of Clarendon; his daughter married the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, and became the mother of Mary and Anne.

COUNTESS OF DORSET,

WIFE OF THOS. SACKVIL, EARL OF DORSET.

THE following tribute to the virtues of a good wife, occurs in the last will and testament of the celebrated Earl of Dorset, one of the finest scholars of his time, Chancellor of Oxford, and Lord High Treasurer of England, during the reign of Elizabeth.

"*Imprimis*, I give and bequeath unto the Lady Cicilie, Countess of Dorset, my most virtuous, faithful and dearly beloved wife,—not as any recompense for her infinite merit towards me,—who, for incomparable love, zeal, and hearty affection ever showed unto me, and for those her so rare, reverent and many virtues, of charity, modesty, fidelity, humility, secrecy, wisdom, patience, and a mind replete with all piety and goodness, which evermore both have, and do abound in her, deserveth to be honoured, loved, and esteemed above all the transitory wealth and treasures of this world, and therefore by no price of earthly riches can by me be valued, recompensed or requited,—to her therefore, my most virtuous, faithful, and entirely beloved wife,—not, I say, as a recompense, but as a true token and testimony of my unspeakable love, affection, estimation and reverence; long since fixed and settled in my heart and soul towards her, I give," &c.

SELINA,

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THIS noble and wealthy lady was celebrated for being a firm and zealous Methodist, at a period when people of her rank universally considered that sect as vulgar and despicable; and this fact in itself announces a strong character and generous feelings.

She was most devotedly attached to her husband, and when he died, her heart yearned for full possession of that religious faith which promises re-union in the world to come. She was handsome and distinguished, and the world of fashion did not fail to offer its allurements and its flattery; but she had fixed her hopes on something more enduring, and nothing could tempt her to swerve from the path she had chosen. During forty-five years of widowhood, her spirit held close communion with the dear departed object of her affections; and every look and tone of his were enshrined in memory. She caused her beautiful bust to be placed upon his tomb, at Ashby de-la-Zouch, in the County of Leicester; and in her will, she requested that her body might be placed by his side, habited in the same dress of white silk, which she had worn at the opening of the Methodist Chapel, in Goodman's Fields.

In the course of her life, she expended more than one hundred thousand pounds in acts of public and private benevolence!

A tranquil, meek dignity, was her prevailing characteristic.

In the winter of 1787 some idle scoffer inclosed two masquerade tickets in a cover directed to her. She received the insult very calmly; and handed the tickets to one of her deacons, requesting him to sell them for as high a price as he could, and give the money to the deserving poor. The deacon carried them to the west end of the town, where he sold them for a guinea; with this money he liberated a poor debtor from the Poultry Compter.

The Countess of Huntingdon was as distinguished for her self-possession, and acute penetration into character, as she was for abundant and judicious kindness.

She died June 17, 1791, at the age of eighty-four.

MRS. ROSS,

WIFE OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

Captain Ross was an officer in the English army during the American Revolutionary war. He was much attached to a young lady, whose engagements to him her parents refused to ratify. When military duty compelled him to cross the Atlantic, his lady-love, without apprising him of her intentions, resolved to follow him. For this purpose, she disguised herself in men's clothes, and took passage for America. She arrived immediately after a battle had been fought between the Indians and the detachment to which Capt. Ross belonged. Among the dead bodies, she quickly recognized the object of her search. He was wounded and senseless; but she discovered a slight pulsation of the heart. She applied her lips to the wound, from which she sucked the flowing blood until it was staunched. This remedy restored him to life. She had sufficient presence of mind to restrain her impetuous joy, well knowing how fatal sudden emotion might prove to one in his weak and languid condition. During forty days she watched over him with the most unremitting attention, completely disguised by her dress and the artificial colouring of her complexion. During his illness, the young officer talked continually of the object of his affections, and repeatedly expressed his fears that he should not live to be united to her.

When his health was sufficiently restored, the lady

made herself known; and if she was tenderly beloved before she made such sacrifices, it will readily be believed that she was idolized now.

They departed together for Philadelphia, where they were immediately married. But alas, the perfect happiness they enjoyed was not to be of long duration. A languor, which resisted all medical art, attacked the system of Mrs. Ross, and threatened to terminate her life. It was soon discovered that her lover had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and the venom pervaded all her blood. Her husband watched over her with the most tender solicitude; and as he saw one remedy after another fail to restore the health that had been so affectionately sacrificed for him, his hopes gradually settled into despair, and he died broken-hearted in the spring of 1778. The widow's grief was softened by the certainty of soon following him she had loved so fondly. She summoned sufficient fortitude to cross the Atlantic again, in order to implore the forgiveness of her parents. With them she languished a little while, and died. Her spirit rejoined her husband in July, 1779, when she was twenty-five years old. A monument is erected to her memory in Hammersmith church, recording these interesting events.

Two instances of a similar kind are recorded in history, in which the victims were perfectly aware that they sacrificed their own lives to save their husbands:

QUEEN ELEANOR, wife of Edward the First, being informed that the king was wounded with a poisoned arrow, drew forth the venom with her own lips, and died for him. Charing Cross, in London, takes its name from a cross which Edward erected to her memory. Some

antiquarians say it was so called from the village of Charing, in which the monument was built: others deny the existence of any such village, and contend that it derived its name from being the resting-place of *chere Reyne*, or the *dear queen*.

Sybella, wife of Robert of Normandy, showed the same courageous attachment to her husband. The prince being wounded in this shocking manner, was informed that recovery was impossible, unless the poison was sucked out. The amiable son of the Conqueror resolved to die, rather than allow any one to make the dangerous experiment. But while he slept, Sybella, his duchess, gently applied her lips to the wound; and before he awoke, the deadly venom had passed into her veins. She did not long survive this proof of her love.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND,

WIFE OF MAJOR ACKLAND.

Major Ackland was an officer in the British army, during the war, which terminated in the acknowledged independence of the American Colonies.

His wife accompanied him to Canada, in the beginning of 1776. During the campaign of that year, she traversed a great extent of territory, exposed to the inclemencies of various seasons, and to all the privations and inconveniences attendant upon an active military life. For a long time, Major Ackland was very ill in a miserable hut at Chamblee; and his lady, accustomed as she was to luxury and indulgence, zealously performed the offices of nurse, servant, and friend.

The fatigue and sufferings she was obliged to endure, distressed her husband so much, that he absolutely forbade her going with him to Ticonderoga, in 1777; but he being wounded at the battle of Hubberton, nothing could prevent her from crossing Lake Champlain, to attend upon him. After this she insisted upon following all his fortunes, and would take no denial. Together they traversed the dreary forests to Fort Edward. Here they were subject to sudden alarms, that no person laid down to sleep without being ready to start at a moment's warning. One night, Major Ackland's tent took fire. One of the grenadiers rushed in and dragged out the first person he laid hold of, which proved to be the Major. Lady

Harriet, awakened to a confused sense of danger, crept out under the the opposite part of the tent. She caught a glimpse of her husband rushing back into the flames to save her: he was again rescued, though severely burned. The tent, and all it contained, was consumed.

This accident, of course, exposed Lady Ackland to many additional inconveniences; but she maintained a courageous cheerfulness, and endured all her hardships without a murmur.

On the 19th of September, her fortitude was put to the severest trial. Her husband, being aware that the army were constantly exposed to an encounter with the enemy, during their march, ordered the women to follow in the rear of the artillery and baggage. In that situation all the uproar of the battle was distinctly audible; and she had the agonizing knowledge that her beloved husband was in the front ranks of danger. She had three female companions with her, the Baroness Reidesel, and the wives of Major Harnage and Lieutenant Kennels.

As the action grew more bloody, the ladies took refuge in an uninhabited house, where for hours together they heard one continued fire of cannon and musketry. To this place of retreat the surgeons soon began to bring in the wounded and dying, among which many a familiar face was recognised. Major Harnage was brought in dreadfully wounded, and Lieutenant Kennels was shot dead. In this terrible situation, the poor women, particularly Lady Ackland, retained a wonderful degree of firmness and presence of mind.

On the 7th of October, she was again within hearing of all the tumult of battle, and again her place of refuge was among the wounded and dying. After a long period of agonizing suspense, she received intelligence that the

troops were defeated, and her husband wounded, and taken prisoner. The Baroness Reidesel says, "On hearing this, she became very miserable; we tried to comfort her by telling her the wound was slight, and that she would perhaps receive permission to go to him. She was a charming woman, and very fond of him." On the morning of the 8th, Lady Ackland sent a most urgent petition to General Burgoyne, entreating liberty to pass into the American camp, for the purpose of obtaining General Gates's permission to attend upon her husband.

On this occasion, General Burgoyne says, "I could readily believe that the tenderest forms were capable of the utmost patience and fortitude, for my experience had furnished me with abundant proofs; but I was astonished at this proposition. After so long an agitation of the spirits—exhausted, not only from want of rest, but absolutely from want of food—drenched in rain for twelve hours together—that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain into what hands she might fall at first, appeared to me an effort above human nature! The assistance I was able to give her was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer; but I was told she obtained, from some fortunate hand, a little rum, and some dirty water. All I could furnish was an open boat, and a few lines, written on dirty, wet paper, recommending her to the protection of General Gates."

The chaplain of the regiment cheerfully undertook to accompany her, and with two other attendants she was rowed down the river to meet the enemy. The night was far advanced when the boat reached the out-posts of the American camp; and the sentinel, apprehensive of treachery, could not be prevailed upon either to let it pass,

or to allow the passengers to come on shore; he threatened to fire into the boat, if it stirred before daylight. Lady Ackland's sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight cold and dreary hours. She was at last permitted to proceed; and it is hardly necessary to say that General Gates received her with the utmost kindness and respect. An escort was provided to convey her safely to Albany, where she rejoined her wounded companion.

In order to form a proper estimate of this lady's fortitude, we must recollect that she had always been accustomed to the refined indulgences attendant upon rank and wealth; that her frame was delicate; her manners gentle, and above all, that she was in a state of health, which rendered such exposure peculiarly inconvenient and hazardous. A strong character and ardent affection were all that fitted her for such trials.

Of her remaining biography little is known; but we may safely conclude that domestic love was strengthened by the hardships she had endured, and that in her husband's gratitude she found a rich and abundant reward.*

* Since the above was printed, the editor has been allowed to examine the private journal of the late excellent General Dearborn, who commanded at the post where Lady Ackland's boat was first hailed. It is not true that any threats were used, or any greater detention occasioned, than was necessary to ascertain that the passengers came with a flag of truce. Lady Ackland was indeed prevailed upon to go no farther that night, because it was dark and stormy, and the presiding officer was able to give her encouraging news concerning her husband. From first to last her treatment in the American camp was compassionate and respectful.

BARONESS REIDESEL,

WIFE OF GENERAL REIDESEL.

We have already mentioned this lady as the companion of Lady Ackland during the trying scenes of the 19th of September, and the 7th of October. When Lady Ackland went to the American camp, the Baroness Reidesel remained surrounded by the wounded and the dying. A more forlorn and discouraging situation can hardly be imagined. It was difficult to obtain even the most common comforts of life; she was surrounded by little children, who kept her in a state of constant anxiety lest their noise should disturb the dying officers; and often, after a day of fatiguing exertion, she passed the whole night without sleep. Nothing could exceed her attention to the poor sufferers around her. She dressed their wounds, prepared cushions and cordials for them, and gave them any little delicate morsel of nourishment she could obtain, though she herself was scantily provided. This excited the most enthusiastic gratitude, and she was universally considered as a benefactress to the army. Before General Burgoyne began his retreat, it was necessary to bury General Frazer, who had just died of his wound. General Gates, not being aware it was a funeral, ordered the procession to be fired upon. The Baroness Reidesel says, "Many cannon-balls flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed to the height where my husband was standing, amidst the fire of the enemy; and I could not think of my own danger."

The retreat of the English army was principally made in the silence of night; for their route was environed by dangers. It was evening when the Baroness Reidesel arrived at Saratoga. Her dress was thoroughly soaked with rain, and in this condition she was obliged to remain all night; though she was at last able to obtain a little straw, on which she reposed near the fire. Yet, tired as she was, she was anxious to proceed. She asked an officer, "Why do we not continue our retreat? My husband has promised to cover it, and bring the army through." "Poor, dear Lady," replied the officer, "drenched as you are, I wonder you have so much courage to persevere. I wish you were our commander. General Burgoyne is so much fatigued that he intends to halt here to-night."

Next morning the retreat was continued, and orders were given to burn the handsome houses and mills of General Schuyler. Such is the wanton havoc of war!

In the afternoon, the firing of cannon being heard, General Reidesel urged his wife to take refuge in a house not far off. The calash, which conveyed her and her children, was fired on. She escaped by throwing her children under the seat, and lying upon them, so that the balls passed over, but a poor wounded soldier, who was with them, not perceiving the danger quick enough to dodge, received another wound.

An awful cannonade was directed against the house in which they sought shelter. The baroness and her children took refuge in the cellar; there she remained all day, the little ones lying on the earth, with their heads on her lap; and there she passed a sleepless and dreadful night. Eleven cannon balls passed through the house, and she could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor fellow, who was waiting to have a shattered leg ampu-

tated, was struck by a shot that carried away the other. His comrades had left him, and when the ladies went to his assistance, they found him in a corner of the room scarcely breathing.

During the whole of this dangerous crisis, the Baroness was in the most cruel suspense concerning the fate of her husband. In this distressing situation they remained six days. General Reidesel and an English officer once came to see them, at the risk of their lives. When they went away, the officer said, "Not for ten thousand guineas would I come here again. This visit has almost broken my heart."

On the 17th of October, General Burgoyne made a formal surrender, and this frightful state of things was ended. The moment it was safe, General Reidesel sent for his family to come to him. She says, "As we rode through the American camp it was a great consolation to see that no one eyed us resentfully; on the contrary, all showed compassion at the sight of a woman with little children. As I drew near the tents, a handsome man came up, and, kissing my children affectionately, bade me not be afraid. This reception affected me almost to tears. After he had introduced me to the American commander, he said, 'The English officers are to dine with General Gates to-day. You will be embarrassed to meet so much company. Come to my tent with your children, where I will prepare a frugal dinner and give it with free will.' I now found this was General Schuyler! I said to him, 'You are certainly a husband and a father, you have treated me and my little ones with so much kindness.' We partook of an excellent dinner; and now that my husband was out of danger, I was content." General Schuyler informed them that he resided

at Albany, where General Burgoyne was about to visit him; and he urged them to join the party. Her husband wished to accept the invitation; but as he was unable to start at the same time she did, General Schuyler had the politeness to send a French officer to escort her during the first part of the journey. At the house where she was to remain for the night, she found a flippant French surgeon, who, with profligate pertness, informed her that it would be wise to leave the conquered and remain with the conquerors. He would not believe she was a General's wife; saying no woman of that rank would follow her husband into the camp.

The presence of General Reidesel soon put a stop to his impertinence; and they arrived at Albany in safety and peace.

General Schuyler, with his wife and daughters, received them as heartily as if they had been old friends. General Burgoyne was sensibly affected by this noble conduct; it painfully reminded him of the houses and mills he had burned down during his retreat. "I have done you much injury," said he; "yet you show me great kindness." "That was the fortune of war," replied the excellent man; "Let us think no more of it."

* * * * * *

Whether the troubles of the Baroness Reidesel ended with the American war, is not recorded. It is probable that the remainder of her life passed without bringing any greater calamities than usually fall to the lot of mortals.

MRS. JUDSON,

WIFE OF ADONIRAM JUDSON.

Mrs. Ann H. Judson was the daughter of Mr. John Hasseltine, and was born in Bradford, Massachusetts, in December, 1789. Activity, gayety, and enthusiasm, were her early characteristics. During the period of extreme youth her busy mind and ardent feelings found abundant employment in the social pleasures of the world, which she enjoyed with a *peculiarly keen zest*; but before she was seventeen years old, her attention was aroused to serious subjects, and her religious impressions imbibed all the fervour of her natural character.

In 1810, she became acquainted with Mr. Adoniram Judson, who was then preparing *to engage* in a mission to India, for the conversion of the heathen. A mutual attachment sprung up between them. The situation was peculiar, and somewhat difficult. If she accepted Mr. Judson, she must, of course, consent to leave her home and friends, and go to a far distant clime, in order to try an experiment, the success of which, to say the least, was very uncertain; then there was the conscientious fear that human affection would have more influence than it ought to have, in a step for which she would receive the credit of religious zeal.

The result was her marriage with Mr. Judson, in February, 1812. About a fortnight after the wedding they embarked for India, accompanied by several others, who

had been ordained as missionaries; among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Newell. Mrs. Judson, and Mrs. Harriet Newell were the first women that left America for the purpose of devoting themselves to the cause of missions.

We shall pass over the doubts and encouragements, the trials and triumphs, which fell to their lot, while engaged in this undertaking: Whoever wishes to see an interesting account of the mission, will find it in a small volume written by the Rev. James D. Knowles; a book so universally known, that it scarcely need be mentioned.

We have Mrs. Judson's own testimony that her union was happy. In a letter to her sister, she says: "I find Mr. Judson one of the kindest, most faithful, and affectionate of husbands. His conversation frequently dissipates the gloomy clouds of spiritual darkness which hang over my mind, and brightens my hope of a happy eternity. I hope God will make us instrumental of preparing each other for usefulness in this world, and greater happiness in a future existence.

During the first years of the mission, Mrs. Judson had many inconveniences to encounter, and she met them with a singular degree of patience and energy; but her trials at this period were very largely mingled with blessings and enjoyments. Her real afflictions began with the war between England and the Burman Empire in 1824. On the suspicion of being spies, paid by the English government, Mr. Judson, and several other individuals, were imprisoned and treated with great severity. The weight of this calamity was increased by separation from their friends and fellow-labourers; for they were at Ava, while the main body of the missionaries were at Rangoon.

On the 8th of June, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were preparing for dinner, when in rushed an officer, holding a

black book, with a dozen Burmans, among whom one with a spotted face was immediately recognised as "the son of the prison," or the executioner. This man threw Mr. Judson violently on the floor, and began to bind him with cords.

Mrs. Judson begged him to be merciful, promising to give him money. "Take her too," exclaimed the brutal officer; "she also is a foreigner." Her husband, with an imploring look, entreated that she might remain, at least till they received further orders. They consented to this; and having bound his fetters very tight, they dragged him off, she knew not whither.

She followed, offering them money, and entreating them to loosen the cords a little. Finding her efforts unavailing, she sent Moung Ing (a native convert to whom they were much attached), to make some further exertions for the benefit of the prisoner; but the unfeeling jailer only drew his cords the tighter. Moung Ing returned with the information that the foreigners had been thrown into the *death-prison*. It would be an idle attempt to describe how the night was passed by that wretched wife. A guard of ten ruffians was placed round the house, who spared no pains to insult and terrify her. Their loud carousings and fierce language tormented her till morning, when her worst fears were confirmed by hearing that the prisoners had each three pair of iron fetters, and were fastened to a long pole. Her greatest source of anguish was her inability to make any exertions in their behalf. In vain she begged and entreated permission to state her case to some officers of government. At last she wrote a note to the king's sister, but received it again with the cold reply that the princess could not understand it. Another wearisome day and sleepless night passed heav-

ily on, and brought to her no hope. On the third day she begged to wait upon the governor of the city *with a present*. This was touching the right key. The governor received her graciously, and heard her earnest expostulations against imprisoning Americans, who were a people distinct from the English, and entirely unconnected with their wars. He said it was out of his power to release her husband: he however promised to make him more comfortable, and referred to his head-officer for the means. The officer demanded a secret bribe of one hundred dollars, two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs. The money was paid, and the other articles excused, because she did not own them. This fee gave her access to the prison, but she was not allowed to enter. Mr. Judson crawled to the door and talked with her a few minutes. Even this poor consolation was grudgingly allowed by the jailers, and they soon ordered her to go away, telling her they would drag her off, if she did not.

Again Mrs. Judson sought an interview with a female relative of the royal family. With heart-stirring eloquence she represented the extreme injustice of her husband's case; begged the lady to imagine what would be her own wretchedness in a similar situation; alone and unprotected in a strange land, daily expecting the death of the friend she best loved, and that friend innocent of any crime; and concluded by imploring her mediation with the Queen.

The lady's feelings were touched, and she promised to use her influence. But the hopes thus excited were dashed to the ground, by her Majesty's cool answer, 'The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are."

In the mean time, the property of the foreigners was confiscated. Mrs. Judson, being forewarned of this, secreted as many articles of value as she could. The officers conducted the business with more regard to her feelings than she expected. Seeing her deeply affected, they apologized, by reminding her of the obedience they owed the King, assuring her their duty was a painful one. They left the books, wearing apparel, and medicines. When they had taken all the money they could find, they asked, "Is this all the silver you have?" Mrs. Judson would not resort to a falsehood, even in these trying circumstances: she simply replied, "The house is in your possession; search for yourselves."

Even the sad interviews at the prison gate were now forbidden; and a man who was discovered carrying letters, was beaten and put in the stocks. His release could not be obtained under ten dollars. With the rapacity of despotic governments, every pretext was seized upon to extort money from the unfortunate sufferers; and difficulties were multiplied, for the express purpose of trying how much they would give to be extricated.

The governor of the city was exceedingly angry when he found Mrs. Judson had told of the sum she had given him and his officers, for a slight amelioration in her husband's condition. "You are very bad!" he exclaimed; "Why did you tell of that?" "The royal treasurer asked me; and what could I say?" she replied. "Say you gave me nothing." "My religion forbids a lie. Had you stood by me with your dagger raised, I could not have said what you suggest." Upon this, the governor's wife immediately took her part, saying she liked such sincerity. This lady ever after continued a firm friend to Mrs. Judson; and the governor

was pacified by the present of a beautiful opera-glass, which had lately been sent from England.

For the seven succeeding months, Mrs. Judson daily continued her importunate entreaties to different members of the royal family, and various branches of the government. Sometimes, she was cheered with a ray of hope, which only made the succeeding darkness more insupportable. During this period, she suffered under every species of oppression: all the officers, from the highest to the lowest, taxed their ingenuity to invent schemes of extortion.

Liberty to go to the prison was gained by reiterated presents to those in authority; but often, for days in succession, she was not allowed to go till after dark, although it was two miles from her residence.

In a letter to her husband's brother, after relating these particulars, she says: "Oh, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair, which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavoured to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment, my thoughts would glance towards my beloved friends in America—but for nearly a year and a half every thought was so entirely engrossed with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava."

The only commander, who had any success against the British forces, was Bandoola; and he, consequently, had almost unlimited influence with the king. As a last resource, Mrs. Judson resolved to apply to this officer for

the release of the missionaries; although some cautioned her against this step, lest being reminded of them, he should order their instant execution. The petition was received graciously; but her excited hopes were soon dashed, by a message stating that the city of Rangoon must be retaken before Bandoola could attend to her cause.

The unhappy wife was, however, allowed to make a little bamboo room within the prison inclosures, where she could sometimes spend two or three hours with her husband.

The birth of a little daughter interrupted these visits; and as she could not during her illness make daily presents, and offer daily petitions, the cause of the prisoners lost ground. Besides this, the total defeat of Bandoola exasperated the government still more against all foreigners. The missionaries were removed to an inner prison, in five pair of fetters each, and deprived of their mats, pillows, &c.

Mrs. Judson's babe was not two months old, when she received these tidings. She immediately repaired to the governor, but was sent away with the assurance that he could not help her. But she persevered until she obtained an audience. With pathetic eloquence she reminded him of his former kindness, of his promise to stand by her to the last, and never, under any circumstances, allow Mr. Judson to be put to death. The old man melted into tears, as he listened to her impassioned entreaties. "I pity you," said he; "I knew you would make me feel; and therefore I ordered that you should not be admitted. Believe me, I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least I can do is to keep them out of

sight. Three times I have received intimations to murder them privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will save your husband. But I cannot release him,—and you must not ask it."

It was the hot season of that burning climate, and a multitude of prisoners were confined in one room. The consequence was universal debility and loss of appetite. Mr. Judson was seized with a fever, which threatened to terminate his life.

Mrs. Judson entreated permission to attend upon him; and the governor, worn out by her importunities, consented that he should be removed to a little bamboo hut, where she could nurse him. The hovel was too low to admit of standing upright; but to people in their circumstances it seemed a delightful abode. She was sometimes driven out by the brutal jailers; but in general she was able to stay two hours together with her suffering companion.

This gleam of consolation soon vanished. At the end of two or three days, the governor sent to call her from one of these visits. Much alarmed, she hastened to obey the summons. He said he only wanted to consult with her about his watch; but she afterwards found that his object was to detain her until the white prisoners were carried away from the city.

For many months her feelings had been disconsolate enough; but when she heard of this new affliction, her agony amounted almost to distraction. She ran hither and thither, inquiring of every one she met; but no one would tell where the prisoners had been conveyed. At last, an old woman said they were to be carried to Amarapora. The governor confirmed this, pleading the necessity of obedience to the king, and his ignorance of

he intentions of government. "You can do no more for your husband," said he; "take care of yourself."

This was indeed a moment of despair. Even the miserable little bamboo prison had become an object of love and pleasant association: now all within it was silent and cheerless. The melancholy occupation of watching the invalid, of preparing his medicines and food, had ceased. He was carried off, she knew not whither, nor for what dreadful purpose. It can easily be conjectured what resolution was taken by a woman of her strong heart. She determined to follow her husband. The governor's charge to take care of herself implied personal danger; and this became more evident by his wish that she should not leave Ava until after dark, when he promised to send a man to open the gates.

She sailed for Amarapora in a covered boat, with her little infant, two adopted Burman children, and a Bengalee cook. The day was dreadfully hot, but they proceeded in tolerable comfort, till within two miles of the government-house. They were then obliged to take a cart and jostle over the dust under a scorching sun. When they arrived there, they found the prisoners had been sent on two hours before; and it became necessary to go four miles further, in the same uncomfortable manner, with a baby in her weary arms.

On her arrival at Oung-pen-la, she found Mr. Judson in a state of deplorable misery. The prisoners had been tied together two and two, and driven along in the heat of the day, till their feet bled at every step. One of them died in consequence of this treatment. Mr. Judson, still suffering under the remains of his fever, narrowly escaped death. His anxious wife, almost exhausted with fatigue and wretchedness, could obtain no refreshment for him or herself.

His first words were, "I hoped you would not follow me; for you cannot live here." The corner of a filthy hut furnished shelter for the night, and after drinking a little half-boiled water, Mrs. Judson lay down upon a mat and slept.

In this abode she spent the next six months; without any furniture, even a chair, or seat of any kind.

The very morning after her arrival at Oung-pen-la, the Burman child, who was able to assist in the care of the babe, was taken with the small pox. No assistance, or medicine, could be procured. All day long Mrs. Judson was going from the prison to the hut, and from the hut to the prison, with her infant in her arms. Sometimes she obtained a little relief by leaving the child asleep with its father. The little Burman was delirious with a raging fever, and the babe took her dreadful disorder. This was a load of misery that seems almost too much for mortal strength. The children at last recovered; but Mrs. Judson sunk under her extraordinary exertions. She became so weak as to be scarcely able to walk to the prison. In this debilitated state she set off in a cart for Ava, in order to procure some medicines she had left there. There her disorder became so violent, that she had no hope of recovery. She says: "My only anxiety now was to return to Oung-pen-la, *to die near the prison.*" Frequent doses of laudanum so far subdued the disease, that the sufferer was enabled to set off. It was in the rainy season, and the oxen, that dragged the heavy cart, were half buried in mud.

Nature was almost exhausted, when she arrived at Oung-pen-la. The good native cook was so much affected by her emaciated appearance, that he burst into tears. This faithful creature seemed to be the only solace left in

their forlorn condition. The babe, deprived of her usual nourishment by her mother's illness, was a source of constant anxiety, particularly as no nurse could be obtained. By making presents to the jailers, Mr. Judson obtained leave to carry the poor famishing thing round the village, and appeal to the compassion of mothers. Sometimes, too, the almost dying wife was indulged in the "unspeakable consolation" of seeing her husband for a little while. But, in general, they suffered under the same system of extortion and petty tyranny.

The execution of the prisoners was prevented by the death of the king's brother, who had sent word to keep them, till he came to witness it: luckily for their peace of mind, they did not know of this circumstance till the danger was past. At last, the hour of deliverance came. The English, uniformly victorious, compelled the Burmans to submit to such terms as they proposed; and their first demand was the release of all English and American captives. How joyfully these tidings must have sounded, after such a long, dark season of despondency! Mrs. Judson says: "It was on a cool, moonlight evening in the month of March, 1826, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. For the first time, for more than a year and a half, we felt that we were free."

Sir Archibald Campbell, the English commander, treated them with the utmost respect and attention. A tent near his own was erected for them while they remained in the camp, and a large gun-boat was provided to convey them in safety to Rangoon.

It may well be imagined that their friends received

them with great joy, after being entirely ignorant of their fate for nearly two years. During the latter part of their captivity, Mrs. Judson had twice been brought to the very brink of the grave: indeed, once, after their removal from Oung-pen-la, before they came under the protection of the English, she was supposed to be quite dead. These shocks had enfeebled her constitution; but she was restored to tolerable health, and was able to nurse her feeble little infant.

Soon after their return to Rangoon, Mr. Judson was obliged to leave her for a short time, on business connected with the missionary establishment. In a letter to her mother, he says: "Our parting was much less painful than many others had been. We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes, that a separation of three or four months, attended with no hazards to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted, therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy re-union, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness. In a letter to me dated 14th of September, my wife wrote, 'For the first time, since we were broken up at Ava, I feel myself at home. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where Papa is, she always starts up and points toward the sea. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you to your new and old home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann.'"

This was the last letter the wanderer received. The home to which he returned was desolate indeed.

Early in December, Mrs. Judson was attacked with a violent fever, which continued more or less severe until she died. During her illness, she expressed regret at

leaving her schools before other missionaries arrived; but her head was much affected, and for the last few days she said but little. Once she murmured, "The teacher is long in coming: I must die alone, and leave my little one; but I acquiesce in the will of God. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of all things till he returns." When unable to notice anything else, she still asked to see her child, and charged the nurse to indulge it in everything, until its father came home. At eight o'clock on the evening of the 24th of December, with one exclamation of distress, in the Burman language, she expired.

In letters written soon after her decease, Mr. Judson says: "The news of the death of my beloved wife has thrown a gloom over all my future prospects, and forever embittered the recollection of the present journey, in consequence of which I was absent from her dying bed, and prevented from affording the spiritual comfort her lonely circumstances peculiarly required: and of contributing to avert the fatal catastrophe, which has deprived me of the first of women and the best of wives.

"It affords me some comfort, that she not only consented to my leaving her, but uniformly gave her advice in favour of the measure, whenever I hesitated concerning my duty. The doctor thinks her last illness was occasioned by the severe privations, and long protracted sufferings, she had undergone. With what meekness, patience, magnanimity and Christian fortitude, did she endure those sufferings! But can I wish they had been less? Can I wish to rob her crown of a single gem?

Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world; and eminently was she qualified to enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere, in which she was singularly qualified, by her natural disposition, her winning manners, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable to the cause of Christ; true, she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this afflicting dispensation."

One of the English prisoners, who had been confined with Mr. Judson, pays the following tribute to the memory of this excellent woman:

"Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any, who knew the inflexible pride of the Burman court.

"The overflowing of my grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane woman, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

"While the government left us destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply. When our tattered clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe. When the

unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate the grateful news of our enlargement, or of some respite from our galling oppressions." * * * *

In a few short months, good angels carried the little orphan Maria to the mother by whom she was so fondly loved. They are placed side by side in that distant land, under the wide-spreading branches of the Hope-tree.* Two marbles, erected by the Board of Missions, commemorate departed innocence and virtue.

* Hopia.

MRS. EXPERIENCE WEST,

WIFE OF REV. DR. SAMUEL WEST.

"His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage."

All who reside in that part of Massachusetts called "the old Colony," remember Father West. He was born in Yarmouth, in 1730. He remained with his respectable parents, and laboured on their farm, till he was past twenty years of age. His extraordinary capacity for learning attracted the attention of some intelligent and benevolent men, by whose assistance he was enabled to enter Harvard University. His whole soul was so entirely engrossed by study, that he neglected the usual courtesies of life. When he walked to Cambridge, to be examined for admission to the college, he took off his shoes and stockings, and slung them over his shoulder, to relieve his hot and dusty feet. A scholar who offered himself in this style, of course excited some merriment; but the government soon found that he was not a proper object for ridicule; he disputed with them about Greek and Latin derivations, till they were obliged to yield to their uncouth pupil.

His talents and erudition gave him a very distinguished rank in his class. In 1764, he was ordained at New Bedford, where he remained pastor forty-three years. He was one of the first men in New England for pro-

found scriptural knowledge; but he was not a popular preacher.

His mind was so absorbed in metaphysics, that he would continue an argument with his pupils from Monday morning till Saturday night, and on the next Monday morning take up the thread exactly where he had left it. No wonder his attention was somewhat abstracted from his sermons! It is said that he often preached the same discourse week after week. Upon one occasion, his daughter, finding the people were very weary of a sermon about Zaccheus in the tree, turned down the leaf upon a new text and left the Bible open on his desk, the next Sabbath: Father West, unconscious of the manœuvre, preached on the passage she had pointed out; every sentence of Scripture was so familiar to his memory, that preparation was unnecessary.

This abstractedness of mind naturally made him very peculiar in his domestic habits. Innumerable stories are told of his eccentricities. Among other things, he is said to have been seen going to mill with the corn on his own back while he led the horse. Indeed nothing could exceed his awkwardness in all the common affairs of life; he could remember nothing except what was contained in books.

The wonder is that he should ever have married anything but a Hebrew Grammar. Fortunately, his absence of mind did not extend to matrimony; and his good luck, or his discrimination, led him to choose a very intelligent, prudent, amiable woman, who knew how to appreciate his talents and respect his virtues, while her discreet management supplied all his deficiencies.

He was sensible of her worth, and praised it in his own odd way. In allusion to her tall stature, he used

often to say to his friends, "I have found by *long experience* that it is good to be married."

Doctor West was a zealous whig; during the revolutionary struggle, he wrote many powerful articles for the newspapers. He deciphered the famous letter of Doctor Church, which exposed to the enemy the particular state of the American army; after puzzling over it several days he suddenly thought of the solution at midnight, and jumping from his bed, he capered about the room, exclaiming, like Archimedes, "I have got it! I have got it!"

In person and manners Doctor West bore a strong resemblance to the celebrated Doctor Johnson. The epithet of *Father*, was universally bestowed upon him; it probably originated in veneration for his extraordinary powers of mind, and the honesty, sincerity, and benevolence of his heart.

LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON,

WIFE OF MR. ISAAC JOHNSON.

Although the History of Lady Arabella Johnson is familiar to every one, it would be wrong to omit all mention of her well-tried and faithful affection, in a book intended as a monument to exemplary wives. She was daughter of Thomas, Earl of Lincoln; a family which Mather pronounces "The best of any nobleman then in England."

The Lady Arabella married Mr. Isaac Johnson, an intelligent and pious gentleman, conscientiously devoted to the cause of civil and religious freedom. His heroic wife entered zealously into his views, although she was perfectly aware that they must be pursued at the sacrifice of personal indulgence and worldly splendour.

She left her magnificent home, and cheerfully accompanied her husband to the wilderness of New England. They arrived at Salem, then called Naumkeag, in the ship Arabella, April, 1630.

Winthrop, in his Journal, praises the conduct of the ladies on board, at a time when they expected a battle with a fleet of Dunkirkers: He says, "It was much to see how cheerful and comfortable all the company appeared: not a woman or child that showed fear, though all did apprehend the danger to have been great."—Luckily, their fortitude was not put to the severest proof: for on a near approach the vessels proved to be friends.

Mr. Isaac Johnson is generally considered the founder of Boston; and though he was not long spared to the infant colony, no one will dispute his right to a title, which he gained by discreet counsels, active services, and generous funds. His wife cheered him onward in the arduous path of duty, never complaining of privations, or mourning over lost indulgences.

Her excellent character and gentle manners gained universal respect and attachment; and in the records of those times, her name is always mentioned with veneration.

Her health began to fail soon after her arrival in New England; and she died in the beginning of September, 1630. Her husband did not sorrow as one without hope, but as for one for whom *this* world affords no consolation. He endeavoured to perform the duties of his station, as faithfully, if not as cheerfully, as he had done. His whole deportment spoke Christian resignation, but it was plain to all who saw him, that his heart was ever with her who had loved him so well.

God, in his mercy, soon restored them to each other; Mr. Johnson survived Lady Arabella, little more than a month. "He was," says Winthrop, "a holy and wise man, and died in sweet peace."

MRS. WINTHROP,

WIFE OF HON. JOHN WINTHROP.

Those who do not smile at all expressions of mutual affection in print, will find pleasure in the following correspondence between the first Governor of Massachusetts and his excellent lady. We are so apt to regard our forefathers only as men stern and inflexible in their sense of duty, that it is indeed refreshing to soften the picture with the mild colouring of domestic happiness. These letters are peculiarly interesting; because the writers had been many years married, and had arrived at that sober meridian of life, when the worldly and the profligate would make us believe that love is considered as the mere idle dream of youth.

[The following letter was probably written in 1624, or 1625.]

"Most dear and loving Husband,—I cannot express my love to you as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you could see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided by God in all

our ways, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait upon him with patience, who is all sufficient for me. Desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Farewell.

Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP."

[In 1627, or 1628.]

"MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavours! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David; 'I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord.' I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though

they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which I shall pray.

Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.

Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP."

"I did dine at Groton Hall yesterday; they are in health, and remember their love. We did wish you there but that would not bring you, and I could not be merry without thee."

[1629.]

"MY GOOD WIFE,—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet, having so fit opportunity, I must needs write to thee again; for I do esteem one little sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last was) to be well worthy two or three from me.

I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been large, but was so taken up by company and business, as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavour that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favour and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

"I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remenber our Saviour tells us 'Be of good comfort, I have overcome the world." Therefore, my sweet wife, raise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise: but still fly to him, who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to his holy will, in the course he hath set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all

thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

"Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest,

Thy faithful husband,

JOHN WINTHROP."

[1629.]

"MOST LOVING AND GOOD HUSBAND,—I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love, and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, 'out of sight, out of mind.' I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to 'to do you good and not evil all the days of my life.' I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for thy absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

"And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord,

Your loving and obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP."

[After having decided upon coming to New England, Mr. Winthrop writes thus, in 1629.]

"I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments; for if thou wert as wise as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater, because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee, for a ground of contentment, is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in him, and resigning thyself quietly to his good pleasure. The best course is

to turn all our reasons and discourse into prayers; for he only can help, who is Lord of sea and land, and hath sole power over life and death. So I kiss my sweet wife, and rest,

Thy faithful husband,

Jo. WINTHROP."

[FEBRUARY 14, 1629.]

"MY SWEET WIFE,—The opportunity of so fit a messenger, and my deep engagement of affection to thee, makes me write at this time, though I hope to follow soon after. The Lord our God hath oft brought us together with comfort, when we have been long absent; and, if it be good for us, he will do so still. When I was in Ireland, he brought us together again. When I was sick here at London, he restored us together again. How many dangers near death hast thou been in thyself! and yet the Lord hath granted me to enjoy thee still. If he did not watch over us, we need not go over sea to seek death, or misery; we should meet it at every step; in every journey. And is not he a God abroad as well as at home? Is not his power and providence the same in New England that it hath been in Old England?

"My good wife, trust in the Lord. He will be better to thee than any husband, and will restore thee thy husband with advantage. I bless thee and ours, and rest,

Thine ever, Jo. WINTHROP."

"Thou must be my Valentine, for none hath challenged me."*

"MY MOST DEAR HUSBAND,—I should not now omit any opportunity of writing to thee, considering I shall not

* The writer was past forty years old.

long have thee to write unto. But, by reason of my unfitness at this time, I must entreat thee to accept of a few lines from me, and not impute it to any want of love, or neglect of duty to thee, to whom I owe more than I ever shall be able to express.

"My request now shall be to the Lord to prosper thee in thy voyage, and enable thee and fit thee for it, and give all graces and gifts for such employments as he shall call thee to. I trust God will once more bring us together before you go, that we may see each other with gladness, and take a solemn leave, till we, through the goodness of our God, shall meet in New England, which will be a joyful day to us. With my best wishes to God for thy health and welfare, I take my leave and rest, thy faithful, obedient wife, MARGARET WINTHROP."

MARCH, 1629.

"MINE OWN DEAR HEART,—I must confess thou hast overcome me with thy exceeding great love, and those abundant expressions of it in thy sweet letters, which savour of more than an ordinary spirit of love and piety. Blessed be the Lord our God, that gives strength and comfort to thee to undergo this great trial, which I must confess, would be too heavy for thee, if the Lord did not put under his hand in so gracious a measure. Let this experience of his faithfulness to thee in this first trial, be a ground to establish thy heart to believe and expect his help in all that may follow. It grieveth me much, that I want time and freedom of mind to discourse with thee, my faithful yokefellow, in those things which thy sweet letters offer me so plentiful occasion for. I beseech the Lord, I may have liberty to supply it, ere I depart; for I cannot thus leave thee. * * *

"Mine only best beloved, I beseech the good Lord to take care of thee and thine; to seal up his loving kindness to thy soul; to fill thee with the sweet comfort of his presence, that may uphold thee in this time of trial; and grant that we may see the faces of each other again in the time expected. So, loving thee truly, and tender of thy welfare, studying to bestow thee safe, where I may have thee again, I leave thee in the arms of our sweet Saviour. Ever thine,

Jo. WINTHROP."

[From the Arabella, riding at the Cowes, he thus writes.]

MARCH 28th, 1630.

"MY FAITHFUL AND DEAR WIFE.—And now I must once again take my farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near my heart to leave thee. I know to whom I have committed thee; even to him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who, if it be for his glory, will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart, to think, that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living;—that lovely countenance, that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content!

"I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, we are assured that we shall meet one day, in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Commend my blessing to my son John. Tell him I have committed thee and thine to him. Labour to draw him yet nearer to God, and he will be the surer staff of comfort to thee.

Thine wheresoever, Jo. WINTHROP.

[While the vessel was riding before the Isle of Wight, he again writes:]

"My love, my joy, my faithful one,—I suppose thou didst not expect to have any more letters from me till the return of our ships; but so is the good pleasure of God, that the winds should not serve yet to carry us hence. I desire to resign myself wholly to his gracious disposing. Oh, that I had a heart so to do, and to trust perfectly in him for his assistance in all our ways.

"This is the third letter I have written to thee since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears. Oh, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but (if it be possible) I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this wish. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God, in his good time, will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loth I am to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell. I take thee and my dear children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God.

Thy faithful husband, Jo. Winthrop."

After Mr. Winthrop arrived in New England, his letters to his wife breathe the same affectionate spirit, and earnest wish for her society.

She followed her husband in about a year. In a letter to her son, announcing her approaching departure from England, she writes: "Mr. Wilson is now in London. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all he hath

taken this pains to come and fetch her. 'I marvel wha mettle she is made of."

Governor Winthrop and his lady met in safety, and lived long to bless the colony, to whose interests they had devoted themselves.

In manners, they were dignified, but condescending; and in character truly upright and benevolent. Being once informed that a poor man stole his wood, the Governor replied in seeming anger, that he would soon cure him of stealing. When the man appeared, he said, "Friend, It is a severe winter, and I hear you are poor. Help yourself from my pile till the winter is over." He afterwards said to his informer, "Have I not put a stop to his stealing?"

Governor Winthrop was elected again and again, until worn out with toils, he died in the sixty-third year of his age, March, 1649. Though rich when he came to this country, he died poor.

It is unnecessary here to pay a tribute to his exalted character; his name adorns the history with which it is so honourably associated.

MADAME REISKE.

WIFE OF JOHN JAMES REISKE.

J. J. Reiske, a very distinguished German philologist, was born at Zorbig, a small village in Saxony, in 1716. This colossus of languages was the son of a tanner, who could not afford to do much for his education. He studied by himself, without method, but with abundance of zeal. His talents and learning soon became known, and obtained for him an easy access to valuable libraries; but a rash temper, and blunt independence of manner, embroiled him in continual quarrels, and kept him poor; so poor, that he knew not sometimes where to obtain bread. But although, during his lifetime, Reiske might have said, with the scholar in the Old Drama,—"*I know not what good my learning doth me, except that I can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin*"—yet he was proudly conscious that permanent fame would be his sure inheritance; and his hopes have not been disappointed. It may seem strange that a man so remarkably industrious, and possessing such a vast fund of erudition, should ever have been in need. But in the first place, he wrote books which few people in the world wished to buy, and still fewer knew how to appreciate; secondly, his aged mother was supported out of his hard earnings; the third, and perhaps the strongest reason of all, was that he always preferred the claims of the mind to those of the body,—he could not refrain

from buying an Arabic MS. even when it left him nothing to purchase a dinner.

In 1758 fortune became weary of persecuting this laborious student; he obtained a moderate, but certain income, by being appointed rector of the school of St. Nicholas.

In 1768, he married Earnestine Christiana Müller, a virtuous, and intelligent lady, of highly respectable family. He saw her with her brother at Leipsic, in 1755. Her modesty, amiability, and love of learned men, made a deep impression on his heart; and he was so fortunate as to inspire a reciprocal attachment. Various obstacles delayed their union, and interrupted their epistolary correspondence. Perhaps the story will be best told in a translation of his own words: "About the time that the first part of my German Demosthenes was published, an unexpected, happy incident occurred; it was to solicit the heart and hand of my present beloved wife. The negotiation was conducted by letters. Personal presence was unnecessary, for we had known each other nine years. Adverse accidents, and the calamities of war, had interrupted our intercourse, and brought me, as I thought, to the fixed resolution never to marry. But as unhoped-for unions do come to pass, I believed that the hand of God might be seen in these things. We both learned, at the same time, that we had been mistaken concerning each other, for each of us supposed that the other had been married; our old affection was once more awakened, and I renounced my resolution of remaining single. God has decreed, as a compensation for my past griefs, that I should at last be blessed in a happy marriage.

"I endeavour to conduct as a true friend toward my wife, and to make her destiny as agreeable as I can, after

the many crosses she has endured for our union's sake Her deportment towards me fills me with thankful happiness, for which I praise our Creator; I bestow this commendation for the best reasons, and from the sincere conviction of my heart.

"May God, who brought us together, in a manner singular and unexpected, still preserve our lives, (as long as shall suit his wisdom) in undisturbed harmony, constant health, true love, perfect fidelity to each other, and unceasing endeavours to promote our mutual happiness; that our pilgrimage through this wearisome world may be as quiet and joyful as human imperfection will admit."

Reiske affixed his wife's portrait to his learned and excellent edition of the Greek Orators. In the preface to his first volume, he speaks with much gratitude and affection, of the assistance she rendered him in comparing the numerous editions and manuscripts, which he used to correct the text.

"She is," says he, "a modest and frugal woman: she loves me, and my literary employments, and is an industrious and skilful assistant. Induced by affection for me, she applied herself to the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition. She knew neither of these languages when we were married; but she was soon able to lighten the multifarious and very severe labours to be performed in this undertaking. The Aldine and Pauline editions she alone compared; also the fourth Augustine edition. As I had taught her the Erasmian pronunciation, she read first to me the Morellian copy, while I read those in manuscript. She laboured unweariedly in arranging, correcting, and preparing my confused copy for the press. As I deeply feel, and publicly express, my gratitude for her aid, so I trust that present and future generations may hold her name in honoured remembrance."

Toward the conclusion of the same preface, he again recurs to this subject. He observes: "Although I add or alter something, as each day suggests, the greater part of my work is now prepared and distinctly arranged. If fate should remove me this day, the web could be filled up; and my wife would not permit my reputation to be impaired, or the expectations of subscribers to be disappointed. Eighteen months had elapsed, after my prospectus was issued, when, beginning to despair of success, I determined to return the money advanced by subscribers; there were scarcely half a dozen of them. But my wife interceded. She was aware that her own comforts would be diminished, or greatly endangered, by my hazardous undertaking; yet she exhorted me to fulfil my duty to the republic of letters, and to hope better things than I was wont to do from the liberality of the age; bidding me trust in God, who knew how to smooth the roughest path, and to bring unlooked for succour in the time of need. Thus urged, I ventured to risk all. I purchased manuscripts, hired a printer, and put my work in press. Meantime a few more subscribers came in; but what they contributed was small indeed compared with the sum I advanced from my own pocket."

The following account is given by Mrs. Reiske, in a note to the memoirs: "When the work went to the press, only twenty dollars of the subscription money had come in. The good man was quite struck down with this, and seemed to have thrown away all hope. His grief went to my soul. I comforted him as well as I could. I persuaded him to sell my jewels; to which he at last agreed, after I had convinced him that a few shining stones were not necessary to my happiness."

It is evident that the animadversions on the Greek

Orators was Reiske's favourite work. Other things he did, because he was obliged to do them for the booksellers; a kind of literary employment, which binds down many an intellectual Gulliver, with the pitiful Lilliputian threads of immediate profit. Oh, why, why is it that genius should so often be compelled to sell its glorious birthright of freedom for a daily mess of pottage!

The learned enthusiast thus speaks of his darling project: "I printed five volumes, which cost me one thousand dollars, of which I have never seen more than one hundred again. I have, however, enough for five volumes more; and I should go quietly out of the world, if I could once see them printed. They are *flos ingenii mei;* (supposing it to be allowed that my genius has any flowers) and sure I am, that little as their worth is now known, the time will come when justice will be done them. Should they come out in my lifetime, it will pay me for all my trouble; if they should not, an ever-waking God will take care that no impious hand seizes on my work, and makes it his own. Perhaps some honourable, God-fearing man, may hereafter arise, who will publish them unadulterated to my posthumous fame, and for the good of literature. Such is my wish—such are my prayers to God—and he will hear those prayers."

In January, 1770, he writes: "Children I have none; but my manuscripts, my fatherless *blue coats*, are my children. Of all earthly things they are nearest to my heart. Will there be found an honest, affectionate heart, to take care of them after my death? I have done all I could; and as long as I live I will not cease doing all I can to help them forward.

"God will take care of my good wife. Her excellent qualities and attainments are a sufficient security that she

will be provided for. I have taken all the care of her well-being that it was possible for me to do."

Speaking of this passage in his life, Mrs. Reiske observes: "The melancholy, to which he had been subject from a child, here breaks out again. As the work sold very ill, particularly toward the end of his life, the disorder went on increasing, and in the end did its work."

It is gratifying to know that wishes which lay so near the scholar's heart were realized: his beloved manuscripts were published after his death.

He departed this life on the 14th of August, 1774.

On his death-bed he spoke of his learned works as mere trifles; saying his only hope was in the consciousness of having walked uprightly before God.

Reiske wrote his own memoirs with a remarkable degree of candour and simplicitity; I believe no other human being ever spoke of himself with such perfect impartiality. Through all his faults, and all his eccentricities, there runs such a rich vein of integrity, generosity, frankness, and perfect kindness of heart, that we are willing to believe all his wife's testimony in his favour. She completed his unfinished memoirs, in a manner which proves strong attachment for him, and great respect for his memory. She says: "The highest degree of rectitude, which laid open every fold of his heart—which never excused in himself what he would not have excused in his greatest enemy—which, satisfied of the wickedness of mankind, avoided their falsehood; yet wished them every good, and did them every good in his power—such was the character of my friend. He often blamed himself in cases where he deserved no blame, and spoke feelingly of his own unworthiness.

"I shall be forgiven for letting all remain, that the

good man has written in my praise. These testimonies of his kindness were so dear to me, that I *could* not strike them out."

Reiske provided for her comfort, as far as he was able, by subscribing to the widow's fund, soon after their marriage. She was highly respected, and she richly deserved it. Some of her husband's works, published after his decease, were dedicated to her.

She died of apoplexy, at Kemberg, her native place, in July, 1798, aged sixty-three.

ARRIA,

WIFE OF PŒTUS.

Pœtus, a senator of Padua, in the reign of Claudius, being accused of treason, escaped from Rome, accompanied by his wife, who was devotedly attached to him. Their place of retreat was discovered, and ruin seemed inevitable. Arria met this painful crisis with firmness; only entreating that she might be permitted to share her husband's fate. It was not until this request was refused, that she gave way to tears. When the officers of justice absolutely forbade her to accompany Pœtus, and when she found all her efforts to excite compassion entirely fruitless, then indeed her misery knew no bounds. But her resolution did not forsake her. She offered a large sum of money to the owners of a fishing-boat, if they would take her on board and follow the vessel that contained her husband. Tempted by the promised reward, the fishermen consented to her proposition, and conveyed her safely to Rome. The senate, admiring her energy and strong affection, consented that she should be her husband's companion in prison. Here she gave way to no useless expressions of sorrow, but exerted herself to the utmost to support his spirits, and enliven his solitude, by her own cheerful fortitude.

When, at last, no hope of pardon remained, she urged him to avoid the ignominy of public execution by suicide. The advice was in accordance with the blind

courage of those ancient times, when the light of the Gospel was just dawning, and men had not learned the duty of perfect resignation to the will of God; but Pœtus, reluctant to part from her he loved, and perhaps still clinging to some faint hope of deliverance, resisted her entreaties. Finding her arguments ineffectual, she drew a dagger from her robe, and plunged it in her heart; then offering the weapon to her husband, with a gentle smile, she said, "It pains not, my Pœtus."

Existence had now no value for the unhappy man—with one desperate stroke his spirit followed hers.

EPONINA,

WIFE OF JULIUS SABINUS.

JULIUS SABINUS, a nobleman of Gaul, revolted from Vespasian, and allowed the troops to address him as Emperor. Being defeated in his bold undertaking, he set fire to his house, and caused the report to be spread that he had perished in the flames. After this, he hid himself in a large cavern of white marble and granite, about fifteen miles from Rome. Two of his freedmen were intrusted with the secret: and to their kind attentions the fugitive was for some time indebted for the most common necessaries of life. Eponina, believing her husband was dead, gave herself up to most heart-rending grief. When the freedmen told Sabinus she had passed three days and three nights without food, he authorized them to inform her that he yet lived. These joyful tidings restored her at once to hope and happiness. She could hardly summon sufficient prudence to wait for the approach of night, before she set off for the cavern. The delight which her husband felt at seeing her, was mingled with anxiety and fear. He strenuously resisted her wish to remain with him in the cavern, on the ground that her absence from home would lead to detection, and involve them in ruin. This argument had its effect; Eponina contented herself with visiting him privately, and providing everything she could for his comfort and amusement. But as time passed on, and the fate of Sabinus seemed to be for-

gotten, she acted with less caution; often venturing to stay with him several months, under the pretence of visiting her relations. Always affectionate and cheerful, she enlivened her husband's dreary abode, and made him almost contented with his lot.

Twin children were born to them in the cavern; and the innocent prattle of these little ones was a new source of pleasure. Thus nine years past away, and their fears had settled into quiet security. But alas, the frequent absence of Eponina was observed by her husband's enemies, and her footsteps were traced to the cavern. Sabinus was dragged from his long concealment, and carried before the enraged emperor. His wife followed, in a state bordering on despair. She fell at Vespasian's feet, with her children, and begged for mercy, in a tone inspired by deep love and bitter agony; and the little twins, affected by their mother's sorrow, joined in her supplications. The people could not refrain from tears at this heart-stirring scene; and even the emperor turned away his face to conceal his emotions. Then arose the loud voice of the multitude, "Pardon! Great Cæsar! Pardon this wretched and faithful pair!"

Vespasian was angry at this public compassion toward a rebel, and he ordered Sabinus and his wife to be immediately beheaded. When Eponina found there was no hope of mercy, she burst into a strain of impassioned eloquence. "Know, Vespasian," she exclaimed, "that in fulfilling my duy, and prolonging the days of your victim, I have enjoyed, in that dark cavern, years of happiness, which you, upon your splendid throne, will never know."

The only favour she could obtain, was leave to send her poor children a lock of their father's hair, her own

picture, and some papers giving an account of their love and their misfortunes.

After the death of their parents, the orphans were confined in a tower on the borders of the Tiber. The affectionate little ones refused all consolation, and absolutely pined away with grief. Day and night they moaned for their father and mother, and one morning they were found dead in each other's arms.

This affecting story has furnished a subject to many tragic poets. A painting representing the interview with Vespasian, received a prize from the National Institute of France.

MADAME LAFAYETTE,

WIFE OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

When La Fayette was imprisoned at Olmutz, in 1793, by the Austrian government, he was informed that he would never again see anything but the four walls of his cell. Even the jailers were forbidden to mention his name, and in the government despatches he was signified merely by a number. No visiters could gain access to him; no newspapers were allowed; and it was impossible for him to gain the least information concerning the fate of his family.

His wife, for a long time uncertain of his existence, was immured in the prisons of Paris, daily expecting to be led to the scaffold, where the greater part of her family had already suffered. During this alarming crisis, she spent much of her time in prayer. The death of Robespierre saved her; but she did not regain her liberty for some time after. The first use she made of her freedom was to set off for Vienna, with an American passport, and under a feigned name.

Here she succeeded in exciting the compassion of Prince de Rossenberg, by whose means she obtained an audience with the Emperor. She pleaded strongly for the release of her husband on the grounds of common justice and humanity, and urged her strong desire to see him restored to his family. The emperor said it was out of his power to grant her request, but he was willing she

and her two daughters, (then about twelve and fifteen years of age,) should enliven the prisoner by taking up their abode with him. This indulgence was gratefully accepted, and the long-separated friends were restored to each other.

Madame La Fayette was deeply affected at the emaciated figure and pale countenance of her husband. She found him suffering under annoyances much worse than she had feared.

She wished to write to the Emperor; but this was refused. She made applications for redress in other quarters, but received no answer, except, "Madame La Fayette has submitted to share the captivity of her husband. It is her own choice."

At length, her health, already impaired by sixteen months' imprisonment in Paris, began to give way. She solicited permission to go to Vienna, to breathe pure air, and consult a physician. During two months she received no reply; but, at last, she was informed that the emperor permitted her to go out, upon condition that she never returned to the prison.

Being desired to signify her choice in writing, she wrote as follows.

"I considered it a duty to my family and friends to desire the assistance necessary for my health; but they well know it cannot be accepted by me at the price attached to it. I cannot forget that while we were on the point of perishing, myself by the tyranny of Robespierre, and my husband by the physical and moral sufferings of captivity, I was not permitted to obtain any intelligence of him, nor to acquaint him that his children and myself were yet alive; and I shall not expose myself to the horrors of another separation. Whatever then may be the state of my health, and the inconveniences of

this abode for my daughters, we will gratefully avail ourselves of his Imperial Majesty's generosity, in permitting us to partake this captivity in all its circumstances."

After this, Madame La Fayette, fearful of being separated from her husband, refrained from making any complaint; although the air of the prison was so fœtid, that the soldiers, who brought food, covered their faces when they opened the door.

The excellent man to whom our country owes so much, continued at Olmutz four years.

The unsuccessful efforts to effect his escape, made by Henry Bollman, a young German, and Francis Huger, a South Carolinian, (whose father had first received Lafayette when he came to the United States) are too universally known to be repeated here. Joseph Russell, Esq., of Boston, was in Paris during the reign of Robespierre, and by his aid, the son, George Washington Lafayette, came to America, where he remained till his family were in safety.

After much equivocation and delay, the intervention of General Bonaparte released the prisoners from Austrian power. Lafayette resided in Hamburg and Holstein for a time, and then returned to France, after an absence of eight years.

His wife belonged to the noble family of Noailles. Her character was patient, gentle, and affectionate; and she was, of course, much beloved by her husband and children.

During her various imprisonments, surrounded by an accumulation of horrors, her health received a shock, from which it never recovered. She died in 1807.

COUNTESS SEGUR.

Count Segur, the elder, pays the following tribute to the memory of his wife: "What comfort and support she was to me under my greatest calamities! She was my secretary, and wrote the whole of my Universal History under my dictation; for I was then almost blind. There was not a single disagreement between us upon subjects of literature and politics, not the slightest domestic cloud, not even a difference of opinion concerning the details of household management.

"The loss of such a friend, such a companion, such an assistant, is not to be estimated—It could not be endured if much of life were left for vain regrets."

MADAME LAVALETTE,

WIFE OF MARIE CHAMANS LAVALETTE.

MARRIAGES made by the will of a third person are not usually happy; for people rarely love those whom their relatives are determined they shall love. Lavalette seems to have been an exception to this general rule. Bonaparte, wishing to reward the bravery of his aid-de-camp, and being at that time somewhat restricted in his power, resolved that he should marry a niece of Josephine. "I cannot make you a major," said he, "I must therefore give you a wife. You shall marry Emilie Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and well educated."

Lavalette objected that he had no fortune—that he was going immediately to Africa—that he might be killed—that perhaps the young lady would not fancy him—But the conqueror of Italy was not in the habit of supposing the opinions and feelings of others could possibly be obstructions in the way of his wishes. "Killed, you certainly may be," he replied; "but she will then be the widow of one of my officers—she will have a pension—and may marry again advantageously. The wedding shall take place in eight days. I will allow you a fortnight for the honey-moon. You must then come and join us at Toulon. Come, come, the thing is all settled. Tell the coachman to drive home."

Lavalette smiled to see how readily he was disposed of, apparently upon the supposition that he had no right

to feel any interest in the matter. Foreigners accuse us of dancing as if we did it by act of the legislature; but this marrying per order is a more serious affair.

Lavalette agreed to visit the young lady, mentally reserving a degree of freedom, in case the union should not be mutually agreeable. The following is his own account of the interview.

"In the evening I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'we shall go to St. Germains—I will introduce you to my niece: you will be delighted with her—she is a charming girl.' Accordingly, next day, the Gen. Madame Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germains, and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school; all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies I anxiously sought for her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the General and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant, her features were charming, and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the General could not help laughing at her, but he went no further. It was decided that we should breakfast in the garden. In the meantime I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure grieved me. When we got up and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a

solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us; I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, or of my want of fortune; and added—'I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good will of the General—and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel disposed to love you with all my soul—but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off—I shall depart: you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret.' While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand; I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company, and eight days afterwards went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest, who had not taken the oaths, married us in a small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honore. This was in some manner forbidden, but Emilie set a great importance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere."

Immediately after the marriage, Count Lavalette left his bride, in order to join the expedition to Egypt.

At the end of eighteen months he returned; and when he received orders again to depart for Saxony, he took Madame Lavalette with him. The people of North Germany had great prejudices against Frenchwomen; and were therefore surprised when they saw a young and beautiful lady so modestly dressed, and timid even to bashfulness. During her residence at the Court of Berlin she excited great admiration.

In France, honours were of course heaped upon them during the prosperity of Bonaparte. Grateful for these favours, and warmly attached to the Emperor's person

Count Lavalette welcomed Napoleon on his return from Elba. In the counter revolution, which immediately ensued, this became a crime; and he was imprisoned.

The state of Madame Lavalette's health made this affliction peculiarly distressing; she was expressly forbidden to visit her husband. A few months after he was arrested, she gave birth to a little son, which died in a few hours. The reverse of fortune that had fallen upon all her friends, and the sad fate of her husband, produced such a state of nervous excitement, that she wept for her lost infant with delirious and inconsolable grief.

She was scarcely restored to a tolerable degree of calmness, when it became necessary to inform her that sentence of death had been passed upon Lavalette. This aroused all her energy. Their first meeting in prison was almost too much for her; but she recovered herself sufficiently to consult on all possible means of saving him.

For several weeks her petitions to the king and Duchess D'Angouleme were incessant. When driven from one door of the palace, she flew to another; and when again repulsed, she sat down on the stone steps in the court-yard, pale and weary, watching for some means to gain admission. Those, who passed by, knew her and pitied her; but they did not dare to show their commiseration.

At last, it became too evident that there was no hope of royal mercy; only forty-eight hours remained between the prisoner and death. His wife came to make her accustomed daily visit. When they were alone, she said, "I have formed a plan of escape, and provided a place of refuge for you. At eight o'clock to-morrow evening, you must go out in my dress; I will remain. You shall step into my sedan chair. At the corner of the Rue de St. Peres you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet; he

will guide you to a retreat where you will be safe till you can leave France."

Lavalette thought the scheme wild and hazardous; but she silenced all objections by saying, "You must not reject my plan. If you die, I die. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me."

The next day she was again at the prison. "Our project must be executed to-night," said she; "for to-morrow, alas, it will be too late. Ever since I left you, I have been making arrangements to prevent any disaster. Keep up your spirits, for you will need them. As for me, I feel that I have courage for four and twenty hours, and not a moment longer; for I am exhausted with fatigue."

The eventful hour came. Madame Lavalette with her young daughter Josephine, paid what was supposed to be a farewell visit to the prisoner. The disguise was assumed. Madame Lavalette was half an inch taller than her husband; but in female attire he appeared about her height. She charged him to hold his handkerchief to his eyes, to walk slowly and wearily, as she had been accustomed to do,—to stoop at the door, to avoid breaking the plumes of his bonnet, which might lead to delay and detection,—&c., &c. The trying moment came for them to part. "Now God's will be done, my dear," she said. "Keep very calm. Let me feel your pulse. Very well. Feel of mine. Does it indicate the slightest emotion?"

Poor woman! It throbbed high with fever; but she was unconscious of it.

"We must not give way to our feelings," she added; "for that will ruin all." Lavalette put his marriage-ring on her finger, under the pretence that it might lead to detection, but in reality because he feared he should never see her more.

The turnkey was heard, and they exchanged looks, without daring to embrace. Madame Lavalette retired behind a screen, and her husband went out. He was obliged to pass through a passage, two rooms, and a court, under the eyes of seven turnkeys and twenty soldiers. These perils were all passed in safety; but two minutes elapsed before the sedan-chair arrived; but those two minutes seemed like eternity. Fortunately, the cabriolet was brought nearer to the prison than had been at first intended; for the trick was discovered before many minutes. Lavalette had scarcely passed the outer door of the prison when the jailer went to examine his room; hearing a noise behind the screen, he went away: but in five minutes he returned, and took a fancy to peep behind the screen. Madame Lavalette tried to hold him by the coat, but he tore himself away so violently that he left a part of it in her hand. A hue and cry was immediately raised.

The sedan chair was easily overtaken, but it contained only Josephine Lavalette. Her father, in the meantime, was safely concealed in a garret, where he could hear the criers pronouncing heavy penalties upon any one who harboured him. After remaining in this concealment about twenty days, he at last, by the assistance of Sir Robert Wilson, escaped to Belgium, in the disguise of an English officer. On his way, he passed by his own scaffold, and through the midst of soldiers, who were on the alert to seize him.

As the school, where Josephine was placed, was under the protection of the Duchess D'Angouleme, the poor child experienced a good deal of persecution for her part in this affair; and several of the parents threatened to take away their children if she were suffered to remain. So powerful and so unprincipled is self-interest!

The populace, always rejoicing in the defeat of the Bourbons, did not conceal their delight. Madame Lavalette was lauded to the skies. The market-women of Paris talked of her continually; and at the theatre the slightest allusions were received with enthusiasm.

But she, poor lady, was in hands little inclined to deal mercifully. She remained in prison six weeks, treated with great severity, loaded with abuse, and terrified by the assurance that her husband would be immediately re-taken. No letter was allowed to cross the threshold nor could her friends find any means to communicate with her. At every noise, she imagined they were bringing the prisoner back. Five and twenty days and nights she passed without sleep. This feverish anxiety, acting upon health already enfeebled, produced insanity, from which she suffered more or less during twelve years.

Lavalette left France in January, 1816; in 1822 Louis 18th granted him letters of pardon, and he returned to his native country. A host of friends welcomed him; but his excellent and devoted wife did not know him, whom she had sacrificed her reason to save!

This blow almost overwhelmed her husband with despair. He gave up the world, and lived in perfect solitude, devoting his whole time and attention to her.

Madame Lavalette had intervals of rationality during which she was perfectly conscious of her liability to mental derangement. This made her urge an early marriage for her daughter; and Josephine was united to a man of worth and talent, some time before her father returned.

The soothing attentions and unremitting kindness of a grateful husband produced a salutary effect upon the invalid.

Lavalette closes his memoirs by saying: "A deep me-

lancholy frequently throws her into fits of abstraction; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass our summers in a retired country house, where she seems to enjoy herself."

If watchful love could repay the debt he owed, it was amply repaid. To the day of his death he cherished her with the same anxious care a mother bestows upon her suffering babe.

COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

The Earl of Nithsdale was condemned to be beheaded for his efforts to place the Pretender on the British throne, in 1711. He would unquestionably have shared the fate of the Earl of Derwent, had he not been rescued by the affection and ingenuity of his wife.

The day before his intended execution she distributed money very freely among the jailers, who were of course disposed to be as courteous as possible. Having obtained permission to bring several of her friends to bid him farewell, she persuaded one lady, who was tall and robust, to leave her clothes, and assume another dress, which she had prepared. When this lady came in, she affected to weep; but when she went out she was perfectly calm. This was done that the Earl of Nithsdale might more completely personate her, and disguise his own features, by holding a handkerchief to his face. Besides this the Countess had taken the precaution to paint his eye-brows and cheeks, and cover his head with artificial hair. The sentinel, suspecting no mischief, officiously opened the doors for his prisoner to depart. The Countess followed her disguised husband closely, in order to prevent the jailers from taking particular observation of his gait. At this critical moment, she preserved a remarkable degree of calmness and presence of mind. As she walked on she urged the pretended lady to hasten her servant in

coming for her, because she was determined to present a petition to the king that night, as the last means of saving her husband's life.

Some friends who were in readiness outside of the Tower, received the fugitive, and conveyed him to a place of safety. After being concealed a few days in London, he assumed the livery of the Venetian ambassador, and passed with his retinue to Calais; from whence he travelled to Rome, where he resided till his death, in 1774.

MADAME SPURZHEIM,

WIFE OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

Doct. Spurzheim, who has excited a deeper and more universal interest among us, than was ever before accorded to an individual we had known so recently, found in domestic life that perfect happiness, which his virtues deserved. He married a widow in Paris, who had three daughters. The motive which dictated his choice was very characteristic; he believed she would make a good wife, because her character had been perfected by suffering. His hopes were fully realized. She was meek, unassuming, affectionate and intelligent. She sympathized in her husband's pursuits, and aided him by her uncommon skill in drawing. Many of the illustrations he used in his lectures, were the productions of her pencil. Her heart was entirely devoted to him, and her watchful care was ever with him, a guardian angel protecting his health and happiness. It was a common observation how remarkably they were adapted to each other. Both of them possessed, in an eminent degree, that beautiful kind of politeness, which is in reality genuine goodness of heart, clothed in its appropriate simplicity of manner.

While in this country, Doctor Spurzheim often alluded to her constant affection, and unremitting attention to his welfare. He was troubled with a disease of the heart, and an intermitting pulse, which he ascribed to the grief occasioned by her death.

In his last illness, he said, "This would not have been if my wife had been alive, to take care of me, when I came home cold and fatigued from my lectures."

He died among strangers; but those strangers were his friends; and he received every attention which respect and sympathy could suggest.

LADY COLLINGWOOD.

Lord Collingwood, the friend and companion of Nelson, resembled the great naval hero in courage and firmness, but was totally unlike him in his domestic character. His heart was fully satisfied in the affections of his wife and children. In the midst of his fame, his fondest hope was to be soon released from public duties, and allowed to indulge in the tranquil enjoyments of his happy home. The quiet haven he so much desired was never attained. Almost his whole life was passed on the seas; and he died just as his long indulged anticipations seemed about to be realized. His letters to his daughters are full of practical wisdom, and indicate great warmth of parental tenderness. He evidently regarded his wife with mingled love and reverence. In one of his letters to his children, he says, "Let all your words and all your actions mark you gentle. I never knew your mother,—your dear, your good mother,—say a harsh, or a hasty thing, to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her."

MADAME SCHILLER.

WIFE OF JOHN CHRISTOPHER FREDERIC SCHILLER.

FREDERIC SCHILLER was one of those few master-spirits, which in the lapse of ages now and then arise, to impart their own activity to human thought, and shed fresh light upon the world.

He himself followed the sublime advice he gave to artists; he "imprinted ideal beauty on all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into everlasting time."

He was born November, 1759, at Marbach, a small town in Würtemberg. His father was first a surgeon, afterward an officer in the army; his mother was of humble birth, but very intelligent, and fond of poetry; both of his parents were affectionate, sincere, and conscientious.

The reigning Duke, from respect to the father's worth, offered to place the son at his school in Stuttgard, for the purpose of studying law. The proposition was unwelcome to the boy; who, sanctioned by his parents, had fixed his heart upon the ministry; but fear of offending the prince induced a reluctant acquiescence in his plan.

At this seminary, all the influences around Frederic were uncongenial to his free and ardent nature. His genius fettered and cramped by the exact machinery of the school,—governed by those, whose minds fitted them to be his servants,—impatient of bondage, and struggling for some little portion of intellectual liberty,—he reminds

us of Pegasus chained to the plough, fluttering his wings, and looking eagerly to the far blue sky, but kept down upon the earth by the dull pace of the black ox, to which he was fastened.

This thraldom was ended in his twenty-third year by his escape from Stuttgard, "empty in purse and hope." For a time, he wrestled with poverty and discouragement; but he wrestled with energy that is sure to overcome; and he at last received his share of the patronage so liberally bestowed on German talent. A concurrence of circumstances led him to become a dramatic author; but he afterward proved that he was capable of achieving greatness in any path to which he directed his attention.

His first play, called the Robbers, produced a prodigious sensation throughout Germany; but Wallenstein, written some years after, is deemed his greatest and most highly finished production. The people were proud of their poet, and showed it with a ready and earnest enthusiasm, that must have gone to his heart. When his Maid of Orleans was first represented on the stage at Leipzig, at the close of the first act, there arose on all sides a shout of, "Long live Frederic Schiller!" accompanied by the sound of trumpets and other military music.

At the conclusion, the spectators crowded round the door; when the poet appeared, they uncovered their heads, and respectfully opened an avenue for him to pass; while many held up their children and exclaimed, "That is he!"

Schiller was an unpretending, bashful man; his principles and his feelings alike forbade him to assume any superiority over his fellow-creatures; but he must have been more than human, if he were not gratified by such

a tribute of respect, bursting spontaneously from so many honest and admiring hearts.

It is impossible to give, in this volume, such a sketch of this great man as his merit and his fame deserve. Of his numerous and celebrated works we pass by the greater part, without even mentioning the titles; and glance over the events of his life with equal rapidity. His whole soul was in literature; and therefore his history consists principally in progressive stages of intellectual improvement, and extending reputation.

In a notice of Wieland, he has already been mentioned as one of the stars in the brilliant constellation at Weimar. His excellent parents, who, at one time, had feared that genius would ruin his prosperity, lived to enjoy the fame he so well deserved.

In 1789 he was appointed by the Duchess Amelia, Professor of History, at the University of Jena. In the February following he married Miss Lengefield, with whom he became acquainted at Rudolstadt, a year or two before. She was not his first love; he had previously declared an attachment for the daughter of the Kammerath Schwann, a bookseller at Manheim: we are not informed whether this connexion was relinquished from want of constancy, or because his affection was not reciprocated. Certain it is that Schiller's heart never ceased to yearn for domestic happiness. "To be united with a person," said he, "that shares our joys and our sorrows, that responds to our feelings, that moulds herself so pliantly, so closely to our humours; reposing on her calm and warm affection, to relax our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild wishes and tumultuous passions; to dream away all the bitterness of for-

tune, in the bosom of domestic enjoyment; this is the true delight of life."

Some time after his marriage, he writes: "Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone; even in summer. Beautiful Nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart. Now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how it has all happened, so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything. A few years and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit; nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will give it me again."

Of Schiller's wife, but little has been published. We only know that Göthe, who had known her from childhood, speaks of her with respect and regard; and that she inspired the author of Wallenstein with a deep and abiding passion; but surely this is praise enough for mortal woman.

When Göthe and Schiller were first introduced, their characters acted upon each other with repelling power. Totally unlike in their habits of thought, and wedded to different schools of philosophy, there seemed to be no point where they could meet in harmony. This gradually gave place to hearty admiration of each other; and

without sacrificing their respective independence of sentiment and opinion, they became warm friends.

Göthe, describing the progress of their acquaintance, says, "The first step was now taken; Schiller's attractive power was great; he kept all close to him that came within his reach. His wife, whom I had loved and valued since her childhood, did her part to strengthen our reciprocal intelligence; all friends, on both sides, rejoiced at it."

A notice of Schiller is introduced in this volume merely to show how mistaken is the idea that genius unfits people for the calm routine of domestic happiness: when this greatest of all earthly blessings is changed to a curse, the fault is in the heart, not in the mind.

Schiller possessed genius in its loftiest attributes—and he had the temperament that usually accompanies that heavenly gift. Earnest, impetuous—restless in a world too narrow for his spirit—with a mind exulting in the grandeur of its own vast conceptions, yet struggling for a more perfect glimpse of that mysterious beauty, which God has veiled in clouds—living among magnificent visions of thought, and questioning them with fevered earnestness of all that had past, and of all that should come to the soul of man—such was Frederic Schiller!

The cares of real life were a heavy burden to him. He says, "My mind is drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal world, if a hole in my stocking remind me of the actual world."

The customs of society were fetters upon his intellectual freedom; hence he was always constrained and ill at ease in parties.

To enjoy the "frenzy" of the poet with more intense consciousness, he was in the habit of sitting up all night,

in a garden-house, with a flask of Rhenish or Champaign, or a cup of strong coffee, beside him, to refresh exhausted nature.

"The neighbours often used to hear him declaiming earnestly in the silence of the night; and whoever watched him on such occasions, (a thing easily done from the heights on the opposite side of the dell) might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down in his chair and writing."

Yet this man of vivid and restless genius loved his family with deep and constant love. His best happiness was in his home. The great world had no charms for him; holier sympathies nestled around his heart, and brighter visions thronged his mind. The theatre was the only public place he visited; and this not for amusement, but for the sake of improvement in the dramatic art.

In his own family, or among select friends, he was affectionate, eloquent, and sportive as a little child. He had all the frankness and simplicity which characterize the Germans; and who can say how much of intellectual greatness may be traced to these qualities? Truth is power.

Such a man as Schiller could not live to be old. His ardent spirit burned away its mortal shrine. Incessant literary toil, and the unquietness of a mind eager to penetrate into all the arcana of the universe, brought on physical disease. In 1791, his physicians ordered him to abstain from intellectual efforts if he valued life. To one of his industrious habits, with a cherished family depending on his exertions, it was difficult to obey this command.

The Duke of Holstein and Count Von Schimmelmann.

being informed of his ill health, conferred a pension of a thousand crowns, for three years; upon the stipulation that he should be careful of himself, and use every means to recover.

The invalid was partially restored, and returned with fresh vigour to his beloved occupations; in the glowing light of his imaginary world, weakness and suffering were forgotten. But the arrow of death had entered; the body sunk under its unequal conflict with the soul.

He died in the spring of 1805, aged forty-five years and some months. A widow, two sons, and two daughters survived him. At his request his funeral was private and unostentatious. During his last illness, physical suffering produced delirium; but this passed away; and he was enabled to take a solemn, tranquil farewell of the family, who were watching over him with anxious love. Being asked how he felt, a few hours before his decease, he answered, "Calmer, and calmer." After that, he sank into a slumber; from which he awoke, looked up brightly, and said, "*Many things are growing clear to me!*" Then a gentle sleep came over him, which gradually deepened into eternal silence.

His mighty spirit has learned the history of its own existence.

The ancients believed that when a remarkably good wife died, Proserpine sent a procession of the purest and best spirits to welcome her to another world, and strew the way to Elysium with flowers.

Thatcher's Military Journal.
Lady's Museum.
Classical Dictionary.
Pulteney's Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England.
Lives of Painters and Sculptors, by Allan Cunningham.
Bayle's Biographical Dictionary.
Plutarch's Lives.
Memoirs of Lord Collingwood.
Miss Akin's Court of King James.
Biographie Universelle
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Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, written by herself.
Memoirs of Mrs. Fletcher, wife of Rev. John Fletcher.
Akin's Universal Biography.
Brown's Life of Howard.
Silliman's Scientific Journal.
Athenæum.
Memoirs of Col. John Hutchinson, by his widow.
Edinburgh Review.
Memoirs of Mrs. Judson, by Rev. J. D. Knowles.
Lavater's Private Journal.
Memoirs of Lavalette.
Count Segur's Anecdotes of Frederic.
Bower's Life of Luther.
Tischer's Life of Luther.
Luther's Table Talk.
Memoirs of Oberlin, Edited by Rev. H. Ware, jr.
Zenophon's Cyropœdia.
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Monthly Anthology.
Oratorum Græcorum. Volumen Primum. Edidit J. J. Reiske.
Funeral Oration on Dr. Spurzheim, by Dr. Follen.
Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry.
Winthrop's History of N. England, Edited by Jas. Savage, Esq.
Life of Frederic Schiller.

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